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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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VOL. IV. (SECOND SERIES.)—AUGUST, 1884.—No. 20.

ABOUT ST. MICHAEL'S AND THE YUKON.

ON July 10 the "Rush" steamed out from Onalaska harbor, headed northward, and was soon under the encouraging influences of a southwesterly breeze, which promised to be of great assistance. On the next-day, however, the breeze was succeeded by a calm and great heavy swells, which came rolling in from the quarter whence we had our favoring wind on the day before. It was a beautiful day in the sense of stillness, but the sky was overcast as usual. We had been told that as soon as we got north of the parallel of the fur-seal islands we should have sunshiny weather, but our experience all the way up through Behring Sea and Behring Straits into the Arctic was such as to dispel the idea of clear skies in the region visited. There was sunshine, it is true, but in very small quantities compared with the thick weather encountered. On July 11 we passed the latitude of the seal islands, and had fog all day. On the 12th the sky was overcast all day. On the 13th we passed St. Lawrence Island, and that night lay to, owing to the bad weather.

Soundings had been taken at intervals all along up from Onalaska, giving only fifteen to twenty fathoms at forty to sixty miles from land. The eastern side of

Behring Sea is very shoal, and probably has less depth now than when any of the surveys recorded upon existing charts were made. The Kuskokwim and Yukon, both immense rivers, continue to bring down hundreds of tons of mud daily, which is deposited and spread out along the shore and far to seaward. The Yukon, like the Mississippi, has an enormous deposit at the sea, compelling the water to seek such outlets as it can force through the immense bars. Its mouths are numerous, but all shallow, preventing vessels of any considerable draft from entering or even approaching. Once in, however, the river itself is as large, and as navigable as the Father of Waters. The Kuskokwim is similar in character, and is gradually filling up the sea south of the Yukon. Around the shore from off the mouth of the Yukon to St. Michael's, there is in places not more than three fathoms of water fifteen miles from land.

About four o'clock in the morning of the fifteenth we passed Fairway Rock, dimly seen through the thick fog rising abruptly out of the water, and looking at a short distance like a haystack. We had a better view of it after midnight on the sixteenth, and at five miles distance it showed up naked and ab-

rupt, rising five hundred feet above the water without so much as a spoonful of soil or a leaf of vegetation visible upon it. Fairway Rock stands just south of the Diomed Islands, between which, only five miles apart, the line runs which separates America from Asia, the United States from Russia, or, to put it still more nicely, the line between Alaska and Siberia.

The Diomedes are two islands in Behring Straits almost in a line between Cape Prince of Wales on one side and East Cape on the other. From Cape Prince of Wales to the most easterly of the two islands is twenty miles; from East Cape to the larger and most westerly of the Diomedes is twenty-five miles; from outside to outside of both is about nine miles, making fifty-four miles across from continent to continent, with two stepping-stones between. The narrowest point, however, is a trifle north of this, where the crossing may be made to East Cape, in a direct line, in forty-eight miles.

Intercourse between the natives on either side has long been maintained—longer than we or they can tell. They have crossed from one continent to the other in large, open boats, and still do so for the exchange of commodities; and doubtless for hundreds, if not thousands, of years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic there was marrying and giving in marriage between Asia and America. Now, on our extreme north-western coast, the people are called Eskimos. Farther to the eastward and southward their cousins are called North American Indians.

At the present time considerable traffic is carried on by "pirates" with our Indians on the shores of Behring Straits and the Arctic, in bone, oil, and walrus ivory. Neither the oil nor ivory are very valuable, but whalebone is worth three dollars a pound in New York, and the manner in which it is obtained from the Indians leaves the trader a clear profit of about two dollars and a half per pound. Rum is bought in Honolulu for seventy-five cents a gallon; it is watered one-half, and a gallon of this diluted but villainous drink is given for a pound of bone.

The Arctic is the summer residence of the

right and bowhead whales, the only kinds from which great quantities of bone are obtained. A bowhead will furnish from a thousand to two thousand pounds of bone, all of which comes out of the mouth, but which is not bone at all. Right whales are not quite so valuable for bone, but contain more oil. They yield from a hundred to a hundred and fifty barrels of oil, as a general thing, but as much as three hundred barrels of oil have been taken from a single whale.

The Indians up this way go to sea in skin boats and strike whales when discovered, having sealskin buoys at the ends of their harpoon lines, so that if the monster gets away they have a chance to follow him up. Their old harpoons were made of glass heads, that with every struggle worked farther and farther into the flesh, and when thrown in sufficient numbers resulted in bleeding the animal to death. Of course the capture of a whale is an important affair to these people, as, in addition to a thousand pounds of bone and a hundred barrels of oil, they get an immense supply of meat, which is buried for future use. Even though the whale should come ashore weeks after the hunt, and be found in a putrid condition, the bone is good and the flesh is not wasted.

The traffic about Cape Prince of Wales and Clarence Sound between the "pirates" and the Eskimos resulted in a number of murders a few years ago. Rum and breech-loading rifles were furnished to the natives in exchange for their commodities, and the result was not conducive to the welfare of the natives, profitable to the revenues of the country, nor just to legitimate traders who have scruples against infraction of the laws of the land and of morals. The Indians along the straits get some land furs also, which form a considerable item in this trade, although the skins are by no means so valuable as those obtained farther south in Alaska. The rum dealt out to the Indians is not only bad, in that it is of the cheapest quality of sorghum fermentation, but it is vile in respect that it is smuggled in from the Sandwich Islands, whilst honest Pennsylvania and Kentucky whisky pays a tax of ninety

cents a gallon. A remedy could and should be found for this state of affairs, and it might be applied with profit to the public purse. What is needed is a United States steam vessel of about five hundred tons, that would be able to carry enough coal from San Francisco or Nanaimo for a six months' cruise. She should be constructed with a view to going into the ice without having her stern-post and rudder carried away. She should be ready to enter the straits as soon as the ice opened, in May or June, and cruise along the coast as high up as Kotzebue Sound, or even to Icy Cape, and down to Port Clarence, then work along the coast southward to San Francisco for winter quarters. A vessel of that class so managed would doubtless break up the piratical operations which have been carried on in these waters.

At 7.30 o'clock on the morning of the fifteenth of July—then, according to dead reckoning, under the lee of the Diomedes, with Cape Prince of Wales on the starboard beam, calculating from Fairway Rock, the last land seen—the “Rush” was hove to for clear weather. Dredging was commenced in the cause of science, and it at once became apparent that we were drifting rapidly to the northward. This continued with thick fog till five o'clock in the evening, when the veil lifted and we picked ourselves up, according to observation, twenty-six miles to the northward of the Diomedes and forty miles northeastwardly from East Cape to Siberia. We had drifted with the current at least twenty miles during the day, and were well into the Arctic Ocean.

As far as could be seen to the northward the sky was clear, and the Asiatic coast, which trends off to the northwestward, was visible for fifty or sixty miles, but the American side was still enveloped in a thick fog. About six o'clock this lifted so as to show the top of a mountain on Cape Prince of Wales for a few minutes, but this soon disappeared again. Presently, however, the gray mists began to move off to the northeast, and then the rugged line of peaks on the extreme northwesterly point of our possessions stood out picturesquely, the low land along the

coast northeastward of the cape being still, and to the last, concealed from view. Then we had before us a noble picture of the bold headland of Siberia on the starboard beam, Cape Prince of Wales on the port, and, lying almost equidistant between them, the Diomedes at the head of the straits. We were in the Arctic, with a pleasant but cool evening, the thermometer indicating 32° above all day. It promised to be a clear night, and with this hope we got under way, headed southward for the straits again, intending to lay in under the southern shore of Cape Prince of Wales, to ascertain the condition of affairs thereabouts.

A strong current was setting up from Behring Sea, created in part by the southeast winds which we had experienced on our way north, and we made slow progress against it. Still we had plenty of time to reach the Cape before morning, if “morning” can be understood where there is no night, and there was no apparent cause for anxiety. Once more we began to hope for an all-day sun; but again, by half past ten, the northern sky was obscured by a bank of clouds which had come up out of the southwest. The sun disappeared behind the clouds, but darkness did not come. At 11 P. M. the sky in the southeast was aglow with reflections from behind the clouds in the opposite point, over which the purple and crimson fringed clouds held out a signal that the sun was still above the horizon. As these hues faded out a delicate straw tint appeared above the low clouds in the north, and this soon deepened to a saffron, which by midnight became a rich salmon color, and dawn was announced as at hand in all her glory. Although during the night and at twelve o'clock the northern sky was obscured by clouds, about nine degrees above the horizon there was a broad rent upon which the changes going on below were recorded, that we might see and know. There was an abundance of clear sky overhead, the blue of day so light that not a star could make itself visible at any time. It was clear day all night, brighter at twelve than at eleven, if possible, and brighter at one in the morning than at twelve, and brighter then

also than at breakfast time, when the clouds and fog prevailed.

The fog had formed in fanciful shapes, owing to the uneven surface of the land from which it had been lifted, and through this the light of the morning sun, toned by the strong colors of the north, was cast in a wonderfully striking manner. The pale sea green, like the sun shining through the crest of a wave, appeared in the north, again bordered by purple of richest dye, while crimson and molten gold appeared lower down. The "brassy" character of the sunset two nights before was here absent, the effects now being of the richest character possible to conceive.

Coming southward the temperature of the sea water ran up ten degrees in one day; entering Norton Sound, it went up six degrees in an hour. Soundings yesterday showed shallow water all the way down on our side of Behring Straits, ten miles off Port Clarence, giving only seven and a half fathoms, which was also about the depth for hours in Norton Sound till it shoaled to three and a half. The water here is shallow, warmed and discolored by the sand from the Yukon River. The saline matter is twenty per cent. less than that in the Arctic.

St. Michael's, or Michaelovsky Redoubt, as it was formerly called, stands upon an island in the southeast bend of Norton's Sound, being situated in latitude $63^{\circ} 29' 54''$ north, and $162^{\circ} 8'$ west longitude. It was established as a landing-place and headquarters of the Russian-American Company for the Yukon River trade. In olden times—that is to say, under Russian rule—all goods intended for the Yukon trade were landed here, and generally taken around to the river in skin boats, "bidarras," but at present small stern-wheel steamboats are employed for that purpose. These boats do not go out to sea from St. Michael's, but pass through a sort of slough or canal to the river, which they reach in about fifty miles. They carry merchandise up to the various trading posts in the summer, and in the following spring bring down the furs which are received during the winter months.

The Alaska Commercial Company occu-

pies the old redoubt, a picturesque collection of log buildings on one side of the bay, while three miles across were a number of new buildings, headquarters of the Western Fur and Trading Company. On the same side with the redoubt, about half a mile away, is the Mahlemute village, consisting of thirty or forty log huts and a *kashima*, or club-house, where the Indians congregate to dance and sweat in cold weather.

When the "Rush" arrived, a number of Yukon Indians were gathered about the Western Fur and Trading Company's buildings, having come down with the traders to get supplies for the ensuing season. They were in a despondent condition at that time, owing to the non-arrival of the vessel which was to bring the goods and the little steamer. But when we reported the arrival of their schooner at Onalaska, with the assurance that she might be expected at the termination of her voyage within a few days, there were great rejoicings, and the Indians danced and sang all night. In this country, where, at this season of the year, there is daylight all night, there is a splendid chance for making a long dance; and where beef is unknown and waterfowl are superabundant, an egg festival in season takes a form of barbaric gorgeousness that makes a powerful impression on one during his first visit. Here, where the natives wear fur *parkies*, or overshirts with hood attached, and deerskin boots of fancy manufacture and varied hue, and where blubber is considered almost indispensable, there is much for the visitor from civilization to see and consider.

Eggs here, in season, are estimated by the bushel. Bushels of them are cooked for a meal, where there may be a dozen of guests, and hard-boiled goose eggs are eaten with impunity in such enormous quantities as in civilized communities would be considered certain death.

The Yukon salmon are pronounced the finest on the Pacific Coast. Generally speaking, salmon is dry and tasteless. The Columbia River furnishes an almost inexhaustible quantity, but a better quality is taken further north. Sitka is also famous for salmon,

but Cook's Inlet and Bristol Bay have those that are better. Yet, persons who have tried all say that they are best at the mouth of the Yukon and in adjacent waters. They range in weight from forty to one hundred and twenty pounds, and are very fat and well flavored. When drying in the sun, the oil drips out of them, and once dried, they may be set on fire, and they will burn like pine knots.

Taken raw out of the brine up here, they are eaten with great relish by the civilized as well as by the savage inhabitants. But accepting such a diet may be only another proof of the readiness with which man adapts himself to his surroundings. There is no beef here, and for some years past there has been little or no reindeer. At the present time moose is out of the question, and rabbits are as scarce as spring chicken. Vegetables are the rarest of luxuries, and berries out of season. Therefore, if one can set him down to a feast of hard-boiled goose eggs or raw salmon from the brine, after having been surfeited on salt pork and corned beef on shipboard, the change of diet is delightful, and the feast is pronounced a success.

There are no gardens at St. Michael's. What could you expect in such a country, although, just now, it is delightful? Last week we had the thermometer down to thirty-two Fahrenheit, and forty was considered "away up." Here, in Norton's Sound, the ice did not break up till the 7th of June. On the 10th it moved out of the bay, but the weather was cold, wet, and stormy till late in July. In the winter the thermometer goes down thirty to fifty degrees below zero, and it is winter here eight months in the year. The hot days are the exception, even in summer, although berries grow plentifully, and even ripen well, back in the mountains. We had mosquitoes, too, on the first day of our stay—fine, large, earnest mosquitoes—and barn swallows are plentiful about the redoubt. Yet, in spite of all these signs of summer, agriculture will never form an important feature of this part of Alaska. It would be a peculiar country which would produce walrus and polar bears, watermelons and tomatoes. Wal-

ruses go away south of this into Bristol Bay, while St. Matthew's Island, one of our possessions to the south-west of this, is inhabited by polar bears exclusively, neither Chinamen, whites, nor negroes having any recognized rights there. As a purely agricultural proposition I do not hesitate to put it down that polar bears are worse than coons for green corn, and walrus are more discouraging than your neighbor's chickens to a tomato patch. As long as polar bears and walrus are permitted to run at large in this Territory, the corn and tomato crop cannot prosper. Some people may laugh at the meditative walrus, and ask how, with those long tusks, he can eat without standing on his head; but I have observed that where walrus abound ripe tomatoes are scarce except in cans, and if those amphibious animals and polar bears are not kept yoked or muzzled there is no use looking for a large corn and tomato crop from Alaska. St. Michael's, or to put it more definitely, Michaelovsky, is seldom or never represented by mammoth vegetables at agricultural fairs. Where the ice crop cannot be got out of the way before the middle of June, where the tops of the hills are morasses all summer, and where the inhabitants will risk being drowned for the sake of blubber when the oil-skin at home is in a collapsed condition, it is useless to expect gigantic pumpkins and seven-foot cucumbers. In this respect St. Michael's greatly resembles other parts of Alaska.

There may be causes why certain people should come to Alaska and settle, as there have been arguments for making penal colonies in the Aleutian Archipelago. But the reason for the one must be that the immigrants were personal enemies of those who advised their removal, and for the other that starvation should be the lot of all criminals. But in truth, from the southeast to the south-west extremity of Alaska, the "Rush," which had been cruising around the coast and islands of this Territory from early May to late July, has not visited a spot to which it would be advisable for any person to come from any part of the States where he may have a home and be able to earn a livelihood. Nor

have I seen a man in any position in Alaska who would advise a friend to come out here as a settler, either in trade or agriculture.

We are here in the home of the Innuits or Eskimo. All the way along the coast, from the Kuskokwim across the Yukon, around Norton Sound, out to Cape Prince of Wales, and thence northeastwardly to Point Barrow, and beyond, these Eskimos are called Innuits. They are similar in form and feature, they dress similarly, they eat the same sort of food, they have similar modes of conveyance, similar weapons and implements, have the same traditions, and speak the same language, with slight local variations. It has been asserted that the roots of the language or tongue spoken by these peoples and the Eskimos of Greenland are identical, the covered skin boat used by both being called "kyack," while the open boat is denominated "oomiak" here and there alike. But this might be accounted for by the fact that both tribes have always lived and hunted seals, whales, and walruses along the coast, and although the northeast or northwest passage is impracticable for ships, communication between these people must have been frequent, and often, doubtless, involuntary. In any event, it may be assumed as not at all improbable that the Greenlanders were carried over from this continent on the ice, as these men are now occasionally carried out to sea, and sometimes heard of no more, and as their ancestors were probably carried from Asia.

Such a case as this was reported here, when an Indian trader, bringing down a lot of sealskins from Unalakleet, represented that one of his men was carried away this spring on the ice, and the chief was inquiring if our vessel had found him. It is also known that Captain Tyson and his men were carried two thousand miles on ice from the "Polaris" a few years ago. After the "Rush" hove to under the lee of Diomedes on the fifteenth, she drifted into the Arctic at the rate of two knots per hour. So the fact that the Alaskan Innuits and the Greenland Eskimos use similar words in similar positions is not remarkable. It is astonishing,

however, that Indians on the Mackenzie River, in British America, speak the same tongue as those low down on the Yukon, with fifteen or twenty tribes or bands between them, which have an altogether different tongue, and which completely prevent anything like communication between those having the words and idioms; yet such is said to be the fact.

These Innuits or Eskimos of Alaska live by hunting hair seals, whales, and walruses, which furnish them food and oil for their own use, and with commodities for trade to interior Indians for furs, of which they make dresses and bed-covering. The seal supplies them with a hide, which, when tanned, is used to cover boat-frames, forming the "kyack" somewhat similar to the "bidarkie" of the Aleutians and Kadiakers. These hides, called "lovtaq," are in great demand by the Indians up the Yukon for boats, and those same interior men have a desire for oil, which makes an interchange of commodities between the coast and inland natives highly advantageous to both, and of profit to the white traders, who have come in as middlemen and as purchasers of the surplus oil and furs.

The walrus is hunted for its ivory, which is used in the manufacture of arrow and spear heads, and also many other articles of value and adornment. Any animal, from a whale to a wild duck, may be taken by ivory-headed spears, which are more plentiful among these Indians than either firearms or iron-headed weapons.

During our stay at St. Michael's, we were so fortunate as to witness the killing of a white whale, or grampus, by the Indians. An Indian who acts as a trader at Unalakleet for the Alaska Commercial Company came sailing up the sound one day in a large bidarra. He carried a foretopsail, and came floating in as quietly and as gracefully as Elaine's barge, with the dumb boatman, floated with the tide to King Arthur's castle. The bidarra sailed up to the beach, the mast was sent down, and the contents of the boat began to find their way ashore. Twenty-three men, women, and children and two

dogs were first landed. Then tents, camp equipage, and salmon, fresh and dried, for the party. After that the men commenced carrying off shoulder loads of dressed sealskins, neatly put up, five in a bundle, till forty-eight large and forty-one of the smaller size were landed. Five bundles of sealskin thongs, lashings for boat-building—no nails being used—were carried off next, followed by two sealskins of oil, and bundles containing five hundred marmot skins for fur robes. All this came out of an open skin boat twenty-five feet long by eight feet beam—flat bottom, of course. As the bidarra came in the natives noticed a school of white whales in the bay. They had been running in great numbers all day without being disturbed. After the freight had been landed, however, one of the men who came down from Unalakleet jumped into a kyack and paddled out. He did not go a mile before he came up with his game, and as one of the largest arose to blow, the Indian threw his harpoon, which took a solid hold. At the moment when the whale shot down, the shaft of the harpoon slipped away from the head, which was connected by a line with an inflated sealskin, acting as a buoy. The harpoon was not to kill, but to connect the whale with the buoy. As soon as the lazy Indians loafing on shore and on board the steamer saw that the "beluga," as it is called, was struck, they put out, to the number of a dozen, to assist in the capture and share in the sport and spoils.

As they gathered around they formed a novel and exciting scene. It was a hunt of a dozen men in small sealskin boats after a monster with power enough to wreck them all with one blow, if it could strike them all together. The floating sealskin indicated the movements of the beluga below, and the little fleet, formed in a semi-circle, went paddling for the prey. A beluga cannot remain below very long, and whenever this one came up to blow, a kyack was alongside, and an ivory spear, or half a dozen spears, would be darted in through the alabaster skin to the blubber. As the number of spears increased, the beluga became quicker in its motions

and more changeful in course, but no matter what the direction taken, or when or where the tortured animal arose, the inevitable kyack was there and more ivory spears were thrown. Lashing the waters and tumbling about, rolling from side to side in terror, but yet not struck in a vital point, the beluga hurried hither and thither; but there was no escape from the remorseless pursuers. Hither and thither, to the right and to the left, but always advancing in line or circular form, light on the surface of the water as sea-birds, and swift as the fish beneath, flew the buoyant kyacks, impelled and guided by the single-bladed paddle. Each navigator of each bubble of a boat was always ready with another spear, until the beluga, as it rolled up, looked like a porpoise of huge dimensions bristling with enormous quills.

For two hours the chase continued, extending over a line of at least three miles, the beluga being gradually worried and tired out. Finally it moved more slowly and sluggishly, but as yet spouted no blood, nor did it appear much weakened. It was exhausted and half suffocated for want of air, but, if then released, might live for many years.

Then, as it came quite exhausted to the surface and slowly turned upon its side, the hunter who had fastened the harpoon into it was at hand, and, taking a long lance, thrust it into the body just back of the right fin, and churning it up and down for two or three times with lightning-like rapidity, shot away to avoid trouble. The beluga was now mortally hurt, and as he lashed the water into foam and spouted blood for a few moments in death agony, the Indians knew that the chase was over. They fell back and looked on with a quiet air of satisfaction after their exciting hunt, as if they had done nothing out of the ordinary course of events with them. The next matter was to tow their prize ashore, which was done by buoying it up between four kyacks, the owners of which paddled with it to the Indian camp. Here some forms and ceremonies were necessary before hauling it out of the water and cutting it up. It will not do to cut up a beluga with an axe, and if there are seals

around it would be flying in the face of fortune to chop wood. On such occasions the fire-wood must be cut with a knife.

In the case of landing the beluga, the tedious ceremonies performed by the successful hunter concluded with trimming a small strip from the edge of each fin, from the tail, and from the upper lip, before the game was hauled out from the water. After he had performed his ceremonies he walked away, leaving those who chose to cut off what they wanted. During the night there was a great feast in camp, the kettles being kept boiling till morning, and as some thirty or forty Indians were working away at it, the beluga was not much more than a skeleton in twenty-four hours.

These Indians believe in the "Shaman," or Medicine Man. The Shaman is not born to his profession here, as among the lower Alaskans. He is the creature of accident or of revelation. He has a dream sometime, which being verified, he goes off alone into some remote place, where he fasts for several days, after which he comes out and announces himself a Shaman. Now he is ready to heal the sick, to regulate the weather, and to supply game in seasons when it is scarce. His manner of curing diseases is by incantations, no vile drugs being administered. The cure, if effected, is due to his miraculous influence with invisible spirits. If he fail and the patient dies, he persuades the mourning relatives into the belief that some other Shaman or some old woman bewitched the deceased, and then death is the lot of the offending party who comes in between the doctor and the dead. Some of these Shamans believe in themselves, but as a rule they know that they are humbugs. There was one at the "Mission" on the Yukon, who, during a scarcity of deer, proposed to go up to the moon and get a supply. It should be known that, according to Innuít accounts, all game comes out of the moon, the origin of which orb and others is thus accounted for:

In the beginning there was plenty of land, water, and sky, but no planetary system. An Indian, who noticed that the sky came down to the ground in a certain locality,

went forward and made holes in it with his paddle. One stroke formed a rent through which the sun shines, another tore away the curtain from before the moon, and smaller stabs with the oar made places through which the stars are now visible. The moon being merely a hole through which the light shines from a land where the supply of game is inexhaustible, all a Shaman has to do for his tribe is to go up and throw a sufficient number of moose or deer down through the hole. There is no doubt in the minds of some that he can do this.

The Shaman at the Mission who volunteered to go up to the moon after game went on a strong pull. He fastened a rope around his body, beneath his arms, and about his neck. Then he went down under the floor of the kashima, where they have their dances and festivities. He left one end of the line in the hands of some Indians above, with instructions for them to pull as soon as he got out of sight. They obeyed and pulled vigorously until they became tired. They waited and rested briefly, but, hearing nothing, they pulled for another quarter of an hour. They rested again, and after that took another pull, and kept this up till the exercise became too monotonous even for an Eskimo. Then they went down and found the Shaman dead. They supposed this was a regular part of the programme of going to the moon, and perhaps in this they were not far from being correct. But they believed the Shaman would come back after throwing down enough game from the moon, and they saved him for eight days in a sitting posture. At the end of that time, as the spirit failed to come back, they laid the body away to be called for.

Reindeer were formerly plentiful hereabouts; a few years ago they disappeared, and the next winter they were seen in unusual numbers, not in the moon, but down about Belkowsky, on the peninsula of Alaska. They may come back, but the spirit of the Shaman will probably remain in the moon.

In order to have influence among the people, it is necessary that the Shamans should be possessed of mysterious powers. They

perform many feats that would do credit to "materializing mediums." There was one who would permit his hands to be bound together with leather thongs behind his back, and would pull the lashings through his body, and show the wrists still fastened in front. But it was indispensable that this miracle should be performed beneath his parka, or skin robe. Of course, he could not draw his bound hands through the parka. On one occasion, the parka being raised unexpectedly to the Shaman, it was found that one of his hands was already half out of the bindings, and it appeared that his wrist was disproportionately large, so that he could release and again insert the hand in the lashings. Such a development generally only proves the presence of unfavorable spirits.

Another element of influence is for the Shaman to be able to repeat some words, or jargon, which the common Indians cannot comprehend. The words may have no meaning or significance, but they have a great influence among the uninitiated. A Shaman who goes aboard of a vessel and picks up some of the phrases of the sailors (such as are called "vigorous Saxon," when used by great men, but are put down and rebuked as "horrid oaths" in the mouth of the common herd), supplies himself with a sort of ammunition that can be used to great advantage in incantations for game, or to drive out devils. Some of these fakirs eat fire, also, which is a valuable accomplishment; and one Shaman, at Pastolic, between St. Michael's and the mouth of the Yukon, permitted himself to be burned alive to satisfy the people that he was not a swindler. He had an immense pyre of logs arranged near the hut in which all of the people were assembled, and, at a given signal, he took a position in the center, and the torch was applied. He stood there calm as a tobacco sign, with a wooden mask upon his face, and gazed upon the people as they retired into the hut to "make medicine" for him. In half an hour they came out, and saw nothing but the mask in the center, all the logs around it being on fire. The next time they went out all was burned down to cinders, and they

again returned to the hut. Presently a slight noise was heard upon the roof, followed immediately by the descent of the Shaman, mask and all. The effect was wonderful, as it was intended to be, but it cost the Shaman about twenty-five dollars worth of skins to his two accomplices, who arranged the hole through which he crawled out under the logs of the pyre, and who worked the people into the hut and out again at the proper time. One of the confederates, who afterwards worked for a white man, confessed the material part he had taken in the mystery. The mask seen in the fire was not upon the Shaman's face, but fastened to a pole.

The origin of man and other animals, according to the account of the up-country Indians, is not without its mystery also. Man and all other animals were created by the eagle and the blue-jay, jointly. After man was nearly finished, the jay proposed to give him wings, but to this the eagle objected, saying that he had already been made too powerful, and to permit him to fly would be to make him altogether dangerous. Some controversy occurred on this, but the eagle would not give way, and consequently the jay would have nothing further to do in the matter, and withdrew from the co-partnership. That dispute explains why the eagle keeps as far from man as possible, while the jay goes into his camp with impunity, and takes whatever he wants, if he can find it. The jay knows he did all he could for man, and as the man knows it, too, the bird is not molested.

When the Indian dies he goes to that land which the wild geese seek in winter. It is a long way off, and the entrance to it is a narrow pass, which may be traveled only when the snow is melted. Some Indians—the bad ones—have greater trouble than others in making the journey, being obliged to go through a long, dark passage, probably through the Hoosac tunnel. They are not yet determined on the exact nature of that portion of the journey. It is an article of faith which they say they believe in, but do not consider it necessary to comprehend. Their views and doubts on this question are almost

enough to lead one to suspect them of having a religion, but they haven't. They all believe, however, that, once in the promised land, they will find clear skies, warm weather, and an inexhaustible supply of game. It is the "happy hunting-ground" over again, with variations having their origin in the climate in which the Indian passes his earthly existence.

The old schoolboy notion of the North American Indian as a creature that could run day and night through the pathless woods, from the Alleghany Mountains to the Black Hills, living on panthers and catamounts as he raced along, going for weeks without sleep or rest of any kind, does not fit these Innuits or Eskimos. These fellows seldom walk, they take their exercise mainly in boats during the summer, and compel the squaws to dry enough salmon and collect a sufficient quantity of driftwood to last during the winter. When compelled, however, they can do some good traveling with dog-teams and sledges in the winter. St. Michael's is one of the most noted places for dog-teams.

When we landed at St. Michael's we were warmly welcomed by about fifty dogs, thirty-two of which had been provided for the "Jeannette," and eight more were expected for the same expedition. These Mahlemute or Eskimo dogs are good-natured fellows, always glad to see a white man, no matter how great a stranger he may be. They stand around the landing-place on the beach, waving their bushy tails, and lolling out their tongues on warm days in the most friendly manner possible. They do not wag their tails like frivolous society dogs in civilization, but gently and gracefully sway them to and fro, like willow branches waving in a summer breeze. Having greeted the stranger as a friend, and by every look and action invited him to make his home among them, they lay the welcoming tail upon the left hip, and walk up the hill with him in a grave and dignified manner, as to say: "Now that you are one of us, no form nor ceremony, you know. If you see anything you want, take it."

To a person nervous on the dog question, to one always expecting to be clutched at the

throat by a mastiff, or to be nipped on the heel by a cur, to one who believes in hydrophobia in its most terrible form, it cannot be other than a genuine pleasure to meet a party of Eskimo dogs, which seem to entertain a sincere friendship and respect for the white man. Indeed, it is quite flattering when compared with their indifference for the Indian. I say nothing about the domestic "tiffs" among these dogs, because those are affairs that never ought to be heard of outside the family circle; but it is well known that their ears, when in a normal condition, always stick sharply up, while after being "chawed" they hang down in a way that gives the animal to which they belong a *blasé*, not to say debauched appearance; and a good many ears are in a morbidly despondent condition.

When the sun shines and the thermometer gets up to sixty, as we had it at St. Michael's, these dogs lie in the shade and pant. When there is a summer shower they stroll about and smile. They have heavy coats for the cold winters, and as yet their masters have not gone so far as to consult their comfort by shearing them in the spring like sheep. So they must sweat and pant in dog-days.

Two teams hitched to sledges here afforded us an exhibition of how such affairs are managed; and in both instances, as soon as the harness was brought out and laid upon the ground, every old dog about the place was wild with excitement, and eager to get into collar and traces. We went up on the "tundra," or wet prairie, back of the redoubt, and with five dogs hitched tandem had a ride upon the sled, which was hustled along over the grassy hummocks at a good trot, a man running ahead as a guide, and another holding the handles behind, as with a plow, to steady and keep the sled from going over. These tandem teams were of "American mastiff" breed, the Eskimo dogs being always, till very lately, worked double, one on each side of a line from a sled to a single leader in front. They have their advantages and disadvantages. The American dogs are more powerful than those of Eskimo breeding, and working them in single file requires

less trail-breaking in a deep, light snow. But they cannot stand severe cold as well as the Eskimo dogs, which have the shaggy coats, and have been acclimated through generations of predecessors.

The Eskimo dogs are generally of a light brown, frequently mottled with a darker shade of the same color. A few show some white. They are about twice as large on an average as the Spitz dog, which is common in the States. While patient and tractable with man they have their own troubles, and frequently make night hideous with their howlings. There has been much romancing and exaggeration about the capacities of Eskimo dog teams, but from the best accounts it is not prudent to start out on a trip of any considerable distance with more than two hundred pounds to a team of seven dogs. The traders generally travel with a number of teams together, that the men may be of assistance to each other. The cargo is lashed firmly into the sled, so that, in case of a capsizing, it can be righted again without repacking. Under very favorable circumstances, on good roads (smooth ice or well-packed, level snow), long distances are made. Ninety miles in one day of fifteen hours have been traversed with a team of nine dogs. Such drives are, however, of rare occurrence. During the summer the dogs receive but little attention, being left to forage for their food generally, getting a few scraps or a little fish soup occasionally. But in the winter they are valuable property, and are often swapped or sold at fancy prices. When a trader is starting out alone from the base of supplies with his team, all the other traders make a point of being up and about at an early hour on that morning, to see that no mistakes are made about the dogs harnessed, as an eye is always kept to the main chance of gaining a good dog by accident.

The Eskimos are generally a quiet, inoffensive people. From the Kuskokwim northward to the rum region, the Indians have a flattering fear of the white man. They, and all other Indians in Alaska that had communications with traders before Seward's purchase, were kept in close subjec-

tion by the Russians, who made them feel their power, so that even to this day a white man may go into a kashima alone and unarmed, and beat whomsoever he pleases without much risk of meeting with resistance or retaliation; and this among a people who believe in avenging the death of a relative by blood. Of the white man they have a dread, because they believe he represents a power that could crush them out of existence, and would be quick to do it if provocation were given. That is among the most southern Innuits or Eskimos, and above, among the Yukon and Tannai Indians, where white men go to trade. It is well for the whites that the Indians so regard them, or they would not dare to stay in the country an hour.

Among the coast natives of Cape Prince of Wales and Kotzebue Sound, there is a different condition of affairs. White men would hardly be safe to go among them alone, as they do up the Yukon. The mode of traffic up the coast way is for the Indians to come off in their boats to the vessels that frequent these waters, and do their trading on board. Even this is now considered somewhat dangerous for vessels with a small equipment. It was at Cape Prince of Wales that the Indian massacre occurred in 1877, and as there have been fights and feuds at other points to the northward, in consequence of the presence of rum among them, it is not a good place for a white man to go alone. How long the more southern Eskimos will maintain their present submissive character cannot be foretold, but the presence of an armed ship in these waters every year would go a long way toward keeping these peaceable, and toward preventing the further demoralization of those to the northward, by suppressing the rum traffic.

These coast Indians about Norton Sound have a fashion of clipping their hair from the upper part of the head, leaving the lower portion to grow longer. This is then cut around in a circular fashion so as to have it "banged" on the forehead, after the style of the young ladies of the United States and other highly civilized places. From the fore-

head the lower line is graduated around in a slope to the back of the neck. Now, when some of the Tennanai Indians come down the Yukon and see this style, they adopt it as the "latest agony," and go home with a swaggering air, as if just returned from London and Paris to Oshkosh.

Some of these Indians have their noses pierced, and a great many have two holes, one on each side of the lower lip, just below the corners of the mouth. In southern Alaska and in British Columbia, squaws have one such aperture, in which they wear an ivory ornament, sometimes an inch in width and a quarter of an inch in thickness, but here the men have two of these wounds. It is not an uncommon thing here to see a young girl going along with a short string of beads pendant from her nose, the sight of which may be very fascinating among the young men of her tribe, but to one not accustomed to such ornamentation the effect is not particularly pleasing.

There are no fur seal nor sea-otter skins in the trade among the Eskimos, but there is a character to the furs which tells of the country where they originate. White foxes, the Arctic hare—all white, white wolves white bear, and white deer skins, are common articles of trade. In addition to these are the land otter, marten, American sable, mink, beaver, red fox, marmot or ground squirrel, and muskrat, as the principal skins. The difference between marten and American sable is one rather of degree than of kind. The Siberian sable, the most valuable of land furs (except silver-gray and black foxes), is darker than the American sable when it is found in the woods where there is a perfect shade. The scarcity of trees makes the fur lighter in color, until, in the marten, it becomes a brown and, rarely, yellow. In the animal itself there appears to be no marked difference between the sable and the marten. The marten is quick and bold enough to kill the porcupine; and yet it can be easily tamed so that it will spring up in a sociable way and snatch the meat from its master's plate. It is quicker than a cat, and is sure death on rats and mice. Whether it is called

marten or American sable the animal is the same. The quality of the marten and sable, as well as the color, is affected by local circumstances. When the snow is soft and light all the winter, the fur gets a bright polish and remains smooth and even on the surface. When the snow becomes hard and sharp, by packing and by thawing and freezing, it cuts the long fine hairs of the skins, producing uneven and harsh edges. This circumstance makes an important difference in the value of the skin.

Wolverines were formerly so much in demand among the coast Indians up this way, that the trading companies purchased them in Cook's Inlet and Bristol Bay for importation here, where they were used by the natives in trimming parkies. The wolverine is not only scarce among them, but it is a "medicine" animal, and the Indian that kills one sets every sort of food available, and lighted candles or oil-lamps, around the carcass for two days before skinning it. That is the custom among the interior Indians, who kill them. Upon the coast, however, the wolverine is not found, and consequently the skins are in great demand. They are not so largely imported from below as formerly, being now brought down by traders from the upper Yukon. The parka, or fur robes, on the American side of the Straits, are made of the marmot or ground squirrel, trimmed with wolverine around the lower edge of the skirt, the hood having a border of white wolf, which gives the face of the wearer a weird and fantastic appearance. The men's parkas are generally plain, except the wolverine border on the skirt and wolf on the hood; but some of the women's robes are very ornamental. They are cut circular at the bottom of the skirt, before and behind, leaving a space about twelve inches from top to bottom on each side. The lower portions of the skirt of the woman's parka are generally ornamented with white deerskin, land otter, and fancy work with thread and dyed feathers.

The finest parkies, however, are of fawn skin, and come from Siberia. They are richly embroidered on the flesh side with silk, in colors, and are very expensive, some

rating as high as one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The common parka, such as is used by the ordinary Eskimos, and such as were provided for the men of the "Jeanette," are cheap, being made of squirrel skins, without ornamentation. They are warm, and warmth is what is required in the Arctic region. The hooded parka and the fancy deerskin boots, which complete the attire so far as visible, make a picturesque dress, admirably suited to the climate and the people. It is stated that the women wear leathern pantaloons beneath this beautiful outer covering.

For people, their habits and customs, implements and dress; for scenery and climate at this season of the year; for salmon and wild goose eggs, and an appetite that is backed by digestive organs extraordinary—this is one of the most interesting places to which civilized people, sweltering in the great cities of the Eastern States, could make summer excursions, albeit somewhat out of the route of palace cars. But for a permanent residence it cannot be commended. There are some half-dozen whites here, and they appear to enjoy life; but their minds are generally occupied by questions of trade, either in having it or preparing for it; and, moreover, they all look forward to a time of leaving the country and returning to the haunts of civilization. Besides, they are not completely exiled, as they go down to San Francisco on a furlough once in every two or three years. The thought of these journeys buoys them up before they go and sustains them after they return. So they get through life, and manage to keep themselves in flesh.

St. Michael's is a good place for the curiosity hunter to visit. The Indians up this way, with feathers through their noses, their fanciful fur clothing, their skin-boats, their dogs and sledges, their ivory-headed spears and arrows, their stone lamps for burning blubber, and a hundred other queer commodities, furnish a fertile field for the collection of *curios*. Mammoth tusks are more plentiful about here than forest trees, and they can be had cheap as fire-wood. Even stone axes are to be obtained occasionally,

though they may be numbered with the friction fire-producers—among implements now obsolete. Everything of this kind, or samples of all such articles, are in constant demand at that great repository of wonders, the Smithsonian Institute, which has emissaries in all parts of the country gathering cast-off clothing and worn-out implements among savages.

Down about Sitka, one hears some very positive talk about "mines," and this breaks out, even up here, occasionally, but in a subdued way. There may be gold up the Yukon, as some people affect to believe, but if so the diggings should be wonderfully rich to be profitable. In a country where the winters are of eight months' duration, and where the thermometer indicates sixty to seventy degrees below zero for a month at a time, with forty to fifty degrees for longer periods, the work done in the summer months ought to be well paid for. At all events, although there have been rumors of diggings, there has been no reliable information of mines in this extreme northern part of our possessions. So far as at present known this region is fit for nothing but the fur trade, and that will probably never furnish profitable returns for many, if any, more than those now engaged in it. The resources of an agricultural country may be developed and the products increased by railroads and steamboats, by immigration, and by improved machinery. The fur trade is such that, the more it is encouraged when open to competition, the sooner it declines and becomes exhausted. This is one branch of trade which will not endure stimulating, and if there is anything of value in the Yukon region, outside of the fur trade, it does not now make any demonstration.

The Yukon is a wonderful river, capable of carrying a tonnage equal to the Mississippi, but there is nothing at present tributary to it that is capable of creating a commerce. Two stern-wheel steamers appear to be capable of satisfying the wants of commerce upon the Yukon at present and for a long time to come. There are said to be immense valleys or bottom lands of great richness of soil along the Yukon and on some of its tributa-

vicarious affection, returned with rapture. But Mrs. Traufner was not so short-sighted, and with a woman's wistful tenderness hoped in her heart there would be no rough places in her good friend's love-path. She was so happy herself, that she thought everybody else must be. Traufner, who in his dark hours had taken to drink, and had been discharged by Mr. Graves's orders, was now at work again as steady as a clock. They were to move back into their old home the next week. After her experience in Dale Street that seemed to the cleanly, industrious creature like stepping straight from hell to Paradise.

Bob Jarvey, now "almost as good as new," he declared, was holding Gurney's horse outside, with a superior air of patronage to the cluster of children about him, for Dale Street was always running over with ragged mites of humanity; and Mrs. Jarvey stood at her untidy door with a wisp of black hair floating from her head, like a piratical banner, and her red arms wrapped in her apron, to shield them from the biting wind. She called down a convocation of all the saints to protect Gurney, and followed him as far as her voice could reach with honeyed praises. She did not know that Dale Street, albeit not an aristocratic, or even a picturesque thoroughfare, lay just now under a rose-colored sky to the eccentric gentleman who had made so many of its concerns his own, and had tried to lift some of its lives a few inches out of their slough of despond. The haggard old Frenchwoman, who hung over her tottering little balcony, filled with sallow, thin-leaved plants and cages of shrill-voiced canaries; the little shriveled carpenter, who mended Dale Street's numerous rents and leaks; the half-starved sewing girl; these and more had Gurney's bounty, filtering through Mrs. Traufner's friendly hands, touched and encouraged. With a shamefaced sort of philanthropy he had done a good turn when he could, without expecting even the return of gratitude. Now, reward enough had come to him in the most unexpected fashion, through Mrs. Traufner's rendition of her late visit.

He felt more absurdly happy, more irrepressibly elated, than Jack himself would have done: for Jack was sufficiently imbued with the spirit of the age to look even at romance with realistic eyes, whereas this shepherd was as simply in love as the most naive of his bucolic neighbors. He was critical to captiousness of femininity, and had believed himself to be a misogynist; but as everybody knows, the professional woman-hater makes the most helpless and single-minded of lovers. Gurney was not insensible to his own inconsistency, but that seemed of very little moment if he could get what he wanted. In spite of what might be called his success in life, he had had no one thing to make life very important to him; but he did not know how empty it had been till he stumbled on the material to fit and fill it.

He felt it a grievous burden that he was obliged that day to go into the red-tape and blue-bag atmosphere of the courts, to receive what Mr. Reinecke still facetiously termed his "Christmas present"; and neither the important element the decision made in his income, nor the cumbrous congratulations of his lawyers, were enough to take him out of his preoccupied mood. As soon as he could get away, he went straight out to Mr. Rivers's stately mansion, determined not to wait, as he had hitherto done, for doubtful opportunity, but to take his fortune in his own hands.

But Fortune flouted his daring and punished him properly. Reeve opened the door for him with decorous mournfulness. Master Tom was still very ill. Miss Helen, she was the only one who could do anything with 'im, and he wouldn't let her move an inch away.

"His pa is half wild about 'im. Master Tom is rarely spoilt," added Reeve, with a gleam of disapprobation in his dull eyes, in memory of Master Tom's bygone tyranny, while he pocketed demurely the yellow coin slipped between his irresistible fingers as a sign of sympathy and appreciation.

Gurney turned away feeling that he was hardly used, but his wrongs were of a kind that patience alone could redress. Thereaf-

ter Tasse was sent daily for bulletins of the invalid's condition, and his master won Mr. Rivers's life-long esteem as "a young man of most sympathetic feeling, by Jove!"

He would fain have sent to Miss Oulton something to cheer her sick-room vigils, but with extraordinary masculine thoughtfulness reflected that books and flowers would be malapropos, and write he would not. He must see Helen face to face. He put in some of his spare hours in "working

up" his pictures of her, and after a great deal of earnest and painstaking care, finished a crayon head, which, if it did not wholly satisfy him, gave him much pleasure, and seemed somehow to bring him nearer to its original than any part of their superficial acquaintance had done. Perhaps he idealized both woman and artist work too much, but that, unluckily, is a fault common to all lovers in all ages, and one which is apt to cure itself in time.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THOUGHT AND SPEECH.

THERE came to me a thought,
By wingéd fancy brought—
Subtle as flame; of light and sweetness wrought.

With costly pains and care,
I sought in words as rare
To clasp and hold it: it exhaled in air

And vanished—all the grace,
The gleam—and in its place,
A cold abstraction stared me in the face!

"O thought forever fled!"
Then to myself I said;
"O sweetness lost! O fine aroma shed!"

"Not so," a voice replied;
"Thought lives and shall abide:
Only to utter it has been denied.

"Why murmur or make moan?
Speech gives but of its own:
Ask of it bread, it offers thee a stone.

"Content thee: thou hast fed
From off the living bread:
Content thee, soul, nor crave a stone instead."

Caroline A. Mason.

but he was tough as a pine-knot. His name was Paine. Somehow he didn't look small, even when he was alongside of larger men; for he stood square and firm, as though he took hold of the ground—held himself straight, kept his head well up, and had a manly, large-hearted way with him. He always wore a gray suit of some sort of strong homespun, and a yellow felt hat. Both must have been of excellent quality, for I cannot remember that he ever changed them. He always looked exactly the same—Sundays, week days, holidays, and all times. He was a farmer, but good at any sort of work; knew how to lay hold of anything and everything; could use any sort of tool; never lost his temper; always had a pleasant smile on his face and a pleasant word on his tongue. His under lip projected just the least bit, I remember; he had rather a fair complexion, a high color, and spoke just a little through his nose—but a *very* little—just enough to be pleasant; for we all liked him, and therefore liked his peculiarities. He talked very seldom, gave his orders shortly and briefly, but without the least attempt at bossing, and nobody ever thought of disputing him; for he always did exactly the right thing in the right way, and everybody knew it. After he left mining he settled on a fine farm in Wisconsin, I have heard, and became a very prosperous man.

I must describe the lay of the land to make things clear. The principal feature of the surroundings was the "Table Mountain." At the time I thought it only a local phenomenon, and we used to wonder a great deal how it came to be so flat. Its course was, or appeared to be, diagonal to the Stanislaus, and crossed the river some six or eight miles above us. I say crossed the river, when I should say, I suppose, the river crossed it. Where the stream had cut through, the walls fell from the surface perpendicularly several hundred feet, and then slanted down to the bend of the river at an angle of forty-five degrees or thereabouts, covered with a dense growth of *chapparal*. There was a trail right back of our camp which led across the table-land to Jim Town. The mountain seemed

to make a horse-shoe bend in there, and right in the bend there was a strong spring of water which made a green patch all the year round, very noticeable among the dry, barren surroundings. Below us a mile or two was the cañon, and from where the table-land was cut by the stream down the cañon, some eight or ten miles in all, had been the richest portion of the river. About a mile above the cañon there was a ford where the trail crossed to strike the Stockton road. That was the way home, and we boys used to look at it wistfully enough sometimes, especially when we were a little down on our luck. This trail was quite a cut-off to Jim Town, though it was not much traveled, being only known to those familiar with that part of the country. Looking right across the river the land rolled, making the round hills, so familiar to Californians, partly covered with a dense undergrowth of chapparal and manzanita, then shaven perfectly smooth, and in the spring, yellow, pink, purple, and amethyst with a varying growth of wild flowers. Our bar was the prettiest spot on the whole river, partly because it was high and enabled us to look around, partly because of the fine old trees already mentioned.

One Sunday in April, a little before noon, Harry and I were lying down under the live oaks, taking it easy after a pretty hard week's work, when a strange looking old fellow came up the Jim Town trail, which crossed the bar just back of our camp. He was driving three heavily-packed mules, or, rather, leading the foremost mule, the others following. He was a queer looking character, quite a rare spectacle for those parts, and we watched him as he came up, both of us too curious to speak. He was tall, very spare, and slightly bent, dressed in a complete suit of rusty black and a tall "stove-pipe" hat—a costume which we had never seen before in the mines. He must have had the hat a long time; for though it had kept its shape, having evidently been preserved with jealous care, the edges were worn nearly white, as also portions of the rim, both front and back. The elbows, knees, and seams of the black suit were in pretty much the same condition.

He had lank, straight hair, apparently bleached by the sun; a long, worn-looking face, with a suffering, far-away look about the eyes and the pinched, drawn mouth; and, I noticed particularly, very long—unusually long—thin, flexible fingers. He was a gentleman though, that was certain, of a class not often seen at that time in those mountains. I took him to be a French southerner.

The morning had been very hot; the breeze rarely struck the river at that season until afternoon. The old fellow was pretty well fagged out, and just as he was in front of our tent, the pack of the foremost mule turned, and he gave a broken down sort of sigh as he stopped to fix it. Harry and I sprang up, and after righting his pack it occurred to us both at the same moment that the old man had better take a rest; but Harry spoke first—he was always the quicker—and said:

“Professor”—and the title seemed to me most appropriate—“Professor, your animals seem to be a little used up; better take off the pack and breathe them a little. It is just about noon, and we shall be glad to have you stay and take a meal with us. You can make Jim Town easy enough if you start from here at three. We’ll help you with your pack, and start you off fresh and good as new.”

Well, the old gentleman looked so grateful that we had the pack off in a minute, picketed out his animals to grass, and then Harry, without saying a word, brought him a little tin pannikin of toddy, and then laid him out a towel, soap, and water for a wash. He had just freshened up a little when the gong struck for dinner, and the three of us walked over to the boarding-house. The boys were all seated when we entered, for we had sharp appetites those days. Captain Paine’s seat at the head of the table was vacant, and Harry, hearing that the captain was busy down at the race, gave it to the stranger, we taking our seats beside him. The boys all looked at the new-comer curiously, but kindly; for, as I have said, they were a fine set of fellows.

“Professor,” said Harry, “I have not learned your name yet.”

“Crescie is my name,” he replied, “Doctor Crescie; *Cres-c-i-e*,” he said, repeating the syllables and accenting the two last vowels.

“Professor *Crescie*, gentlemen,” said Harry, introducing him and sticking to the title.

The Professor arose and bowed, whereupon, as I was glad to see, the boys all rose to welcome the old gentleman. Before they had time to sit down again or recover from their surprise, he said a short grace and pronounced a benediction, saying:

“May the blessing of God rest upon this hospitable roof and upon all beneath it; Amen.”

This took our men a little aback, for we were not accustomed to ceremony of any kind in the mines, or to grace before meat; but I could see they did not like the Professor any the less. All of them looked at him curiously, however, from time to time, when they thought he was unobservant of them.

After dinner the three of us walked over to the tent and lay down in the shade. I don’t know why I have called the stranger the “old gentleman,” for he was not old—scarcely over forty, I should think; but he had seen hard times, evidently, and his unsuitable attire, dusty and travel-stained, enhanced a certain weary, worn-out look. I noticed that all the men alluded to him as “the old man.” After a while, being rested and refreshed, he became quite talkative, and we learned to our surprise that we were to have him for our neighbor—that is, a neighbor for those parts.

“I am going to run a tunnel into the Table Mountain, gentlemen,” he said; “up yonder, where you see that green spot.”

“A tunnel!” said Harry, “what for—water?”

“For water? Oh no! for *gold*,” he replied. “I shall strike water no doubt, plenty of it, and it will not be unwelcome, for I shall raise a little something there—some corn, melons, garden stuff, and a field of clover for pasture, where Nature has evidently prepared it for the hand of man.”

“For *gold*!” said Harry sharply, giving

him a keen look, and on the sly touching his forehead to me significantly. "Did I understand you to say for gold—up there on the top of the mountain?"

I must tell you that at this time nobody had dreamed of gold in the Table Mountain, or any other mountain, or anywhere, indeed, but in the river, creek, and gulch channels. So our surprise was natural.

"Yes, for *gold*," said the old gentleman firmly, and with a combative air: "*for gold*—why not? You are mining in the channel of a living stream. I propose to mine in the channel of a dead one. Yes," seeing our surprise, "*a dead river*—one to which your little stream here compares as a rivulet to the Mississippi. That table-land which you see is not a mere local formation. It has its origin in the lofty volcanic region far away from here in Calaveras. It comes down on the north side of the Stanislaus, and forms a continuous elevated ridge more than two thousand feet above the river. Just below the ferry the river—the Stanislaus I mean—has broken through, but it reappears a little southwest of Columbia and continues on the south side of the river for a great many miles. Now," said the Professor, warming with his subject, his eyes glistening, and his pale, worn face lighting up with enthusiasm, "this so-called Table Mountain, the summit of which is covered by a heavy bed of basaltic lava, occasionally distinctly columnar, is nothing but an ancient river channel; for it is quite certain that a stream of molten lava of such magnitude must have run in a channel of some kind, and what other channel could it have been save that of a river? This little stream," looking at the Stanislaus contemptuously, "and other kindred streams running parallel to it, are but a modern formation—a thing of yesterday. The great stream which I am about to explore runs nearly at right angles to them. I have explored its course, its character, its fossil remains, as evidenced in places where there has been an outwash occasioned by the modern streams. Yes," continued the Professor kindling, "I have found remains of animals of the Pliocene—of the upper tertiaries—of the group which preceded

the era of volcanic activity—the group which lived upon this earth countless thousands of years ago, although their geological day was still but as yesterday. They lived in an age when the rivers all ran thousands of feet above their present channel. I have found remains of the rhinoceros, of an animal allied to the hippopotamus, of an extinct species of horse, and of a species allied to the camel—all peculiar to the deposits underlying the lava, and which did not survive the great catastrophe by which the forests and streams in which they lived were annihilated. I have found the imprints of leaves differing from those of any trees now known in California, and also distinct from the miocene tertiaries of Oregon, Nebraska, or any other portion of the continent. Yes, yes, wonderful indeed are the changes which have taken place throughout the entire Sierra."

By this time quite a lot of our boys had sauntered up to listen, and were looking significantly and compassionately at one another as Harry had done at me. But Portugee Jake, or Big Jake, as we sometimes called him, took it all in as gospel truth, and sat with his eyes dilated, fixed upon the Professor, his mouth wide open, and a curious expression on his face of supreme bliss and edification whenever the speaker got off a particularly long and extra-scientific term, although, poor fellow, we all knew that he couldn't understand a word of it.

"But how can you call it a river?" said Harry. "It is nothing but a mountain. There is not even a sign of a wash about it. It is all covered with great rough stones, which look as though they had been thrown out of some volcano or dropped there from Heaven and never been disturbed."

"Exactly," said the Professor. "They were thrown out of a volcano, but as molten lava, which upon cooling assumed the very form you describe. *There is plenty of wash inside, as you will see when I have pierced the rim!*"

"But how could a river run upon the top of a mountain?" asked another contemptuously—one who had just arrived, and had not heard all of the Professor's address.

The Professor answered with some impatience: "Examine ever so superficially the summit of the table-land, and then the character of the surrounding country, and you can answer your own question. The surface of the lava flow is hard and comparatively indestructible. There is scarcely a trace of erosion throughout its entire extent. Nature, when she filled the channel, *sealed it*, and ordained the changes which you now behold. Look at the slates which surround us," and here the Professor picked a handful of decomposed talcose and crumbled it between his hands. "As I crush this, Nature, by her countless forces—forces which never cease their labor night or day, winter or summer—Nature, I say, has disintegrated these friable surroundings until they have been eroded to the depth of thousands of feet, leaving yonder magnificent *creston* a monument of her work; barren, to all appearance, but in reality covered with inscriptions, not engraven in any modern tongue, it is true, but nevertheless a leaf of 'The Great Stone Book,' inscribed in the hand writing of the Creator himself—a writing which they who approach him with reverence and patient study, and the worship of truth and prayer, may sometimes be permitted to interpret."

"But what makes you choose that place?" said practical Captain Paine, who had now joined us, listening intently, but who continued to stand, for he was never seen to sit or lie down except at meals, and when he turned in for the night.

"Because that indentation which you see," pointing to the green spot, "is just so much off the rim—so much less tunneling to do. The rim rock is low and thin there, I am sure—low, because I have traced a drift from the inner channel *over the top of it*, and thin, because I have taken all the bearings and know that it cannot be very far through to the channel at that point."

"You have been here before, then, Professor?" said the Captain.

"Oh, yes. I spent six months examining the table-land, and I was a month camped on that spot. When I had resolved that was the place where I could attack it to the

best advantage, I returned to the bay for my traps, and here I am with them—or a portion of them, at least—for the bulk are coming by the main road."

At three o'clock, there being plenty of willing hands, we made short work with the old gentleman's pack. Upon leaving he lifted his hat in a stately way, which all present returned with a will, wishing him good luck, but pitying him from the very bottom of our souls. At supper time the whole camp was talking about him, some of them mimicking the care with which he pronounced his name—Doctor *Cresc-i-e*, Doctor *Cr-r-res-chie*, and so on—which was soon corrupted, of course, into Doctor Crazy; and Doctor Crazy, the Crazy Doctor, or the Crazy Professor it was from that time forward, not only on the bar, but up and down the river and far and wide, as the story got out.

"That old gent *un poco loco*," said one of the Italians, grinning to Harry and me, as he passed. Portuguese Jake took it up, and I thought at one time there would be a fight over it; but Portuguese and Italians make a good deal of noise and a great many alarming gestures which don't mean fight always. Notwithstanding Jake's championship, however, it soon became understood in camp and on the river that the Professor was a little flighty.

"He's crazy as a loon," said Harry to me, talking the matter over, as we often did, between us.

"Yes," I replied, "there can be no doubt of it; but it must be monomania, I think; he appears to be perfectly reasonable on all other subjects."

However, we heard nothing more of the Professor for a long time, and had almost forgotten him, when an accident occurred which brought him to our recollection and renewed the acquaintance. We had in our company a Swede named John Spencer, a tall, powerful fellow, and one of the greatest workers in the camp. He was a sailor, and had been second mate, I think, of a full-rigged ship. He was very high tempered, or perhaps I should say choleric; for he was not at all quarrelsome, but when he got

angry used to show it in a very funny fashion—by *working* like a perfect fury. In one of these tantrums he would slash around with the pick, or bar, or sledge—whatever he might be working with—as though possessed by a devil. These fits would rarely last more than a quarter of an hour or so—no doubt the tremendous muscular exertion worked them off. They were succeeded by a sulk, which, if no one interfered, was also of short duration. The boys used to laugh among themselves at Spencer's fits, but nobody cared to cross him in these moods, partly because it would have been very dangerous, but still more because he was such a good fellow and such a lion at his work. One day John was at work in the race beneath some very heavy rocks, when he became possessed by one of these furies, and started in to "tearing things." He slashed around like a perfect lunatic, and, I think, must have been nearly unconscious of what he was doing. The next moment one of the giant boulders and a part of the bank had fallen upon him, and he lay white and crushed, bleeding and groaning, beneath them. It seemed but a few moments before every man on the bar was at the spot; still, but two or three of us could work at a time to uncover him. One of the boulders was so wedged across his body, so large, and so difficult to move without crushing the poor fellow, that it seemed he must certainly die before he could be extricated.

"Somebody go to Jim Town for a doctor," said Captain Paine.

But just then I remembered our Professor. Was he not a doctor? He had said he was. Time was precious. We could hardly get a doctor over from Jim Town before the next day. So, after a moment's consideration, the Captain said:

"Yes, better get the old doctor, if he *is* crazy. It's the best we can do."

I think I made the best time I ever made in my life over to the old man's place, and he didn't lose a moment either. I was surprised to see the old gentleman's activity. They were just packing poor Spencer on a litter up to his shanty, when we reached the bar. From that moment the Professor ordered

everything. He was perfectly cool and quiet, and, for some reason, everybody speedily became convinced that he knew exactly what he was about, and that if there was any chance for poor John he would get the benefit of it. Almost quicker than I can write it, the carpenter, acting under the Professor's instructions, had extemporized some sort of a cot, which appeared to hold the shattered frame as easily as it could be held, and the doctor, having first revived his patient by some stimulant, proceeded to examine and ascertain the full extent of his injuries, touching him with a light hand, and wearing a serious, sympathetic face. Poor John, now white as a sheet and already but the ghost of himself, kept his eyes fixed on him meanwhile, as if seeking to learn his fate from the doctor's countenance. Then came the setting and splintering of the broken bones, during which the poor fellow fainted, but was speedily restored.

"Well, doctor, are there any chances for him?" we asked after it was all over.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "unless he has received some internal injuries, which do not at present appear, he will get over it with good care and nursing, although he is badly broken up. But he is a strong man, has led a temperate life, I should judge, and he has plenty of stamina to bring him through."

The Professor came down every day for awhile to look after his patient, who was soon crawling around under his care. This, of course, established the Professor's reputation as a medical man, but as he seemed crazier than ever on his Table Mountain scheme, and persisted in talking about his "ancient river," with the conviction of one who had been inside of it and seen it, we became convinced that he was really demented, at least on that particular subject, and pitied him the more because of his talent and learning.

When the time came that his services were no longer necessary, John wanted to pay him, of course, but he would not take a dollar. "No, gentlemen," he said, "I remember—I shall always remember—your kind reception of the tired stranger, and ex-

cept for poor John's sake, I am rejoiced at this opportunity of showing my appreciation of it."

But we were not of the sort to be put off in that way. We knew that the old man must be very poor, burying every cent he had in that barren, God-forsaken mountain. So we made up a little purse—Spencer gave four ounces of dust. This we spread on a tray, which we passed round to the boys. Each pulled out his leather purse, and added a pinch, until we had a little over eight ounces, which Harry and I undertook to deliver to the Professor, and prevail on him to accept the next Sunday morning.

We were very glad of the chance to visit him. He had invited us several times, it is true, but he might have thought that we went to spy out and laugh at his folly; whereas, on the present occasion he could put no such interpretation upon our visit. We anticipated considerable difficulty in prevailing upon him to accept the purse, but we resolved to try it. At the worst, we could leave it somewhere where he would be sure to find it.

It was now in the fall. The Professor had been at work several months; but we were not prepared to see such extensive improvements, or anything on so systematic a plan. Our pity and regrets increased as we saw the evidences of a really considerable expenditure, evidently destined, from the scale on which the work was begun, to continue several years.

"This is a craze with a vengeance," said Harry. "What can have possessed the poor old fellow?"

There was already quite a considerable dump at the mouth of the tunnel, a good track, well-made cars, the mouth of the tunnel well faced up and neatly timbered, several frame buildings, the lumber for which must have been packed over from Jim Town, a blacksmith and carpenter's shop, several acres of land under fence, and an air of life and prosperity everywhere which was very painful to see, knowing how it must all end.

We found the Professor in his accustomed suit of rusty black, not omitting the "stove-pipe." He was very glad to see us, for we were favorites, evidently. He showed us

around the place with manifest pride, though the more we saw, the more we were surprised, and the more sorry we felt for him.

At his "office" he showed us a topographical chart of the vicinity, made from his own surveys; a plan of the tunnel, with the course of the "ancient river" laid down; a plan of the buildings, fences, improvements, etc., all in regular form. There, too, he kept his surveying instruments, and on a table in the center of the room were a number of maps, some shells, some minerals looking like petrifications, which I took to be fossil remains, and so on. At a desk in a corner were his books, accounts, letters, some official looking papers, and adjoining, a press for taking copies of his correspondence, all in perfect order as in any real concern. He had four hands constantly employed, besides two or three mechanics, three Danes, and a Norwegian. He was going to increase his force shortly, he said.

We visited the tunnel, both of us feeling as though party to a fraud. He had made great headway at first, but now the work was in the hardest kind of rock, and their progress was not more than a foot a week. This did not appear to discourage the Professor at all; on the contrary, he struck the rock, making the sparks fly, and appeared to derive great satisfaction from its adamant character—discoursing the while learnedly upon the nature of the formation, the shape and characteristics of the "rim," and of the scoriaceous rock outside. Harry and I both felt anxious to dispel the fatal hallucination, but knew that it would be too cruel to do so. Besides, he was so scientific, and we had nothing but our sound common sense to offset his science. And how can one prove his point when opposed by arguments too learned for his comprehension?

"If he would only drop his high science," said Harry, "we could perhaps get a little common sense into him."

But the "laboratory," chemicals, collection of minerals, etc., overcame Harry a little, as they did me, so we proceeded to the business of our visit. But the Professor would not even look at our money.

"No! No!" he said. "No! No! not from any of you gentlemen; not on any account."

I tried him on several different tacks, but all without success, until at last I said, feeling very cheap as I said it:

"Well Doctor, you may perhaps feel glad of even this little money before you break through the rim and into the ancient channel. This is a great undertaking, and a costly enterprise for limited means."

The Professor's countenance changed and his eyes fastened upon the purse. I had touched the right chord, evidently, and I followed up my advantage.

"You see, Doctor," I continued, "it may take only a year or two, or it may take three or four years. That rock is very hard. As you have so kindly explained to us, it has survived the disintegration of all other rocks. A foot a week is slow progress, and you would feel it very much if you were compelled to stop for want of means just as you were in sight of the reward of all your labor. Take it, and get more if you need it."

Here I caught Harry looking at me with undisguised admiration of my diplomacy or duplicity; which shall I call it? It was a new character for me to appear in, and to tell the truth, I was a little surprised at myself—still more at my success, for the Professor fell into the trap like the innocent lamb I knew him to be.

"You are right," said the Doctor suddenly, "quite right, and it is very kind and gracious of you to put it in that way. I am reminded that I can take the money now and send it back to your friend, as you suggest, after I have entered upon the ancient channel. With that understanding I will receive it. I thank you very much indeed."

We then visited "the ranch," as the Professor called it. I have mentioned there was a spring at this spot. The Doctor explained that it seeped through from the buried river—"probably through some crevice occasioned by shrinkage in the rim rock after being superheated." A little below the mouth of the tunnel it disappeared, but there was a patch of several acres of black soil there, which was constantly moist, even upon the

surface, during the driest summer. This the Doctor said he was going to plant the following season in watermelons, muskmelons, tomatoes, etc., and on the higher land surrounding it, fruit trees, such as peaches, apricots, nectarines, and figs, and on the stony land, grapes.

These were almost the first agricultural plans which we had heard of in the mines, at least on so extensive a scale, and they seemed to us nearly as novel and visionary as the ancient channel itself.

"The old fellow must be going to settle down for life," said Harry laughing, "and under the shadow of his own vine and fig tree."

After this we didn't see much of the Professor for many months; but we heard of him from time to time on the river—at Jim Town and the vicinity. His cure of Spencer became known, and his services as a physician were soon in considerable request. He had either wonderfully good luck or uncommon skill, for he cured every patient and inspired universal confidence, which made his one crazy point the more conspicuous and painful, of course. He never appeared to trouble himself about a fee. If the patient was poor, he not only gave his services but furnished medicines, refusing all remuneration: if rich, "Pay me what you think you can afford," he would say. So soon as it became generally known that he waited on rich and poor alike; that he would make any journey in any weather—during the rainstorms wrapped in an old, half military cloak, but the rusty suit and the stove-pipe never failing to appear at the critical moment—and that he was "so crazy kind," as one poor fellow put it; then some of those who could afford to pay paid the more liberally; and I doubt, after all, if he lost anything by his generosity, for everybody wanted to do the old gentleman a good turn, and when that is the case almost everybody succeeds in doing it, sooner or later.

It was soon discovered that he was mighty tight at a bargain. He paid cash for everything—lumber, provisions, hardware, and so on; for, of course, nobody would have liked to trust him as they did us, who were a rich

company with a sure thing. Every one knew that the old fellow must break up on his tunnel, sooner or later; and the most inconsiderate felt a sort of pity to see good money going into the barren mountain, and so clever and learned a gentleman under such a delusion. The store-keeper's sympathy took the form of letting him have things at quite a discount—for cash, of course—and the boys generally knew perfectly well what it meant when the Professor paid only twenty-five dollars for a barrel of flour when we paid thirty, and so on. In fact, he became quite a privileged character, until everybody around the country, far and wide, was glad to see "the old stove-pipe" put in an appearance.

Still, he did not altogether escape ridicule. There was a wild lot of boys about in those days, and what they deemed a little bit of harmless fun with the old Professor was very dear to them. But they soon found that he was very sensitive, especially upon scientific subjects and his pet delusion; so he no sooner began to bristle up and stand on his dignity than they would knock off their devilment and make it up with the Professor, who was as easily reconciled as a lovable, high spirited child. One day, a lot of our boys riding for a *paseo* up to his ranch met the old gentleman on the road busy with a pocket microscope prone upon the ground, prying into some insignificant spots or stains almost invisible to the eyesight of the ordinary observer. He certainly did look ridiculous, with the rusty black suit dust covered and soiled, the coarse, ungainly shoes, an ancient high black stock or cravat, and the memorable stove-pipe tilted on to the back of his head to afford greater facility for the use of the instrument.

The boys set up a shout as soon as they saw him, which was unmistakably a shout of derision, and then surrounded him and began to tease and chaff.

"What have ye got there, old man," said one; "prospecting for diamonds?"

"No, No—he's prospecting for the ancient channel" said another. "Have you broke through the rim yet, Professor?"

"I can't understand why you miners—you men of muscle—make so little of science," said the Doctor, straightening himself up, coloring, and standing on his dignity, with the stove-pipe still tilted back, and shaking the pocket microscope at his tormentors, as he warned to his subject. "If you meet a poor plodding *savant* on the road, breaking his bits of rocks, scraping together his little harvest of weeds, or busy with his lens among the larvæ of insects, if you do not laugh at and deride him, you at least treat him as one demented, as a silly addle-pate, or an imbecile. Yet may that forlorn enthusiast with his microscope, perhaps, stop the ravages of some insect pest which has caused more disaster to humanity than flood, fire, famine, pestilence, or even war itself. Yes," said the Professor, looking even dignified as he became more earnest, "In the knapsack of some such 'crazy pedant' may lie a secret which shall pay tenfold the national debt of the greatest nation on earth. You men measure achievement by the pound—or rather by the ounce troy," he added bitterly, "and believe in nothing that has not some element of brute force in it. Yet I tell you that these little bits of glass, probing secrets of nature apparently too insignificant—yes, in reality, too diminutive—for mortal vision, may achieve more for humanity, more to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and enrich the world, than all the mighty forces which man has conquered, or even than the mightier forces which the telescope has made palpable to our senses. Yes, yes," said the Professor, half musing, and more to himself than to us, "the infinitely little is of far more importance to man than the infinitely great; and if this indicates our true place in the scale of creation and the universe, let us accept it with reverence and humility, and lay to heart the lesson which it unmistakably teaches"—and with that he gathered up his traps and shuffled off, shaking his microscope menacingly at us, and still muttering to himself.

Meanwhile our own affairs had not been going prosperously. We found digging the race much more of an undertaking than we

had contemplated. We had not neglected the precaution of sinking two or three shafts to prove the bar at this point, and had found no sign of "bed-rock," nothing but sand and gravel. But when we came to sink the race along its entire length, we found ridges or "backs" of very hard rock cropping up in several places, and these so delayed the work, despite our utmost endeavors, that we were obliged to abandon all hope of getting into the river that season. As this became apparent, we slacked up our efforts and took things a little easier.

The winter of '52-'53 which followed was one of exceptional severity. It will long be remembered by those who were in the mines at that time, and whose fortunes were perhaps dependent on it. It was not that we were exposed, for the race was finished and there was no necessity for working out in the storms, but as the river rose to such an unusual height and the snows accumulated in the mountains, we realized what it all would mean when they began to melt and we were called upon to dam the river and turn it into our race. But there was no help for it. It was one of those chances which all river miners have to take. The chapter of accidents in all mining is a long and painful one, for if it is not one thing it is another. So we kept up our courage, but the boys were not as cheerful as in '51. Our "dead sure thing" did not look so sure, or, at least, so near, and the home trail by way of Stockton appeared dimmer through the mist and haze, and the further end of it, at least, much more distant, though certainly our end of it could not have moved a peg.

By July of the following summer we had seen two of our dams swept away, and it became apparent that, try our best, we could not bottom the "deep pool" that season either. So, you see, there were three summers gone. In '52 we could have waded across the river, it was so low that fall, but we couldn't get the race down if our lives had depended on it. In '53, when we had everything ready, there seemed to be a dozen rivers in that channel. The force of the water was so great that it swept away our

dams like a bundle of chips. So there was nothing for it but to wait over still another year. We were obliged to pay many of our bills out of our now reduced purses, but the store keepers were still good natured and our credit fairly good. Nobody doubted but we would bottom the deep pool the following summer, and be amply repaid for all our labor. We were most of us young and light hearted, and the absolute certainty that we felt of final success kept up our spirits better than might have been expected.

During this summer of '53 we had plenty of leisure, and many of us liked to spend our Sundays up at the Professor's tunnel. It had become widely known by this time as "The Old Stove-Pipe Tunnel," although it was alluded to variously, as "The Professor's Folly," "The Doctor's Craze," and so on. But whatever might be the barrenness of the inside of the mountain, the Professor had certainly made the ranch profitable enough. Such watermelons! such musk melons! I never saw before or since; and melons were melons in those days, I can assure you. Nobody grudged giving a dollar, or even a dollar and a half, for a good-sized melon—and there were none but good-sized ones in the doctor's patch. He had walled up a fine, cool spring in the middle of the garden, over which was a latticed shelter covered with grape vines. This spring he kept filled with melons, and they cut open as though they had been iced inside and out. He kept several cows and lots of fowls, and had, therefore, an abundance of milk, fresh butter, and eggs. Everything outside had prospered. The fruit trees were all strong and healthy; the vines luxuriant. All the miners on the river might have been turned into the tomato or melon patches, without making much impression upon them. There was a fine field of barley on the hill side, and another of alfalfa. He had erected several additional buildings, barns, etc. Within sight of the house he had fenced in an extensive *potrero*; this he had sown in alfalfa, and here were twenty or thirty mustangs, which the boys used to hire to ride over to Jim Town or Sonora, and several good, strong, American

work animals for use on the ranch. The laboratory was enlarged, and a drug store and small pharmaceutical department added to it.

To a parcel of healthy, hardy miners, hungry for a bite of something green, and a glimpse of rural surroundings, the place appeared as an oasis in the desert. The old fellow always made it a point to set a splendid dinner every Saturday and Sunday, of fresh meat, vegetables, ham and eggs, chicken, cakes, cream cheese, salad, lots of milk, watermelons, musk melons, etc. So the "Old Stove-Pipe Ranch" came to be a place of resort for the miners all along the river, and even occasionally from Jim Town and the vicinity. Every Sunday, all through the summer, you could see a string of horses tied under a shade tree, or along side the old gentleman's barn, or perhaps turned into the *potrero*; and at dinner time a long row of bronzed and bearded faces, stowing away the good things which none of us had expected to see in those parts. At a dollar a head for meals, which nobody grudged, a dollar apiece for melons, five dollars a day for a mustang, the Professor would have made a good thing of it; if it had not all been buried or spent upon that stony, barren, God-forsaken old Table Mountain. By this time the boys used to tease the old gentleman about it a good deal, but he had schooled himself to take it all in good part; he kept it up always about the "ancient channel," as though he had been there, and was going back again.

He never lost his regard for Harry and me, so, seeing that he liked us so much, we used to ride over to the ranch on a Saturday as often as possible, to stay over all night and next day. On Saturdays, we would always find the Professor at work, and I tell you he could work. He labored a great deal in the blacksmith shop; there the old black coat came off, and he wore a pair of suspenders outside over a dark blue shirt. But he never let go the stove-pipe, and like a sea captain's hat, it would never move of itself. He sharpened all his own drills, and he gave our blacksmith many a

point that was new to him—as he could give almost any mechanic in any trade.

Of course, he came to exercise a great influence over some of the simple miners on the river; and our "Portugee Jake" conceived such a reverence for him that he would have followed him around like a dog, I believe, if the Professor would have let him. This dated from the doctoring of poor John Spencer; for Jake declared that when the Professor's fingers passed over the crushed form of the wounded man, "they felt outside, and saw inside." This meant, of course, that the Doctor's long, sensitive digits appeared to act as separate and individual intelligences. They so appeared to me, but Jake, in his dumb way, failed to express himself, or, at least, to make his meaning clear. And this influence the Professor always turned to good account, just as he caught our men the day of his arrival, when he slipped the grace and blessing on them while they were standing out of respect to him as a stranger and a guest. The boys all liked a little whiskey on Sundays and holidays, and while there were certainly one or two who would take it to excess, the rest never cared for more than a horn at meal times. All knew that the Doctor had a little of first quality among his medicines, and they often tried to coax it out of him, but it was of no use; and so soon as they learned to know that he really meant what he said, they gave up trying, and forgot all about the liquor. "No, gentlemen," the Doctor would say, "there is nothing here for you but what is good for both your bodies and your souls." To get in on the latter, I suppose, he used to give some kind of a Sunday afternoon lecture, after the place came to be so much frequented, and in these he so sweetened his pills that the boys didn't know they were taking them. I did hear over in Jim Town that he had been not only a doctor of medicine, but a doctor of philosophy and a doctor of divinity, as well; but if he really had been a parson, he was wise to conceal it, for if the boys had entertained the most remote suspicion of a sermon, not a man on that river would have gone within a mile of "The

Old Stove-Pipe Ranch." But he came to be considered the most learned man that had ever entered that part of the country, and in the end, in his quiet way, really succeeded in doctoring our souls a good deal as well as our bodies.

Harry and I never tired of admiring that melon patch, and I think we liked it better than all the philosophy. "I never saw such a patch, even in Virginia," said Harry to the Doctor one day. "What do you do to them, Professor, to make them thrive in that way?"

"He know all about them bug," said Jake, blowing the Professor's trumpet as usual.

The Professor laughed. "There is something in knowing about the bugs, of course, and Jake is right so far, but I will tell you: it consists, I think, in a very simple matter. It is well known that wheat, for example, reaches its greatest degree of productiveness at the northern limit of its *habitat*, if I may use the term. This I translate to mean that the long winter, followed by the warm, moist spring and fervid summer, force the growth from birth to maturity in the most rapid possible manner, and *literally without a check*. I think these are the conditions of the most prolific abundance in all growth. I do not mean to imply that all vegetation produces most abundantly at the northern limit of production, but under those conditions most favorable to its growth and development without interruption, and this, of course, is more particularly the case with plants of extremely rapid natural growth. Check one of these vines, for example, if never so slightly, and it will instantly dwindle, and remain a pigmy among its fellows. I watch them, therefore, during their infancy with a great deal of care. A very slight protection from excessive heat, cold, or moisture is sufficient. Then, the hills are so prepared as to force the most rapid possible development, which nothing occurring to check, you see the result. As to the insect pest, that is a pet subject of mine; I have a theory that the only effective remedy is to be found *in the propagation of their natural enemies*. It is a difficult subject, I grant, and belongs more particularly to entomology than agriculture;

but it will be found eventually, I am confident, that every insect has its natural enemies, as have nearly all other creations in Nature. The beetle, or bug as Jake calls it, which feeds on these vines has several, as I have already discovered, some of which attack the eggs, and others the insect in a later stage of development. My experiments are as yet, of course, very imperfect. Life itself," said the doctor with a sigh, "only permits us to make a beginning—or at best one step, perhaps, beyond our neighbor—one little notch added to the record. These pests—pests of this character, I mean—are so immensely productive that the destroyer cannot make great headway; but I find the insect soon obtains some consciousness of the presence of its natural enemy, for it soon abandons the vicinity and seeks to flourish unmolested elsewhere."

I know nothing about these scientific subjects. The Professor was full of "pet theories," and doubtless would catch me tripping in my science, and correct me, if alive and he had the opportunity of doing so; but I have striven to remember his language, as to describe his appearance, manners and costume. But I must hasten to the close of my story.

It was late in the summer of '54 when the Cosmopolitan Company finally succeeded, after immense exertions, in bottoming the deepest part of the deep pool on "Shorty's Bar." I remember the day well; I shall never forget it. I was considered an expert in working up the bed rock, into which, if open-grained and suitable, even the finest of the fine river gold penetrates wonderfully. We had sunk in two or three places, having a "sump hole" in each, and a pump worked by an overshot wheel from the race. I got down first, and, to my consternation, found a bed-rock as smooth as a billiard ball, as hard as steel, and with as little grain. There was just a slight hope, a bare possibility, that it might be only a spot; but that hope vanished as we bottomed it in several places elsewhere, and found it all of the same character. The "deep pool" which was to have given us all "our pile," for which we had

worked going on four years, and which everybody had considered "a dead sure thing," proved to be—perfectly barren! The force of the stream, an eddy, or something, had swept it as clean and polished as a cylinder head or a mahogany dining table.

There were quite a lot of us standing, looking, disconsolate, at this wreck of all our hopes, when our attention was attracted to Portugee Jake who was going through a lot of antics like a clown at a Christmas pantomime. He was a queer looking character anyway, with his shock of black curly hair standing out from the sides of his head as though stuffed, and with an odd cap something like a colored night-cap perched on top. He used to talk as much with his hands and arms as with his mouth, and that was not a little if he was at all excited. Well, there he was, gesticulating like a lunatic, holding up his hands, shouting, showing first three long, snaky, supple fingers, then four, then five, then actually dancing with excitement, and trying to talk with his legs as well as with all the rest of his body.

We were too far away to hear what he said, or to catch his meaning, but we saw it must be something out of the common by the effect it had on the boys who heard it, as they were not in the habit of paying much attention to Jake's talk. Presently Captain Paine, who was in the hole with me, had his curiosity awakened, and beckoned to Jake, who came over to the bank above us and went through the same performance. We couldn't hear very well on account of the noise of the water in the race, the dripping of the pumps, and the squeaking of the over-shot wheels; but what we did hear, making every allowance for Jake's excitement and probable exaggeration, was a staggerer, sure enough.

"Professor strike it *big!*" screamed Jake, jumping like a monkey.

"Struck what?" shouted Captain Paine through his hands.

"*Gold,*" screamed Jake once more. "*Buckets full!*"—going through the motion of pouring out a bucket—"Six, eight, ten pounds yesterday!"—holding out his fingers, then both hands with the fingers spread out

like the spokes of a wheel. Then he took out a tin box and rattled it, shouting: "John Spencer's money. Professor pay—one pound Old Stove-Pipe gold"—rattling it above his head like one possessed. "Buckets full—buckets full. Oh, my God!" and then began to tell the story over again to others attracted by his gesticulations.

Captain Paine and I stared at one another, fairly struck dumb and immoveable by the news. We knew that Jake had been off up the tunnel for a day or two, hanging around the Professor, as he did whenever he could get a chance. Jake was as near crazed by the news as could be, but he knew gold when he saw it, and could estimate its quality and quantity as well as any of us. No ordinary strike would have set him so completely demented.

"Well," said Captain Paine after awhile, "Well, boys, that's just our luck. Here's our 'dead sure thing' all washed out, and that crazy old fool has struck it up there in the moon! I'll never strike another lick at mining as long as I live"—and he threw down a steel bar which he held in his hand with a force that made it rattle and sing upon the hard, smooth rock. I believe he was as good as his word; for so soon as we could get settled up he left for the East. I think he could have stood our failure, but the Professor's wonderful success coming right on top of it rather turned him inside out.

When the Captain threw down the bar, we all made for the camp to look at the Professor's gold, which he had sent to pay John back his fee. There is a great deal of *character* in gold, as every placer miner knows. I think I have seen "dust" from nearly every camp from Mariposa to Siskiyou, but I never saw the like of that. It looked bewitched. It was coarse, smooth, washed, wrinkled, burned, stained, and what not. Some of it looked like nothing so much as a lot of used-up old coins, worn smooth to defacement by some extinct and forgotten race, yet with illegible inscriptions which we could not help studying to decipher, although we knew, of course, that nature, not man, had so inscribed them.

And the impression was—the conviction, I might say—that there remained plenty more where that came from.

We were a very solemn crowd. Nobody had much to say about it, strange to tell, but we spread the gold out on a tray on the old mess table and made a tolerably fair division of it, every man of us taking a little, for the Doctor had sent us an even pound troy. One little piece, about the size and shape of a Chilian *medio*, I wear on my watch guard to this day.

After this, most of the boys dropped off one by one, until only Harry and I were left. We found a little crevice in the bed of the stream, a few feet wide only, which proved quite rich; and working it up patiently we made out nearly as well perhaps, after all, as though we had struck the “dead sure thing,” and had forty to divide it among. But the Professor made an enormous pile, for Jake’s description, brilliant as it was, fell short of the truth. By a wonderful stroke of luck the tunnel had been driven just level with the bottom of the “ancient channel.” There had been a fall in the river near that spot, the Doctor explained, for on drifting up stream he found the ledge rising like a wall; and it must have been narrow at that point, for they soon struck the rim on the opposite side. But it had acted just like a rif-

fle, as the Professor showed us, making a drawing for the purpose. The stream had poured over with a rush, leaving the heaviest of the gold to settle undisturbed upon that narrow ledge.

One Sunday, late in the fall, Harry and I went up to the ranch as usual. The Professor had gone, the Swedes told us; sold out to them and gone *home!* He had left in the night, concealing his departure for fear of robbery, for though he had sent down sacks of gold every week by stage, he still had considerable with him, besides certificates of deposit, and other valuable papers. We found also a note from the Doctor bidding us a most kind adieu, but leaving no clue whatever to his destination.

“Did you ever see such right down crazy fool’s luck,” said Harry to me, “to come right up here thousands of feet—nearly to the top of the mountain! What could have possessed the old man? But he must have made a tremendous clean-up; what with his doctoring, his ranch, his horses to hire, his tight bargains, and at last, the sale of his place, he must have done pretty well for a crazy man.”

“But perhaps he wasn’t crazy after all—perhaps he know,” said the Swede, looking at us in his calm, open-eyed, simple way.

What do you think about it?

Henry S. Brooks.

AD ARTEM.

THEY tell thee, lovely Art, that thou should’st take
 No thought of things above in all thy ways—
 That thou hast nought to do with thanks or praise,
 But livest only for thine own sweet sake.
 Oh, trust them not; for such of thee would make
 A soulless thing—would blight thy fairest bays.
 Save when with awe thou turn’st thy upward gaze,
 There is no theme that to the full can wake
 Each of thy varied powers, nor all thy toil
 Can match the wondrous grace of Mary’s son.
 Then bring thy alabaster-box with speed,
 And pour upon His brow the precious oil,
 Content, if He shall say, when it is done,
 That thou therein hast wrought a worthy deed.

Chas. S. Greene.

UN-KOI-TO, THE SAVIOR: A LEGEND OF THE CON-COW INDIANS.

AMONG the many legends of the Con-Cows, the following is perhaps the most interesting, as giving a better idea of their old religious dogmas than any other in their legendary lore.

IN the old, old times, when the sun, the moon, and the stars were new, and this old earth still young, Wen-en-killá, the young and beautiful daughter of the old sage Cu-na-dissa, was sitting one summer day dreaming the hours away before the low entrance of her father's lodge. She had just reached her seventeenth year, and her pure young heart was full of poetry and joy; life to her was a song, and nature an open book, in which she read nothing but lessons of love for all the world. The day was drawing to a close, and the sun's last rays were tinged with burnished gold; the air was laden with the perfumed breath of the wild flowers, and in the lofty oaks towering above her was a faint, musical rustling of the leaves, as if they, too, were joining in nature's evening song.

As the young girl gazed dreamily upon the setting sun while it sank in the waters of the *Heli-mo-ma* (ocean), it threw its last rays upon a beautiful white cloud hovering above it in the West, shedding upon it a golden radiance; and as the variegated, brightly colored tints increased, the cloud became so beautiful that the young girl, fairly wild with pleasure and delight, extended her open arms toward it and cried:

"Oh, my beauty, my beauty! come nearer, come nearer, that I may look on you."

And as the words left her lips there came from afar, floating upon the still evening air, as if from the very midst of the cloud, the notes of a tender love song, so low and sweet that the young girl remained with her arms half extended, as if fearing to break the spell, listening to the far-off melody, slowly receding, but always clear and sweet. "*Hepe-ning-*

ko bodi, yeh-o-na; hepe-ning-ko bodi, yeh-o-na. From the blue land of the stars I come; I come from the blue land of the stars"; and as the last notes died away the cloud assumed the shape of a beautiful white-robed spirit, who looked down for a moment as if smiling upon her, and then slowly and gradually dissolved away in the azure of the boundless *Hepe-ning-ko*.

That night Wen-en-killá had a beautiful dream, so beautiful that she awoke with joy; and when she opened her eyes it seemed to her as if the low tones of the evening song were still lingering in her ears.

Bright and early with the morning sun she took her nicely-woven, many-colored basket and went away to search for the white clover and the *so-com-me*. She soon came upon a little mountain dell, bright with wild flowers and clover blossoms. As she knelt among them to fill her basket, the same sweet, low tones of the evening's song were heard afar off, gradually advancing toward her, nearer and nearer, until they sounded almost in her ears. Then they ceased, and a tender voice spoke:

"Daughter of Cu-na-dissa, I am the spirit of the evening cloud. Did my voice and my song come to you yester-eve as you gazed on me, my darling?"

The young girl felt her breast as if filled with a strong, pure, and all-conquering love, and losing all the timidity of her tender years, cried joyfully:

"Oh, my beauty, my beauty, was it you that I looked upon in the light of the setting sun? was it you that came and whispered to me in my dream? Sweet spirit of the evening cloud, let me look on you again."

Then she heard the low voice with a sweeter, sadder cadence in its tones, answer:

"Child of the mountains, the love in my heart is strong, and I read yours in the pure eyes; but between the spirit of the evening cloud and the daughter of Cu-na-dissa is a

gulf as deep as the Heli-mo-ma, that she only can bridge; a spell stronger than the mighty oak that she alone can break; the spirit of the cloud comes from afar and is weary and faint. Wen-en-kill, wilt thou feed the stranger?"

The young girl, with a glad little cry, upturned her basket; under the green leaves and the white blossoms she found a yellow, tender-crust pinole, and smilingly extended it toward the voice. The pinole disappeared, and in its place before her stood a white-robed, beautiful young warrior, with a golden halo around his head, and the light of a great love shining out of his deep blue eyes, so radiant and bright that the young girl, dazzled, covered her eyes with her hands, as she felt a long, sweet, lingering kiss upon her lips; and all at once a great sleep came upon her and overpowered her senses.

When she awoke hours afterwards, the sun was sinking behind the mountains, the glowing skies seemed as if tipping the woods with their reddening light, the white and golden cloud was hovering in the west above the setting sun, and a beautiful, bright-eyed little boy was smiling upon her from her arms, while out of the cloud afar off came the low tones of the evening song, sweeter and tenderer than before, saying, "Yours and mine, my darling, yours and mine." And the heart of the young mother, as she gazed upon her son, became filled with love and pride, and she bowed her young head and placed a loving kiss upon his infant lips, and asked:

"What shall I call thee, sweet son of the Hepe-ning-ko? What name is worthy of thy high lineage?"

Down from the blue land above the voice of the song came clear and sweet:

"Un-koi-to, the teacher; Un-koi-to, the Savior!" and the echoes repeated in a loving cadence, dying away in the distance: "Un-koi-to, the teacher; Un-koi-to, the Savior; the Sa-a-vior—Sa-a-vior!"

Wen-en-kill, kneeling down among the wild flowers and the clover blossoms, raised her boy upward on her extended hands, and cried:

"Spirit of the evening cloud, make the mother worthy of her son; fill her heart with the love of Wahno-no-pem, and guide her footsteps onward in the right, until we meet again in the light of the setting sun."

And with her child pressed tenderly against her heaving heart, she retraced her steps to her home. In the kaka-ne-come (sweat-house) she made a little *kne-lisse*, in which she gently laid and covered the little boy who, smiling sweetly upon his young mother, closed his eyes in the sound sleep of early boyhood.

Wen-en-kill, the next morning before going to the neighboring stream to make the acorn soup, went to Cu-na-dissa, her father, and Oro-ma-vo, his old friend, and asked them not to kindle a fire in the kaka-ne-come that day. But the old men, believing that her request was a girlish freak or whim, laughed at her words, and gently chided her away. In the afternoon, because the day was one appointed for prayer, and not out of disregard for the request of the young girl, a fire was kindled in the sweat house, by Oro-ma-vo and Cu-na-dissa. But before they could bow down before it and invoke a blessing, the infant sprang from his *kne-lisse*. And behold, as soon as his little feet touched the ground, his form expanded, and grew before their eyes, until they rested on a youth of godlike mien and almost giant proportions, who gazed upon the two old men with anger in his eyes, and asked them in a stern voice, yet clear and sweet as a love song, why the words of his mother had been disregarded, and a fire kindled in the kaka-ne-come in opposition to her wishes.

The two old men, bewildered with wonder and fear, gazed at one another for an instant, unable to speak a word, and then fled wildly away. Going directly to where the women were making the acorn soup, they tremblingly related the circumstances of their vision, and described the marvelous and terrible stranger. The elderly women were surprised beyond measure, but Wen-en-kill, with a little cry of joy, filled a *tanem* with warm water, and ran to the kaka-ne-come, while the old people

followed, slowly and wonderingly, in her steps.

There, in the sweat house, Wen-en-killa tenderly washed her son with the warm water, and then dressed him in the beaded, highly-colored hunting costume of her people. On his head she placed a feathered wampum coronet; in a buckskin frock, daintily embroidered with peltries of the white fox and the red squirrel, she laced his fair young form; on his feet she fixed and tied the pliant shoes of beaded deer-skin. The glad task ended, she gazed upon his handsome youthful face long and wistfully, and then, with a happy cry, in her fondness and pride, threw her arms around his neck, and wept.

Timidly the old people stole back to Un-koi-to and his mother, and peeping in upon them, saw that all traces of anger had disappeared from the face of the young stranger. Seeing them, Wen-en-killa bade them enter the kaka-ne-come, and arranging a floor of the slabs of the pine, she seated her young son upon it with Ora-ma-vo, Cu-na-dissa, and her mother around him, and she told them the story of his birth; how that his life should be in the hands of his father, the spirit of the evening cloud; how it was foretold of him that he should become the foremost among the men, the hunters, and the teachers of her tribe, and how his prowess and his teachings would save the world from evil and danger.

Wondering and silent, the old people listened to her words, and when she ceased, filled with a mixture of awe and curiosity, they began to ply the young stranger with awkward questions, at the same time feeling his person in a shy way, as if to satisfy themselves of his materiality. Un-koi-to, smiling kindly, preserved a dignified silence, and with good natured apathy allowed their doubts and curiosity to subside, and then bade the old men go outside the kaka-ne-come and build a fire, that he might sit thereby and look upon the sky and the beauties of Nature. But they, fearing that once in the open air he might dissolve away, or vanish as he came, remonstrated, saying, "My son, go not out from the house, lest the fiends

of the air and the demon birds of the forest destroy you"; but Un-koi-to was firm in his purpose, and the old people went out and made a great fire.

As he sat and mused by this fire with the people around him, they were startled by an immense eagle sweeping down upon him so closely that the wind made by the flapping of its wings whirled the ashes into his face and scattered the fire-brands around him. The others fell flat upon the earth in their fright, but Un-koi-to, merely wiping the ashes from his face, bade them arise, and asked them to tell him what they knew about the monster bird. Tremblingly they told him many stories of its ravages: how it swooped down upon people sitting around the camp-fires, and destroyed in this manner a great many men, women, and children.

"Ah!" said young Un-koi-to, when they had ended, "I will begin by ridding the heavens of that bird."

The next day he made a net of thongs and sinews and tied it at one end of a long pole, and with Wen-en-killa, Cu-na-dissa and Oro-ma-vo he started upon his first adventure. They soon saw the demon bird circling about the top of a smooth, dead pine, full of the acorn holes of the wood-pecker. Un-koi-to, looking upward, cried: "Spirit of the evening cloud, help thy son!" and, all at once, the beholders perceived the monster bird growing lesser and lesser, as it circled around the dead pine, until at last, having become as small as a humming bird, it was forced by a supernatural will into one of the small empty holes.

Un-koi-to placed his net over the hole and shook the tree violently; the bird fell into the net, growing larger and larger again, until, the net being lowered, the young hunter killed him and cut out his eyes and heart to keep as trophies. Thus the first great evil was banished from the land.

As time went on, Un-koi-to became a mighty hunter; and as the eyes and heart of all slain animals possessed in those days great talismanic virtues, he preserved them all, and gave them to Cu-na-dissa, his grandfather, who fixed them on a long pole to be

gazed upon by the old man with the pride of the hunter in the prowess of his grandchild.

One evening late in the fall of the year, Un-koi-to saw a large flock of immense geese flying above his head toward the south. All the people as soon as they heard their mournful voices in the air above them, ran at once into the *kaka-ne-come* and remained hidden away until the flock had disappeared. Un-koi-to, much surprised at their behavior, asked them why they did so. Thereupon they told him that the wild geese were the souls of wicked people, who had been changed into these after their death. They were carnivorous and very destructive to the people, and they were so numerous that if he attempted to kill them, they would surely destroy him.

Thereupon Un-koi-to chided them, and said that he would kill them all, and thus save the good from being destroyed by the wicked, who, he thought, had done harm enough during their lives without keeping on in doing it after their death. So he made a *shu-na-ka*, or sling, out of sinews, and went down along the creeks until he found two small round pebbles, one black, and one white. He told his people that the *e-do-ko*, or black stone, would never miss its mark, but that the *ad-sal*, the white, would always fly over it.

"And so," said he, "when you shoot at an enemy in defense of your own life, always use the *e-do-ko*; but if, in the heat of anger, which you may regret afterwards, you want to harm one who has been your friend and may be so again, throw the *e-do-ko* away and place the *ad-sal* in the *shu-na-ka*."

One day soon after, the mournful cry was again heard in the air, and the people in great haste called aloud, "Un-koi-to! Un-koi-to! the wild geese, the wicked people are here! Come quickly! come quickly!" And he came running with the *e-do-ko* in the sling. Whirling it faster and faster, he let it fly straight at the leader, who fell dead with extended wings at the feet of Un-koi-to, and all the rest of the flock fell down at the same time as dead as their leader.

Un-koi-to took the eyes and heart from the leader and gave them to Cu-na-dissa. When the people went to cut the eyes and hearts from the other geese, behold! they were all heartless and eyeless; and the young hunter explained to his people that as the geese all fell down dead when their leader was struck by the *e-do-ko*, so they all lost their hearts and eyes also when they were taken from the wickedest among them.

One day after the monster geese were all destroyed, Un-koi-to came to his grandfather Cu-na-dissa, and said:

"Why is it, oh! wise old man, that so many of the lodges of thy people are deserted, with only the ground squirrel burrowing therein, or the owl hooting at night upon their ruins. Did the black spirit come and take so many of thy people all at once?"

The old sage hung his head upon his breast, and his eyes sought the ground, but no answer came from his lips.

Then Un-koi-to spoke again:

"Has the spider drawn his web over thy mouth, oh! wise old man of thy tribe, that thou art thus silent and abashed? Hast thou no words for the son of the stars and of thy daughter?"

Then Cu-na-dissa looked up sadly, and said more sadly still:

"Come hither, son of the Hepe-ning-ko, and listen to my tale of sorrow and shame: In the far-off Yu-dic-na lives the Hikat-nach-to, a wizard, as great and powerful as he is bad. Long ago he passed through here on his travels. After remaining among my people a few short days he came to me and showed me many wonderful things, and then he took two small bones from his hunting pouch, one black and one white. Closing his hands upon each, he asked me to guess in which hand was the white. So we went on, turn about, the winner always holding the bones, and the loser always guessing. At last he asked me to play for something to make the game less tedious. I assented, and he said:

"What shall we play for?"

"Arrows?"

"No."

“ ‘Beads?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Peltries?’

“ ‘No.’

“Hikat-nach-to then said that he had many people in the Yu-dic-na, and that in the far-off north they did not play for such paltry things as arrows, beads, or furs, but that they played men for men; and he asked me to play my people against his own.

“I thought a long time, and finally he prevailed on me, and the game began. I never won once, but the more people I lost the more I tried to regain them, and when he went away, he took nearly all my people with him to the cold Yu-dic-na, and they have remained there ever since—” And the old man gave a deep sigh, and added: “But that was not all, for with him went my beloved sister, Wel-la-pa, whom he caused to fall in love with him by his magic arts, and the love was so strong that she gave up the home of her fathers for the lodge of the stranger.” And as the trembling voice of the old man ceased, choked by his sobs, the tears chased each other down his old face.

“Is this thy wisdom, O sage of many years?” said Un-koi-to to him. “Will tears bring back thy people? and hast thou not yet learned the lesson that if repining for the dead is idle, it is also true that actions are better than words? Go thou, and prepare the pinoles and the furs, for with the morning sun we must away to far-off Yu-dic-na and bring home the lost.”

But Cu-na-dissa fell at his feet, and said amid his tears: “My son, do not go and dare the wizard in his frozen home. He is all-powerful, for he, too, came from Hepe-ning-ko—at least, so he says. His people are many, and you will never come back to Wel-lu-da again.”

But Un-koi-to would not hearken unto the old man's words. He told him to go and bring Wen-en-kill, his mother, with Oro-ma-vo, to the kaka-ne-come, that he might speak to them all on the subject. When he came into the sweat-house, his mother threw her arms around his neck and tried to dissuade him from going to the

north—for Cu-na-dissa had told her. But he gently seated her away from him, and turning to the others, said:

“Many of the young men, when not engaged in the chase or some other useful pursuit, while away the hours in gambling, instead of going into the kaka-ne-come, and praying Wahno-no-pem to lead them onward in the ways of goodness and wisdom. Wherever you see gambling, you can also see greed, idleness, theft, hate, and all other vices, which have made our people not only wicked, but unhappy; and which at last brought down upon them the wrath of the Great Spirit, with the famine and the great *Sahm*. This great evil must not only be checked, but rooted out from among us; and as in all good things there must be a good beginning, it is my wish to bring all our people, who are now with Hikak-nach-to, back to you once more, to their old home. In order to do this, I must not only go myself to the far-off Yu-dic-na, but Cu-na-dissa, Oro-ma-vo, and many of our people must go with me also, and we will start on our way toward Yu-dic-na Yum-tsa, the great North Pole, with to-morrow's sun. My mother has told you all that has been foretold of me, so you need not fear for the success of our errand. But to make it sure, beyond peradventure, you must all here—my mother, her father, and Oro-ma-vo—give me the greatest proof that you can, not only of your love for myself, but also of your faith in my power and my words. And this is nothing less than to show that you would, if need be, give up your life for mine: do you think that you could do so?”

Thereupon one and all cried: “Un-koi-to, Un-koi-to, you know that we would all die willingly to shield you from any ills, and that we would do so with pleasure, even now, were it for your good.”

“Even now, then,” answered Un-koi-to, “is the best time. Here are two small, colored bones, the same as those used among our people for gambling their lives away; I will give you a chance for yours, my mother's, and all.”

But they all guessed wrong, and as each

one made his guess, and lost, they fell, each in his turn, dead at the feet of Un-koi-to.

When they were all dead, he went to his mother and kissed her on the forehead, and spoke: "Arise, my mother, and look upon thy son!"

Wen-en-killa awoke as if out of a deep sleep, and threw her arms around the form of her son, and cried: "Oh, my Un-koi-to, the sleep of death was heavy upon my eyelids, but I saw you through it all, and your father, also, the spirit of the evening cloud, and he whispered that I should let you go on your way to the cold Yu-dic-na, and that you would come back to me safely."

Un-koi-to kissed her fears away, and told her to go and bid the others to arise from the dead in his name. As they came back to life, they were so awe-struck that they fell down at his feet. But he told them to arise, and kneel only in the kaka-ne-come and to Wahno-no-pem alone.

The next day they started on their way. But before they left Wel-lu-da, Un-koi-to took his mother to the kaka-ne-come and told her that the way to Yu-dic-na Yum-tsa was long and dreary, that the ice would cut her tender feet, and that she must remain in Wel-lu-da with the rest of her people; but that she must not grieve for him during his absence, for he would leave a token that would bring tidings from him to her every day while away. As he spoke, he planted on the top of the sweat-house the seed of two beautiful flowers—one red and one white—and said to Wen-en-killa:

"Mother, if, when in the frozen North, danger gathers thick about me, the red flower will bloom and wailings will be heard in the air; and if it withers and dies, your eyes will never look upon your son again. But if the white flower comes forth, have no fear as long as the bloom is on its cheek; for it will be a sign to thee that thy son is faring well; and the best time, my mother, to look upon it and listen to its tidings will be when the sun is setting in the west, as it sinks in He-li-mo-ma."

Then, kissing her once more, he turned his face, with his party, toward the Yu-dic-

na; and Wen-en-killa remained gazing after him, the fast-falling tears obscuring her sight, until he disappeared beyond the brow of the nearest mountain.

The next evening, while the sun was setting, she ran to the kaka-ne-come, and, behold, a beautiful flower had grown, full bloomed, in one night out of its top, and from its tender white leaves came a strong, almost overpowering, perfume, that went straight to her heart, filling it with a sweet, evergreen hope that nothing, it seemed to her, could efface. As she knelt to kiss the pure white flower, the sweet, low tones of the tender love song of her girlhood came to her, floating upon the air. Turning, she saw in the west, hovering above the setting sun, the beautiful white and golden cloud; and as it slowly dissolved away, the loving voice that had whispered in her ear among the clover blossoms came from afar as clear and sweet as of old, "Fear not, my beloved."

After traveling for many days toward the north star, Un-koi-to and his people came to the He-li-mo-ma. As he gazed over the blue, limitless deep, the heart of Cu-na-dissa failed in his bosom, and he querulously asked his grandson:

"Un-koi-to, before us are the great waters, but where is the boat to carry my old limbs across; and even had we one, what is beyond, my son, what is beyond?"

"Wise man of many years," replied Un-koi-to, "in your musings in the stilly nights of the many snows that have passed over your head, have you not often asked yourself the question, as your eyes looked upward, what there may be beyond the stars? And has not your heart answered that Wahno-no-pem was above and beyond them, although your eyes have never looked upon the Great Spirit? Have faith in my words, old man, and follow me fearlessly."

And Un-koi-to walked straight into the He-li-mo-ma; and, behold, the waters bore him up as if they were the solid earth. Cu-na-dissa, Oro-ma-vo, and the others followed fearlessly in his footsteps; but not silently, for the trembling old voice of the sage was heard, rising stronger and stronger on its

way to the Great Spirit, in a song of thanks and praise. One by one all the others joined in the anthem of faith, and at the sound of so many voices the monsters of the deep rose out of the blue waters, and gazed upon them afar off with wonder and fear, and never came nearer.

By and by they came among great ice-mountains floating in the waters, upon which were many large bears, white as the snow. Un-koi-to's people killed many of them, and in the night they covered themselves with their long-haired robes to keep out the cold, which became greater and harder as they went on.

At last, one morning they saw before them a great country and high mountains, all white with snow. After traveling therein for many hours, they came, toward evening, upon a green valley, in which were the fur-covered lodges of a great many people. Behold, among them Cu-na-dissa recognized many of his own people, who, as soon as they saw him, came with a great sadness upon their faces, and told him to go back with his people, for they were in the country of Hikat-nach-to, the great wizard, and that if he once saw Cu-na-dissa and his party, they would never go back to Wel-lu-da again. But the old man bade them have no fear, for Un-koi-to was with them; and the party went on, followed by a great many people, until they came to a large lodge, in which was seated Hikat-nach-to. As soon as he saw them, he cried to the wise old sage:

"Ha! Cu-na-dissa, I know what brought you to the frozen Yu-dic-na. You never came to my home before, because you feared. But now you come unto me with a great man, greater than myself, perhaps, to conquer me if he can; and now that he is with you, you are here."

"Yes, Hikat-nach-to," answered the old man, "I am come with my grandson to try and win back all my people from you, and take them to their old home once more."

And Hikat-nach-to laughed long and loud:

"If you can, old man, if you can, but we shall soon see," and turning full upon Un-

koi-to, he gazed upon him long and searchingly.

Little by little the face of the wizard grew anxious as he gazed, and then said: "You are Un-koi-to, and I am Un-koi-to; you are great, and I am great. But now we shall see which of the two is the greater."

But Un-koi-to said not a word. Then Hikat-nach-to, turning to Cu-na-dis-sa, took two small gambling bones from behind him, and said:

"Old man, as you come to win back your people from me, we may as well begin. So guess away."

One by one Cu-na-dissa lost all the people he brought with him, and, at last, his old friend Oro-ma-vo, too; and to try and win him back, he put himself up as a stake, and lost again. Then the poor old man threw himself upon the ground, and tore his gray hairs by handfuls out of his head in his anguish. His sister, Wel-la-pa, the wife of Hikat-nach-to, ran to raise and cheer him.

But Un-koi-to motioned her away, and turning to the wizard, said:

"Hikat-nach-to has won all my people; will the wizard of the Yudic-na play with me and try to win me also?"

The wizard thought a long time before he answered. Then he said that he would, provided that if Un-koi-to lost, he would allow himself to be killed, so as to leave Hikat-nach-to alone, the greatest man in the world.

As he spoke, a snow-white bird flew in at the open door over the heads of the people and rested for a moment upon the wizard's head. As Hikat-nach-to, in his surprise, raised his hands to frighten him away, Un-koi-to saw that there was a small hole in the middle of the palm of the wizard's hand and that there was a natural tube, or pass-way, from one hand to the other, through both arms and the body, so that whenever any one made the right guess the bones were changed at will, from one hand to the other, and, behold! that was the reason why Hikat-nach-to always won.

Then the beautiful snow-white bird flew back and perched upon Un-koi-to's shoulder, and out of its little throat there came a song

so tender and sweet—the song of the evening cloud—that all the hearers listened as if in a trance of pleasure, and Hikatch-to with them; and as he gazed wonder-struck upon the bird, as if fascinated, the flesh in him began to grow without his knowledge and feeling, until there was no more tube through his arms. Then the bird, with a sweet farewell note, flew back whence it came.

Hikatch-to shook his head and said, "That bird did not come by chance, or for nothing. But let us now guess which of us two shall hold the bones."

Un-koi-to answered that the wizard might hold them if he wished, and the game began. Behold! every guess that Un-koi-to made was right, until Cu-nadissa and all his people were won back, not only those he brought with him, but also those whom he had lost before. The wizard was so much surprised that he could hardly play for wonder at his unusual bad fortune. When all his people were won back, Un-koi-to said:

"The wheel of fortune is never still, and its black and white sides continually succeed one another in the endless round. Perhaps the bright side will change toward the wizard of the Yudic-na. Let us now play, once for all, my people and myself, against Hikatch-to and his people."

The great wizard, hoping to regain at one and the same time all those whom he had lost and all the others besides, and having not yet lost all faith in himself, assented. But the fates did not change, and Hikatch-to lost not only all his people, but himself also. Before he could recover from his astonishment and perplexity Un-koi-to arose from his seat, and looking full upon him with anger in his eyes, said sternly:

"Hikatch-to, wicked wizard of the Yudic-na, you have filled the world long enough with wickedness and sorrow, and justice has, at last, overtaken you. You made the conditions of the game, and I claim the forfeit. You have played with me for my life, so that no one could place obstacles in the way of your wicked ambition. You lost fairly and I claim the stake," and as he spoke the wizard fell dead at the feet of the son of the spirit

of the evening cloud, and all his people and Wel-la-pa also fell dead at the same time. Only Un-koi-to, Cu-nadissa, and his people remained alive in the land of the snows.

Then Un-koi-to told the old sage to take the eyes and heart of the wizard. As he did so all those of the other wicked people came of their own accord and fell at his feet, much to his wonder. Un-koi-to told his people to gather them all up carefully and see that none were missed or mislaid, and to preserve them with care until they should reach home again.

All that night amid the frozen snows they sang hymns of praise to Wahno-nopem and to the great, good men who lived in the Yudic-na before Hikatch-to came, and when the sun rose out of the waters next morning, turning the white snow into bright yellow gold, it looked upon a long, long line of redeemed people journeying onward again to Wel-lu-da, their home, like Pe-uch-ano in the olden times.

All this time Wen-en-killahad gone every day with the setting sun to the kaka-ne-come, and all this time the white flower had grown more beautiful day after day, and the song in the evening cloud sweeter and sweeter, until one evening it seemed to Wen-en-killahad as if the sound of many voices was joining in the song. Looking up, she saw, just clearing the top of the nearest mountain, a long line of her people coming toward her with Un-koi-to at their head, and onward before them the song of a thousand voices: "*Yudic-num bodi, yeh-o-na, yeh-o-na, yudic-num yeh-o-na!* We come, we come, running from the north, from the north, from the north, we come, we come!" and falling upon her knees, with her arms extended toward the evening cloud hovering in the west above their heads, she joined her voice in the song of her people. The long line marched onward through the village without halting, straight to the blue lake near by, and at Un-koi-to's command all the eyes and hearts of the bad people were thrown into it. Then the line broke with cries of joy from the lost and found, while Wen-en-killahad, smiling and laugh-

ng amid her tears, fell into the arms of her son, who had come back safely to her, as the spirit of the evening cloud had foretold.

The next day Un-koi-to told all his people to go a short distance away from Wel-lu-da and build a Heli-come, or great sweat-house. They all worked at it for a whole day before it was completed. The next morning Un-koi-to, with all his people, went to the lake at sunrise, and advancing alone until the waves almost kissed his feet, he extended his open hand upon the waters. As he did so there came a great calm upon them and they became, as the wind died away, as smooth as glass, while the people uncovered and bowed their heads as if moved, all at once, by an irresistible will, as they heard the voice of Un-koi-to, clear and far over the blue waters: "*Laco-wauna-pelayah! well-lem, 'ida, tsch-yea, me-nic, na, ba-be!* Arise, you dead, from the depths of the waters; see as you have seen, feel as you have felt, come to me that you may know me!"—and out of the blue depths slowly arose a thousand forms with Hikatch-to in their midst. As they emerged from the waters, they formed in a long line behind him, and slowly, as if floating in mid-air, with their feet resting on the water, they came toward the shore with their voices mingling together like the sound of the midnight wind in the storm among the pines.

"*Yeh-o-na, Yeh-o-na, Un-koi-to!* We come, we come, Redeemer!"

As they reached the shore they formed in a long line behind Un-koi-to's people, and all together, with Un-koi-to at their head, and Hikatch-to behind, they marched onward to the Heli-come. As they neared it the two lines divided, each forming a semicircle, and they marched onward until the semicircles became one large ring, with the Heli-come rising in the middle—Un-koi-to's people to the east and south, and Hikatch-to to the west and north, but all one. And as the two ends connected, like the endless times to come, the voice of the wise old man, Cu-na-dissa, was heard as he advanced singly in the center of the ring: "*Wel-lu-da bodi, yeh-o-na; Wel-lu-da bodi,*

yeh-o-na, komo, lodi kum, yeh-o-na. From Wel-lu-da, and the east, and the south, I come with songs of praise and joy!" and mingling with the trembling tones of the old man came the sad, unwilling voice of Hikatch-to, as he, too, advanced toward the center of the great circle: "*Yu-dic-num bodi yeh-o-na, tighu, Yu-dic-na, kum, lodi yeh-o-na.* From the north, and the west, I come, I come, with songs of praise!" and the thousand voices joined, the whole circle around, in the great song of praise, from the east, the south, the west, and the north. But high above them all, clearer and sweeter, as the others died away, was the heavenly voice of Un-koi-to on the Heli-come; "*Hepe-ning-ko bodi, yeh-o-na, yeh-o-na, Un-koi-to!* From the land of the stars, from the blue heavens above, I come, I come, to save!" and high up, from among the stars, the spirit voice of the father, echoing the words of the son—"to save! to save!"

Then there came a great hush upon the people, and they all fell upon their knees—all but Hikatch-to, who remained standing above them, with his head bowed upon his breast, and with the shadows of many emotions following each other thick and fast upon his gloomy face, until at last he raised his head, and spoke:

"Son of the Hepe-ning-ko, great are your words, and greater are your deeds. You have brought me back to life, but I cannot thank you. I cannot live, and look daily on my overthrow. My spirit is as vast and as far-reaching as your own. I cannot submit unto you. Curse me, that I may die again."

But the answer was as sad as the voice was sweet:

"If you die again, you may rise again. You may see me again."

But the wizard cried:

"Curse me, curse me, that I may die again."

Then above his voice, like the rush of the storm above the mighty pines, was the voice of Un-koi-to:

"Thy wish is granted, enemy of my people. Here, in the Heli-come, thy body will lie until it shall be time for it to rise again.

But around the Yu-dic-na Yum-tsa, the pole of the frozen north, thy spirit will be bound until I come again. The wind and the storm will be thy only companions, and thy cries of impotent anger and hate will mingle with the shrieks of the north wind, and be heard in the tempest only. And thy spirit will never prevail, or do harm to my people, as long as they trust in the son of the Hepe-ning-ko, and in the mercy of Wahno-no-pem."

At the name of the Great Spirit, the wizard trembled as with mortal fear, and fell dead upon his face. His body was buried in the Heli-come, and from that day to this day the spot has been known by the name of *Eush-tas*, the graveyard, while to this day, also, around the Yu-dic-na Yum-tsa, amid the wailings of the storm at night, are heard the shrieks of anger and of hate of Hikato, the evil man of the north.

Then Un-koi-to waved his hand, and a great silence fell upon them all.

"My people, I came not from the East or the South, or the West or the North, but I came from Hepe-ning-ko, the blue land of the stars, and my mission among you is ended. But when I am gone, do not forget the lessons of wisdom I have taught you, for with them only will happiness follow; and remember that the greatest among them is "Love one another." When next I come for the last time among you, look for me in the east, and do not forget that as the sky clears away the purer for the storm, so your hearts will be cleaner and better for the many sorrows to come. But when the storm is the fiercest, trust the more in Wahno-no-pem, the Great Spirit, until we meet again. Mother, grieve not for thy son; the time will not be long before we meet again, to part no more, in the blue land of the stars."

As he spoke, there came from afar, floating above the wailings of a mighty people, who became silent as they heard, the sound as if of many wings. Looking upward they saw the beautiful white and golden cloud coming from the west, until it hovered above the setting sun; and from the cloud arching the heavens there was sprung a rainbow, with

one end at the feet of Un-koi-to and the other in the cloud. And with his hands crossed upon his breast, and still smiling upon his people, the son of the spirit of the evening cloud went back to his home in the blue land of the stars.

But Wen-en-killla could not live without her son. She soon pined away like a bright summer flower upon its stem, touched betimes by the frost. One summer evening she lay weak and dying in her lodge with her people around her, and she bade them carry her outside that she might gaze once more upon the face of Nature, which she had loved so much. They made her a couch in the open air, and for a long time she remained silently listening, as on that sweet summer eve, to Nature's evening song.

The sun, as then, was sinking behind the mountains, the glowing skies seemed as if tipping the woods with their reddening light, and slowly, from the west, came the beautiful white, golden cloud, until it rested above the setting sun, and sweet upon the perfumeladen air, its tones more tender and distinct than ever before, as if two voices joined, came the sweet notes of the evening song: "*Hepe-ning-ko bodi, yeh-o-na, Hilla! Mena! yeh-o-na*"; "We come, we come, mother! darling! we come from the land of the stars."

And out of the cloud, slowly, gradually extending, arching the heavens as before, came the golden rainbow of promise and of hope, with one end resting as if waiting at the feet of the dying Wen-en-killla. As her people knelt around her she slowly raised herself, her open arms extended toward the cloud, and cried:

"Sweet spirit of the evening cloud, Un-koi-to, my child, *yeh-o-na, yeh-o-na, Mena!*"

Slowly, gently, with the arms of her people around her, she fell back upon her couch, and as slowly the rainbow receded; but among the bright rays was seen a pure white gleam, as of a winged spirit on its way to the sky. And into the infinite azure of the heavens the beautiful white and golden cloud melted away and never came again.

A. G. Fassin.

EMERSON.—BRYANT.

I.

To THEE the prayer of all was granted—Light !
Thou hast felt life-warmth through the age's rime,
Hast pierced the mask of flesh, the veil of time,
That heart from heart and soul from soul benight.
And whoso kens thy word to man aright
Finds in the world a spiritual clime,
Beholds the Present as a land sublime,
Peopled with beings of heroic height.

To eras gone their prophet-seers have brought
God's new-born truth to feed a hungry race ;
And thou, like those of old, hast read His thought
Writ in the stars by night ;—His secret place,
The solemn forest, thou by day hast sought,
And heard His voice through boughs that hid His face.

II.

THE forest anthem from green choirs of trees
Was ever in his ears ;—the woodland brooks,
Prattling like children through dim, mossy nooks,
Were eloquent of sacred mysteries.
A bard who sang afar from haunts of man !
(Man's heart is cankerous with greed and lust.)
And he forgot life's sordid age and rust,
Where earth is young as when Time first began.

The poet with a sympathizing care,
Enshrined the bloom of nature in his art,
And sent it forth to glad the breathless mart :
Here 'mid the noonday turmoil of the streets,
His opened volume sheds upon the air
The piny fragrance of those cool retreats.

Wilbur Larremore.

OLD TEUTONIC LIFE IN BEOWULF.—II.

So much for one aspect of this poem—the landscape, the sea, the marine and the animal life. As this is a royal poem, a poem of kings, who live in palaces, let us now turn briefly to the royal residences, to the architectural data garnered in the various cantos, to the castle and the Hall Heorot¹, the palatial mead-house of Hrothgar.

The hereditary castle of the dynasty of the Scildings is mentioned, and that it was a building of some proportions we see from the terms (*hof, burg*) applied to it, the troops of retainers that surround Hrothgar, the retinue of Queen Wealhtheow, the fortifications of the castle mentioned (786), and the queen's "bridal bower," where she stays until etiquette and ancient custom call her to present wine to the king and his guests. Beowulf and his followers are entertained on their arrival in various apartments of the palace (1301, 1314, 1318). A watch-tower in which the warden of the shore watches against sudden surprises, stands on a rocky promontory near the palace. The mead-hall is outside of the castle, and is occupied by day only, for each retainer dreads becoming one of the thirty nightly victims of Grendel; so all take refuge within the castle walls. The castle lay on a height from which a road descended to the hall. The hall seems to have been one of the great wooden halls whose native type is found in the North—an oblong rising on mighty columns, which iron clamps within and without held together as they hold together the "ringed ships" of the poem (32, 1898). Metal-covered doors led in and out of the hall at each end. On the supporting columns was lifted the roof, gleaming with gold, as Bowterwek thinks, with some reason, though he is opposed by Heyne,² who refers the gold ornamentation to the interior. It is not clear, however, how the hall could "shine into

many lands," as we are expressly told it did, unless it had a "shining" roof. Heyne translates the "golden roof" into a prosaic mediæval Nuremburg roof covered with figured and mosaic tiles. The hall was called Hart from the antlers—the giant stag-heads affixed at both extremities. "Horned Hall" seems to have become so common a designation that an Anglo-Saxon poet³ describes the temple of Jerusalem in the same terms, as a sort of divine mead-hall with antler projections. The antler *motif* is an ornament still used in Norwegian churches, as figures of animals are still found—totem-fashion—over the old Flemish houses of Brussels. Reconstructing such data as we can extract from Beowulf relative to the Hall Heorot, we get a huge four-square or oblong interior, with a dais at one end, whereon the king, the queen, and the king's nephew, Hrôdulf, sit.⁴ The king's "hearth companions" are spoken of, without being described; but the "throne-stool" is referred to; and an enormous central column, like that of some Norwegian churches and Icelandic halls, held up the roof. Benches, a floor inlaid with stone after the fashion described by William of Malmesbury,⁵ a portal, bolsters for the watchers (689), are given as details of architectural construction and furnishing. The poet looks at nothing, however, with pre-Raphaellesque minuteness; his spacious glance picks out a detail—a striking detail—only here and there; the rest is left to the hearer or the reader. Thus, much of Heyne's laborious study and inquiry falls to the ground, since it is crowded with suppositions and hypotheses that have no root in the poem; for lack of soil, they "spring up swiftly and wither away." Yet there is enough for us to form clear conceptions from. The interior of the hall is shadowed forth in rich but

¹ Heyne: *Die Halle Heorot*, 38, etc.

² (43-4), *Die Halle Heorot*.

³ Andreas, 666.

⁴ Structure of the Icelandic Hall in *Sturlunga Saga*.

⁵ Giles, 22.

mysterious language, the epithets applied to it being *sinc fâge selu* (treasure-inlaid halls), *sâl timbred geatolic* (a hall of stately build), *gold-fâh* (gold variegated), *gold-sele gumena fattum fâh* (gold-hall of men decked with sheeted gold). We have thus a royal drinking place covered apparently with gold-foil, which lay either in a sheet, like wall-paper, over the inner roof, or was striped with belts of scarlet paint—a mode of decoration not unusual in early England for the handsomer sort of buildings. The English and German peasantry both, even to-day, delight in such colors.¹ On festal occasions the walls were hung with “webs” or tapestries, which were inwrought with gold, and represented with the needle, instead of with the pen, the story of some hero, a fragment of mythology or an historic event. Hence, the Thanes of Beowulf, as they enter the palace-hall, gaze with wonder on these storied hangings. The Anglo-Saxon embroideries and goldsmith’s work were celebrated throughout Europe—even among the Greeks and Saracens. One of the poems in the Edda tells of Kudrun’s marvelous ingenuity in embroidering with her needle and a piece of colored silk,² so that the story told itself. Greek legend is full of similar exploits, and there is the Bayeux tapestry.

Though the description of the hall produces on us, like everything else in the lay, the impression of hugeness, nothing specific is said of its size. It may have been like the great hall of the *Nibelungen*, big enough to hold 1,200 guests, or, on occasion, 9,000; or it may simply, as the poet describes, have been “mightiest of mead-halls then on earth,” where the king was to “deal out jewels and treasures; everything save the people’s land and the lives of men” (78, 73). It is not equal to the palace of Alki-noos with its walls of copper, doors of gold, threshold of silver, gold and silver dogs, and the figures of youths in gold, flinging torches in the air (Od. vii. 81), or to the gorgeous palace of Menelaus (Od. iv. 71). Wealh-theow does not lie on a bed of silver and ivory

like Penelope, to be sure; but every item mentioned is adapted to its place and to the simple tastes of its people. The mead-hall itself was a nucleus for joyous gatherings, for song, for political discussion, for diplomatic negotiations; it was at once a pot-house and a house of parliament.

The *symposia* held in Heorot are not the intellectual *symposia* of Plato and Hellas; there is much discourse, but not on immortality or abstractions. Hrothgar has his spokesman³ (*pyle*), a “leader of the conversation,” sitting at his feet, who asks him questions about things altogether earthly; ale, mead, wine, sheer drink (*scîr wered*—perhaps the *lûtertranck* of the *Nibelungen* made of the strainings of wine poured through spices), *lith*, an unknown drink, are taken from “wonder-vats” and passed copiously around in full goblets (*ful*, *medo-ful*, *sele-ful*). We know from the finds in Anglo-Saxon graves in England,⁴ that these goblets were often of great beauty, having threads of glass twisted around them, elongated like horns, which they imitated in shape, and now and then ornamented with gold. No food is specified, but there is truly Homeric eating, accompanied by cachinnations that make the house shake. Sheer physical joy has seldom been more thoroughly expressed. There is a prescribed etiquette which is rigidly observed. Wealhtheow, in taking round the mead-cup of welcome, presents it to the king first, and then goes on down to Beowulf, whom she courteously addresses with words of welcome and words of thanks when he has done his work. The taunt of Hunferth, who is angry that a foreigner should have come to help his lord, is the only interruption to the good feeling. If we may characterize him in a classic phrase, Beowulf is at once *kalos kai agathos* and *miles gloriosus*; but he boasts with right and without indecorum in that age of frankness and self-assertion. Hrothgar thanks him for his deeds with all the effusion of the knights in the *Faerie Queen*; he embraces him and calls him his son, and loads him with presents—

¹ Heyne, 55.

² Kud. II. 15-16.

³ Cf. the *Iogopoios* of Herodotos, &c.

⁴ Wright’s “Celt, Roman, and Saxon.”

not with clothes, like the guests of Siegfried and Gunther, but with horses, jewels, pieces of armor; right royal presents, and worthy of a great king. The constant clothes-giving in the *Nibelungen Lied* betrays a streak of effeminacy, which winds all through that romance. The word "romance," indeed, which Wright unjustly applies to the lay of Beowulf, and which is applicable enough to the *Nibelungen Lied*, shows what a gap lies between the German and the Anglo-Saxon epic, to which it is totally inapplicable. As well, in a certain sense, speak of the "romance" of the Iliad, as the mediævalists in fact did of their Troy romances. It is a degradation to Beowulf to speak of it as a romance. There is no trace of the courtly epic here, with its cheap finery, its scent of faded perfumes, its painted women, its love of clothes, its *papagei*-repetitions.

It is worth while lingering an instant over the jewels, the armor, the treasure-trove, and the musical instruments—the *bric à brac*, if we may apply so audacious a term—caught in the drifting current of the poem as it wanders hither and thither. They each give a vital tint to the picture, and may well conclude the glimpse of the externals of this remote life which we have been getting.

Reference has already been made to the technical skill of the Anglo-Saxon goldsmiths. Many precious and varied examples of their work have been dug from the cemeteries scattered over the south and east of England, and are preserved in museums. Many of these are of gold or silver filagree, apparently corresponding exactly to the "wire" ornaments of twisted metal so often mentioned in Beowulf. The most famous jewel of these ancient Scandinavian times was the *Brosinga mên*, about which so much has been written by the Grimms, Bouterwek, Simrock, and others. It is the collar belonging to the Brosings, to which reference is made in one of the most picturesque stories in the Edda (the Recovery of the Hammer). It was the necklace of the Goddess Freya, as famous but not as fatal as the necklace of Eriphyle or the girdle of Brunhilda. It is mentioned in Beowulf (1197) as having been "borne to

the bright city" by Hama. A collar of almost equal splendor is given to the Geat. Rings, armlets, precious stones, golden crowns (1163), sword hilts cunningly wrought, costly jewels of plated gold (1091), "all-golden swine" (1111), recalling the work of Phœnician artists, artistically decked saddles (1038), and rich horse trappings (1036), swords sparkling with the fire of gems (probably sliced garnet, amethyst, or chrysolite) (1023), banners made of wreathen gold (1021), etched, stone-encrusted brands (1531), and Beowulf's helmet; described as enriched with a bright diadem wondrously wrought by a weapon-smith, who set it with the favorite swine figures, that it might not be bitten into by the flaming war-swords, (1450), are mentioned. It is not clear what is meant by the "twisted hammer-forged" swords (1285), unless reference is made to a spiral or concentric ornamental principle often seen in the art work of the South. Extraordinary bits of armor are called "the work of giants," the "sword," the "helmet" "of giants" (2979). Pitchers, cups, dishes, "bewitched with a spell" (3045), lie among the dragon's hoard; mourning jewels are spoken of (3015). Beowulf, before he dies (2810), presents Wiglaf with his gold-adorned helm, collar, and byrnie. The greatest of all wonders is the standard of the worm, all of gold, which fills his cave with radiance (2770) like a lump of sun-lit amber. The stealing of a cup out of a cave brings about the catastrophe in the last part of the lay. The frequency with which treasures of all kinds are mentioned every few pages, the splendid treasure-trove of the last act, recalling so plainly the treasure of Sigmund, of Siegfried, of the Harlungs, is a fact which cannot escape the attention of the most inattentive reader. The favorite titles of the King indeed are "ring-giver," "gold-giver," "treasure-giver," "distributor of jewels," and the like, as if he had an infinite abundance of rings, gold, and treasure at hand.

A dissertation might be filled with *collectanea* referring to armor, its designations, its aspects, its art-treatment, its personifications. Two doughty swords are mentioned by

name—Nägling, the broadsword of Beowulf, which snaps in two and fails him in his dire need (2681), and Hrunting (1660) "stained with poisoned rods and hardened by blood spilt in battle" (1458). These may be added to the long list of swords belonging to other heroes; Orlando's Durindana, Rinaldo's Fusberta, King Arthur's Excalibur, Charlemagne's Joyeuse, Siegfried's Granand Balmung, Wayland's Miming, Dietrich's Nagelring (cf. Beowulf's), Hilderbrand's Brin-nig, Eck's Sachs, Heime's Blutgang, Biterolf's Schrit, Sintram's Welsung, Iring's Waske,¹ etc. They are as numerous as the names of famous horses and of the ships of the Vikings.

The metals mentioned in connection with the armor are gold, iron, and brass. One work of art is minutely described (1669): a sword, on the hilt of which there was molded the legend of an "old contest," while runestaves on the guard of purest gold told for whom the relic was first made—a Vergilian touch. The poet is careful to say that the runes were "rightly set and engraved"—an incidental hint of value. The metal steel is also mentioned, but only as a comparison for Grendel's claws, or "handspurs." Ornaments made of bone, possibly containing the antler-*motif*, are described (780). Other materials for other purposes mentioned are stone, timber, gold-foil, wire; walls of various sorts are described (shield-earth-sea-walls); the convex "arch of the sea" (464) is referred to; and many miscellaneous architectural terms and suggestions occur, showing extensive acquaintance with the arts of civilized life. Among mechanical instruments we have files, axes, hammers, and hip-knives or daggers; and the damascening of instruments was practiced.

Horns, trumpets, harps, probably viols, accompany episodes of the sagas—expeditions on land and sea, and social gatherings. The songs are often sung with the distinct purpose of conveying news, as so often in the Icelandic sagas. Beowulf hears of the wretched condition of the Danes through a *gid* or minstrel's lay (151). No wonder, therefore,

that the minstrels were ever-welcome guests. Twelve important passages bear evidence of the extreme weight laid upon the gift of song—"clear song," as it is called in one place; solemn and deliberate, or bright and dancing alliterative measures, "*sóthe gebunden*," rightly put together. The expression is "to wreak a song." Beowulf, full of the ardor of battle, sings (*gyddode*, 631) before the king and queen, speaks in verse (2155). A rhythmic dirge is breathed forth over the bodies of Hilderburh's sons (1119). A father is said to "wreak a sore song when his boy rides the gallows as food for the ravens, and he is not able to help him" (2447). Hrothgar, the king, sings like every body else (2106), and shows his various accomplishments by telling stories, playing the harp, relating a tale of wonder, singing a dirge, giving forth rhythmical remembrances of his youth. The cup-bearers (*byrelas*) go round and present wine out of the wonder-vats (1165) in the midst of these convivial scenes; during or just after a recitation, sounds of gladness break from the Thanes as they sit on their benches (*benc-swæg*); *gamen* (gammon) is the favorite word used for this—the harp is the "gammon-wood"; as the modern glee-club finds its start in the "gleeman," the "glee-wood" of this lay.

The rôle played by vocal music among the Anglo-Saxons is well known. Regarding the lay of Beowulf as a great minstrel-song repeated from coast to coast, we need not be surprised at its length. Length, in fact, was one of the greatest virtues of a lay, as we know from a story told of King Canute (and the wonderful memory of the wandering singers is a fact equally well authenticated): A minstrel sung to the praise of Canute at a feast given by that monarch, and in accordance with the new custom, limited his performance to three or four verses. Canute was greatly offended by the brevity of the song: he said that no man had ever dared to sing his deeds in so few verses; that it was an insult to suppose they did not demand a larger song; and he concluded by ordering the minstrel to be hanged the following evening. As the minstrel was

¹ Lettsom Nib. Lied, 420.

to live through the next day, he was permitted to be present at the king's early dinner, and availed himself of the opportunity to sing no less than thirty verses in his honor, which he had composed in the night. With these the king was so pleased that he spared the minstrel's life, and presented him with thirty ounces of silver—an ounce for each verse.¹ The whole lay, of 3000 lines or more, might well be held in mind by a skilled minstrel-rhapsode.

It is no inconsistency or unusual thing to find Beowulf and Hrothgar singing. "The most famous monarchs and the most ancient [Anglo-Saxon] saints gloried in their skill as harpists. Alfred and Canute, our two greatest kings, and St. Aldhelm and St. Dunstan, two of our most celebrated saints and bishops, were renowned for their accomplishment; St. Dunstan's performances, as might have been expected, were considered miraculous. His harp sang of itself when he hung it up on the wall."²

Much of the music of this early time must have been plaintive, for the lays in Beowulf which are sung to music are often full of the most tragical situations: "some they hymn, some they blame." (Diod. Sic., 5.) When England came to be converted, the King's "scôp" or "glee-man" held the rank of thane. The musical class was passionately loved by the laity and clergy, and in war times became admirable spies and scouts, as we know from the story of Athelstane. Alfred, in his youth, took the greatest pleasure in learning these old minstrel songs, of which we have such frequent mention in Beowulf.

Imbedded in the lay of Beowulf itself are one or two minor lays, one at least of great brilliance and power: the *Lay of Finn and Hulf* (1073). There is a minstrel present, who, like an Italian *Improvvisatore*, immediately on the slaying of Grendel embalms Beowulf's deed in a lay (872). The minstrels, indeed, are the torch-bearers, the *lampadēphoroi*, of epic legend. Each lights his taper at the torch of the other, and so we have a continuous stream of illuminated spirits light-

ing down to us the lyric argosies of the past.

In these references to early minstrelsy, we have insensibly passed over to the internal life of the poem, which, as a whole, affords so valuable a commentary on the primitive institutions and arrangements of the early Teutonic race. In the poem itself we seem to be eavesdropping on our ancestors—we are looking through a key-hole on a perfectly naïve, unadulterated life, wherein few traces of artificiality have as yet intruded. The vices and virtues there displayed are characteristic. A remarkable feature is the perfect purity of the whole—not a hint at, not an allusion to, anything impure. No man in this world, in this kosmos of Beowulf, wantonly injures another: I mean in the lay of Beowulf proper, not in the episodes. In the episodes treachery, cowardice, pride, boastfulness, malign vengeance, in plenty; the texture of the episodes is hardened with the spilling of blood—blood thought to be righteously spilled; but also even here there are instances of beautiful friendship, of love, of devotion, of self-restraint, and magnanimity; of sore trial, in which the *ēthos*, the whole mental and moral temper of the race, comes forth victoriously on the side of good. How different is all this from the cycle, or rather cyclone of Sigurd legends,³ in which everything that comes in contact with the hero is whelmed and crushed. In the Edda we have tragedy in crude lumps, tangled masses of mystery and blood, heaps of unrefined gold; there is no repose, articulation, symmetry. Scenes of dreadful violence, unredeemed by a single trait of human beauty or love, rush past you as in a sort of picture-orgia. You see it all, you feel it all intensely; but the result is—repulsion. What kernels, what bases for tragedy, you cannot help thinking; and yet, there is no pleasure, because the plot, if there be such—the incident—is exploded in your face, and you have no impression except an impression of dazzlement, bewilderment. The Hero-Saga of Iceland is all catastrophe. Each lay is a roll of thunder, and it is over. Moreover, with all its intense re-

¹ Trupp's Anglo Saxon Home, 331.

² Thrupp, 341.

³ Cp. Lüning's Edda, *passim*.

alism, it is vague, it is momentary. Eddic poems are like lunar landscapes; reading them is like looking into the chasms of the moon, without seeing anything except a bloodstained mist.

It is different in *Beowulf*, for here we have a lay of 3,000 lines in length, within which the details are numerous, character is developed, difficulties overcome, a mode of life delineated line by line, the items of a three-fold situation accumulated with great art; a catastrophe not coming at one like a bursting rocket, but reined in, restrained, subtly approached, poetically handled. Full as it is of "restorations," of *addenda* by unknown hands, of passages that Ettmüller would bracket or italicize, of evidences of having been fumigated here and there by a Christian incense-bearer, it is in general a unit as it stands, and presents a homogeneous whole. It gives a well-harmonized picture of Baltic life—a picture at one with itself. Events apparently are not placed upon a sliding scale, moved forward or backward, as is the case with the *Nibelungen Lied*, at the pleasure of the poet; "personages made contemporary who really were separated by hundreds of years."¹ Its speech is uni-lingual; its people speak one tongue throughout, and do not belong to the uncertain bi-lingual populations of the later romances, in which all things become confused, anachronisms of every sort creep in, Charlemagne is made a contemporary of Achilles, Adam and Eve speak French, and the Saracens invade England.

Fragments of the social life contained in the lay have already been noted. The unsocial aspects, the love of war, the centrifugal force that flings everything asunder in the just harmonized picture, need not be dwelt upon with explicitness. This, of course, is an essential element, the very oxygen of the atmosphere of the life depicted. Everything is lurid with it, and the hero himself succumbs in a wrestle with the powers of nature.

The next subject that attracts our attention is the bits of superstition embodied in the narrative, and the meaning of the narrative as a whole.

In the dragon-contests, which are undoubtedly mythical, some critics have carried their "*mythen-riecherei*" a little too far. Müllenhoff and Dederich have much to say about this aspect of the poem. They hold that two of these dragon-fights typify nothing more than mighty inundations, which rise in spring by night and threaten to overwhelm Hrothgar's land, but are at last subdued, as the Dutch in later times subdued the inundating ocean. Uhland promulgated the theory that the poem symbolized a vast drainage system, sanitation scheme, conquest of agricultural lands from the sea, etc., etc. Others make of *Beowulf* a meteorological textbook, which might be used at the Signal Service office as a sort of almanac! Grein has, I think, the sanest view of the dragon phenomena; he holds, and Körner seems to support him, that the so-called nocturnal dragon-combats are incursions of sea-robbers who come by night and are beaten back. Wack-erbarth and Ettmüller follow Kemble in thinking *Beowulf* himself a representation of Odin; while Simrock connects him with the German myth series. As to the meaning of the name of the hero, Sweet, Sievers, and Skeat hold that the name *Beowulf*—which is of extremely rare occurrence, though it occurs once in this poem as applied not to its hero but to the son of Scyld,—comes from *Beo* and *Wolf*, *i. e.*, the bee-loving bear, as the representative of strength; not from *Beadu* and *wolf*, battle-wolf, the old etymology, which is repeated with much else that is obsolete and unscientific in the Toller-Bosworth Dictionary² just published.

Körner³ reminds us that there is nothing improbable in Grein's view of Grendel, that is, that the *enemies* of Hrothgar may be represented as devastating monsters, and refers us to the *Kamayana*, in which the original inhabitants of the Dekkan are represented by after-comers as half-apes; to the descriptions of the Huns by their contemporaries; to the legends growing out of the conflicts between the Europeans and the Indians in this country; to the many historical cases in

² Macmillan, 1882.

³ Englische Studien, I, 485.

¹ Hosmer, German Literature, 50.

which hostile peoples come in contact and blacken each other's reputation; and these cases he connects with others in which a war of extermination is waged against animals that destroy or ravage seed-fields, and vanish on the approach of civilization.

There is a very singular passage in Tacitus, hitherto apparently overlooked, which may be connected with Grein's theory and help to explain it. He tells us¹ of a tribe dwelling in the region of the Vistula, who, "not content with their natural ferocity, study to make themselves still more grim and horrible by every addition that art can devise. Their shields are black; their bodies painted of a deep color; and the darkest night is their time for rushing to battle. The sudden surprise and funereal gloom of such a band of sable warriors is sure to strike a panic through the adverse army, who fly the field as if a legion of demons had broken loose to attack them; so true it is that in every engagement the eye is first conquered."² May not these have been the very "demons" of which we read in Beowulf?

The dragon-legend, of which there is so much here, is endless, and springs largely from Greek and Judaic sources.³ "The Scythian griffins, the dragon leader guarding the apples of Hesperides, the more celebrated bullionist who kept his eye on the golden fleece," the dragon champions Jason, Herakles, Orlando, etc., are known to all. Books of heraldry, private coats of arms, and flags are full of these reptiles; perhaps recollections or resurrections of the huge fossils that geology digs up out of the rock, for which, of course, appropriate tales would be invented. "Zonaras relates that in the library of Constantinople there was a roll one hundred feet long, made of a 'dragon's' intestines, on which Homer's Iliad and Odyssey were written in golden letters."⁴

There is a good deal of miscellaneous folk-lore and legend to be gleaned from an attentive inspection of the lay. Giants (*gi-*

gantas) (1131) and *enties* (Scotch etties) are spoken of; the evil eye (1767) is plainly mentioned; there is a touch of the Fenrir legend where the poet speaks of "Heaven swallowing the smoke," as the Fenrir wolf did the sun and moon; Etzmüller finds traces of the Walkyrie myth; the continual reference to the raven as haunting the battle-field may be a reminiscence of Odin's ravens, as also the mention of the screaming eagle and the "hoary" wolf, in the same connection. Spells, haunted places, gold bewitched by enchantment, all occur; Hrothgar's *rune-wit*, counsellor or interpreter of runes, magical symbols, is carried off by the dragon; and Cain is called the "awaker of all monsters, jotuns, elves" (107), among others, of Grendel (1261). Weland, the Scandinavian weapon-smith, who has left his name at "Wayland's Smithy" in England, is referred to once (455), as the maker of Beowulf's corselet. This is one of two or three hints which connect the poem with Scandinavian sources. Sigmund and Fitela, two other Norse heroes, appear on the stage.

Nothing is more remarkable in the poem, however, than the absence, as a general rule, of allusion to the Norse mythology and cosmogony. Either they had not developed when the poem was written down, or the Christian scribe must have carefully erased every name that would suggest the existence of the Odin and Thor cultus, as paganism too strong for his audience. Hardly the latter, because the Wayland legend and the Sigmund legend are referred to, both of which form parts of the Edda; and several other proper names of kings and dynasties are readily translated into old Norse forms, few of which, however, are important. Three-fourths of the heroic Edda are taken up with the Sigurd-Kudrun-Brunhilda lays. Now Sigurd is not mentioned in Beowulf, though his father, Sigmund, is. Sigmund is said to kill a dragon, but Sigurd's or Siegfried's dragon exploit is not mentioned. The general Siegfried legend must therefore have developed long after the Beowulf legend, yet early enough for it to be taken up and made to constitute the pivot of the *Nibelungen Lied*

¹ Germania, 43.

² Cf also Herodotus's description of the "Scythian" tribe, Book d'.

³ Lettsom Nib. Lied., 420.

⁴ Warton's History of English Poetry, I, 178; 1871.

(1190 A. D.). It is more probable, so far as the evidence of Beowulf goes, that the Eddic or Eddaic pentateuch developed a good while after Beowulf; a view which is strengthened by the fact that Beowulf is essentially a Dano-Scandinavian poem, and yet there is little or no reference in it to the peculiar theology developed in the Eddas. Every little lay in the theological part of the Eddas swarms with proper names of deities; it was a religion of proper names, in fact; and yet there are none in this immense lay of Beowulf.

No days of the week are mentioned, so that we cannot say whether Tiw's day, Woden's day, Thor's day, or Freya's day had then received their Norse designations. In fact, the whole gesture of the poem is repugnant to polytheism, such as we have it in the Eddas. There is but one passage (175) that refers to temples of the gods, where the Danes offer up prayers against Grendel's ravages. But the Christian interpolator adds: "Such was their custom, their heathen hope; they remembered hell in their minds; the Creator they knew not, judge of their deeds; the good Lord they knew not, helm of heaven could they not praise, the King of Glory. Woe to him who shall, through deadly hate, thrust down his soul into the fang of fire."

It is a strange fact that, though there are many traces of Christian fingers in the manipulation of the lay, the names of Christ and the "clean maiden" Mary are not once mentioned in it. The names of Cain and Abel occur, but the religious conception is seemingly monotheistic, with a strong tinge of fatalism. In twelve passages the word *Wyrd*, an abstraction of fate, is found. We have no right to say, as Heyne does, that this word stood for one of the *Norns*, "weakened down into Providence," etc. The word occurs in the expression "Weird Sisters" (Macbeth), and was afterwards made to represent one of the three fated sisters who guarded the Fountain of Life under the ash Yggdrasil. The word *metod*¹ is the favorite designation for the almighty ruler, and means

the "measuring and arranging one." It occurs fifteen times (twelve times in a simple form, and three times as compounded with other words). The circumlocutions for the same idea are numerous. "Helm of the Heavens" (182), "glory king" (2796), the "glory of kings," "wielder of glory," "shepherd of glory" (666, 17, 183, 1753, 932), "sheer arranger" (480), "true orderer" (1612), "ancient fate" (946), and others. Heaven, it will be noted, is frequently spoken of in the plural, and the conception of the one God is that he is a king and a shepherd—he "guards" his heavens like St. Peter; he wields its glory as a sceptre of sovereignty; he "shepherds" his flocks; he is a judge. "Sheer fate" is said to "prescribe" punishment, a "mickle doom," for the "sin-stained" worm (980). There is a clearly developed scheme of rewards and punishments suggested. Both Hrothgar and Beowulf express the deepest reverence for the "Almighty" (955, 945, 930, etc.). In fact, the theology of the poem is most interesting, and it would be well worth while to discuss it fully. The conception of sin had entered even this primitive world, and hung its spider-web in every corner of it. The vengeance taken on Grendel is "death for her sins" (1255). Eternal death, doom's day (3069), the bonds of hell, the fire of the pit (3070); then, on the other hand, an unfading joy, a state of rapture, of glorified tranquility in the bosom of the All-Father, are depicted. The noble sense of duty that actuates Beowulf throughout the poem is its chief characteristic; he is preëminently the *philanthropos*—the lover of his kind.

Close on the conception of religion follows the conception of the reverence due to women, who, we know,² almost constituted a religion in themselves to Tacitus's Germans. There is little or no love depicted anywhere in Anglo-Saxon poetry; only affectionate reverence, devotion, regard, as we see here and in King Alfred's writings. Snorre says, with a certain cynicism, that the golden age vanished from Jötunheim when women appeared; but there is no cynicism of this sort in Anglo-Saxon poetry.

¹ Cf. Heliand, *passim*.

² Tacitus's *Germania*.

It was a very common way of naming women in these early Teutonic times, to put some word signifying *battle* into their names: *Bead-u-hild*, *Hilda*, *Brynhilda*, *Hildeburh*. The most famous of early English abbesses was named *Hilda* (battle) by a sort of paradox. A *Hildeburh* (1072) is named in this poem. In social gatherings Hrothgar's queen takes her seat beside him on the dais. Women are sometimes cup-bearers, distributors of the munificence of kings, mourners beside the funeral pyre (1075) where they sing funeral dirges (1118). The epithet of princely women is "gold-decked," "jewel-laden" (615, 624, 641). No reference is made to their mode of dress, but *Wealhtheow* is "*cynna gemyndig*" (614), "mindful of etiquette" (?), and has a troop of maidens in her retinue. Only six women flit across the stage of the poem, fitfully: *Wealhtheow*, *Hygd*, *Thrytho*, *Elan* (?), *Hildeburh*, *Freaware*. *Wealhtheow* and *Hygd* are types of womanly grace and beauty. *Hildeburh* is a Rachel weeping for her children, "*martyra blostman*," as Aelfric calls the Holy Innocents; *Thrytho* is so fair that "nobody dares look on her save her lord." There is a tragedy connected with each one of these women which cannot be unfolded here.

The political aspects mirrored in *Beowulf* are of great interest. We find kings surrounded by their thanes; an hereditary dynasty with its hereditary castle; a court in which there are prescribed forms; the king has his *witan* (779, 157, 266, 937, 1099); his favorite (*rûn-wita*, 1326); his cup-bearer (1162); his guardian of the frontier (241)¹; a spokesman (*þyle*); liegeman (2405); and a palace. There are minstrels; folc-land, hereditary estates (*êthel*, 1520), and hereditary prerogative (2199) are spoken of. The retainers are "table companions," "hearth companions," men "that stand at his shoulder." Cowardice in battle is reckoned a crime, differently from the conduct of the Homeric heroes, who take to their heels "*sans cérémonie et sans reproche*." The kingly epithets are suggestive; they are "helm," "protector," "herd," "giver of bracelets,"

¹ Cf. *Margrave*.

"lord of shields," "giver of loaves," "earl," "lord of the *hereditary* realm" (1703), "victor or friendly lord," "leader of a host" (1484), etc. The descriptions of the kingly dignity are very numerous: King of men, the earth, the folk, the sea, the nation, the people (*leod, folc*), of battle, etc. "Bold as a king" is an expression that shows one of the requisites of a king in an era when personal courage in a leader was absolutely indispensable. Two or three curious allusions are made to a favorite old Teutonic practice: compounding crime with money. They are highly interesting, as probably among the earliest Anglo-Saxon records of the custom. Kemble, in his "Saxons in England," has developed in some detail, though incompletely, the political aspects of this ancient record of Germanic social and political organizations—the Lay of *Beowulf*; hence we need not dwell on them at length. The elective principle prevails; there are wars, alliances, feuds. Great stress is laid upon kin, kinship—that atom out of which has developed all society. We see the consanguine eddy already at work, concentrating or scattering communities which were to grow into shires and kingdoms. Blood-relationship is the root which develops into a stem, into a folk, into a nation. The feud, which made a Corsica of Iceland for hundreds of years, is found here in full play.

Passing from this brief statement, which is a mere hint of the wealth of the poem to the hunter after the germs of the national Teutonic life, let us look at the sports and pastimes of these giant children. In the first lines stands horse-racing² on the "apple-yellow" horses (866, 2265, 915). Funeral races round the tomb like those around the tomb of *Beowulf*, are one mode of paying respect to the dead. *Beowulf*'s famous swimming-match with Breca occupies a whole episode. Stags are hunted with hounds (1369); seals and dolphins are shot with arrows, or made to scamper at the blowing of the horn (1425); friendly visits are continually described; and one of them gives occasion to a bloody contest between Finn

² Cf. Alfred's Voyage of Ohthere and Wulfstan.

and Hualf. Music, conversation, saga-telling, twanging of harpstrings, brighten the palace life. Falconry is mentioned (2264). Disease seldom comes on this uproarious stage. The heroes die in battle or in contests with the powers of nature. Beowulf expires, poisoned by the bite of the dragon. Wounding, bloodshedding in its most various forms, fill many passages. But mere sickness is an ignoble thing, and does not belong in an age of heroes or an heroic poem. Other modes of death are, however, ascribed to "illness or sword-edge, the fang of fire or the whelm of flood, the grip of battle-knife or the flight of spear, fearful old age or the evil eye" (1765). Beowulf is warned that though he is in the prime of vigor, sooner or later he must perish from one of these causes (Canto 26). There is a Nemesis here as in the heated lands of the South. The Greek *hubris*, on which so much of the tragic plot of the poets of Hellas turns, is found in all its force, and with it its swift punishment (1740-45). This punishment is a bitter and sudden disaster that drives an arrow unawares to the heart of the offender.

Grein¹ is probably correct in placing the site of Beowulf's kingdom on the west coast of Götaland, at the mouth of the Göt, a river

in Sweden. Though no historical Beowulf can be traced, there is reason for believing that the hero of the lay lived and fought and wrought, not perhaps as is here so vividly related in the poem, but in such a manner as to have kindled a whole school of poets into commemorating his deeds.

Such are a few of the items to be gleaned from this strangest of Anglo-Saxon epics. As Teutons of the Teutons, as belonging to the famous Low Dutch stock of the Teutonic race, we can claim affinity with the people of this poem. Their customs and superstitions, sports and pastimes, social and political life, found here in their germinal state, have developed, many of them, into our most cherished institutions. It is Teutonic air we breathe, a Teutonic landscape we see; it is the rough gamboling and delight of our Teutonic ancestry that some unknown *scôp*—more probably a school of *scôps*—has enshrined for us in the simplest and most naïve form. And in treating this poem as an authentic historical document, as a "*document pour servir*," for the illustration of a period of which our knowledge is all too scant, we shall not be straining a story too far, or damaging the cause of the lovers of historical fact.

James A. Harrison.

THE LAW OF MURU.

It is perhaps a misnomer to describe as a *law*, a rule of action which seems to be based upon no settled principles, and which is, in practice, the very acme of lawlessness. Yet this so-called law of *muru* was an institution of the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand, and though fast falling into disuse, as a result of civilizing influences, it was, in its time, one of the most potent, characteristic, and curious of the many curious customs of the Maori people.

The law, as will presently appear, is unmistakable in its practical working, yet it is

difficult to define abstractly. In outline, it may be said to be a vigorous and ferocious sort of "hazing," with robbery superadded. Sometimes it is the robbery alone without the personal violence, but frequently, perhaps usually, both are combined. The law is commonly applied to an individual by the village of which he is a resident, that is, by his own relatives and friends, but oftentimes one village will muru another village or one tribe another entire tribe. The aggressors appropriate all the movable property of the person or community thus murued, and divide it equitably among themselves. Thenceforth, the defendant becomes the

¹ Ebert's Jahrb. f. Romanische, Englische, Sprache and Lit. IV., 3 Heft, 1862.

guest of the assailants. He is received into the community, and is supported with as much comfort and honor as any member of it until his own industry, or the *murū* of somebody else, restores his material prosperity.

The recipient of a *murū*, so far from considering it an injury or a disgrace, regards it as a great privilege and distinction. He looks upon it very much as a poor clergyman looks upon a donation party. Both visitations are often substantially alike in their operations, yet both indicate the polite attention of the neighbors, and both bring some measure of benefit in their train. In both instances the zealous friends are "cruel only to be kind."

The more extensive and complete the plundering and destruction are, especially if they are accompanied by a beating which renders the recipient almost senseless, the better he likes the *murū*, for it is then a "*great murū*," and he is proud that, in the opinion of his fellow citizens, *he* is worthy of such elaborate preparations and such conclusive results. In other words, he regards himself as a man of a good deal of consequence when his neighbors think it worth while to take so much trouble on his account. It is a curious paradox, which is in keeping with many contradictions in the Maori nature, that the greater the abuse to which the victim is subjected, the greater is his gratification.

The personal castigation is occasionally omitted, but the plundering part of the *murū* is rarely varied. It always consists in taking all the property a man has, so the only variation possible would arise from the differing nature and extent of the possessions of different individuals. The monotony of wholesale robbery is often relieved, however, by burning the victim's house and outbuildings, and destroying his fences and growing crops. This is, of course, an additional honor.

The word *murū* literally means "plunder," "robbery"; or, to speak more accurately, the proceedings indicated by those terms have been called in recent times *murū*. This use of the word, however, is one of the "modern improvements" resulting from civ-

ilization. The ancient meaning of *murū*, and its technical meaning at the present day, is a lawful and honest one. When used in that sense, it does not convey any disagreeable suggestions to the native mind. The spoliation by virtue of it does not strike the Maori as at all akin to theft.

The principal reason for this is, that the people are communists. All property, though often accumulated by great individual labor, and apparently held by distinct individual tenure, is really at the service of the community whenever needed. For instance, all the inhabitants of a village eat together, and each contributes to supply the common larder. They thus enjoy a perpetual picnic. So, in case of war, or the entertainment of strangers, or any other event which taxes the resources of the tribe, each man bears his share of the burden. Since all property actually belongs to the community, and is only held in trust by individuals for the common benefit, therefore, whenever the community sees fit to *murū* a man, it is simply relieving him of his trust, and resuming the control of its own estate. It is a practical and effectual method of obtaining an accounting. By another contradiction, however, though all property is so held in trust, if a native choose to sell a pig, or a horse, or anything else that he may have, he can do so, and use the money for his own purposes, without being accountable to anybody. This principle may have been adopted in mercy, or it may have resulted from policy. If the savage nature is at all like civilized nature, the aborigines found out long ago what a trial it is to a trustee to refrain from appropriating the trust estate to his own use, and how nearly impossible it is to prevent such appropriation. Perhaps they cheerfully made some concession to his feelings, or, perhaps, making a virtue of necessity, they permitted him to use a part of the estate and remain with them, rather than have him take the whole of it and emigrate.

It thus appears that no actual robbery results from the law of *murū*. Nor is the hardship to the despoiled individual as great as it might, at first sight, seem to be. He has

the inestimable privilege of participating in the plunder of his neighbors. As, probably, every man in the settlement is murued sooner or later, and has his goods divided, any individual loss is certain, in time, to be fully compensated. When one has his house burned down in his honor, by his obliging neighbors, if he wishes to rebuild it he need only go to the common stock of building material already prepared, and help himself to whatever he may require. The only important effect of the practice of muru is to keep property in a state of active circulation, and to prevent the formation of any kind of monopoly.

The question may reasonably be asked, When and for what cause is a person subjected to a muru? And an answer scientifically accurate would be, At any time, and for almost anything that he may do or experience out of the ordinary run of every day events. If a man meets with misfortune or disgrace—if his wife elopes, if his child accidentally falls into the fire and is burned to death, if his canoe upset and some of its occupants are drowned, if his cattle are injured, in short, if anything happens of the hundreds of things that are always liable to happen in a community—it furnishes reason for a muru. The essence of the cause seemed to be the accidental or unintentional character of the occurrence. For purposes of muru, a blunder is worse than a crime. If one man kills another, and the killing is purely accidental, the slayer, and perhaps his whole tribe, will be most vigorously murued; but if the slayer can prove that the killing was *intentional*, and not accidental, his friends assume that there was good cause for it, and protect him from the inconvenience of a muru, and the dishonor which its necessity implies. According to Maori ethics, all homicide is presumptively justifiable. A very clear case of *absence* of intent must be made out before any one is deemed guilty of murder. The plea of emotional insanity would be a ruinous defense under Maori law, for the more completely it was established, the more certain and severe would be the resulting muru.

The late Judge Manning, in his remarkable book entitled "Old New Zealand," mentioned, in addition to the causes of muru already given, an instance of a man who lit a fire to clean his land; the fire accidentally spread and burned over an old burying-ground. The villagers resented the idea of their ancestors being warmed in such an indiscriminate and unorthodox manner, and promptly murued the innocent offender. A native accused Judge Manning of roasting his (the native's) grandfather, because Manning had inadvertently built a fire at the foot of a tree in whose branches the grandfather's bones had once rested, but from which they had been removed some ten years before! People who can so intimately connect events so distantly related, would not be long in want of a cause if they were in want of a muru. They need only a hint from somebody in reference to somebody else, and if they are in a mood to take it, the muru inevitably follows.

There is no time at which a muru may be said to be more liable to occur than at any other. It is not adopted for excitement during a particularly dull period—as a diversion after a dearth of news or occupation. Indeed, at the busiest and most exciting time, as in the midst of harvest or war, it is quite as likely to happen as during a period of general repose.

The extent and severity of the muru, while doubtless depending somewhat on caprice, are governed mainly by the character of the misfortune. The greater the calamity and disgrace in Maori estimation, the worse (and more gratifying) is the muru.

Punishment for crime is entirely outside of the province of the law of muru. The latter involves partly a penalty, and partly an expiation. While in some degree a punishment for carelessness or folly, it seems to be chiefly a process of atonement, which the disgraced individual goes through in order to be restored to good and regular standing. Muru is repentance and absolution in a robust and savage form.

Though the causes which will produce a muru are somewhat indefinite, and though

its extent is a good deal governed by caprice, it must not be supposed that the method of proceeding, when the muru is determined upon, is at all irregular or at haphazard. If there is one thing more than another upon which the Maori prides himself, it is his observance of etiquette. His whole existence is regulated by the most inflexible rules. Even the exigencies of war do not relax or bend these ideas of propriety. Whatever is done must be done regularly and "correctly," even if it is a cannibal feast, or the torture and mutilation of prisoners. When the British troops attacked a Maori fortification, and met with an unexpectedly stubborn resistance, they indulged in that free and forcible use of language by which their forefathers had gained such distinction in Flanders. The natives were greatly surprised and shocked at such a disregard of the amenities of warfare. They thought it very impolite, not to say barbarous and inhuman, for their enemies to continue cursing them, when the battle was being conducted on their side with perfect fairness and propriety.

The muru must be regularly determined upon by the community, and when it is decreed, reasonable notice must be sent to the victim. It would not be *tika* (correct) to take him unawares. The honor is thrust upon him, but his friends are considerate enough to give him time to prepare his mind to receive it. He thereby enjoys the pleasure both of anticipation and realization. It may be added that the results rarely fall short of his most sanguine expectations.

It is correct for him to make a pretense of defending his possessions, but it would not be correct for him to kill or greatly injure his assailants; nor would it be correct for them to kill him, though they are usually expected to do him serious bodily injury.

No rank or condition is free from the law of muru. The highest chief and the lowest commoner are alike amenable to it. Personal distinction or prowess gives no exemption. The mighty warrior who has slain and eaten numbers of his enemies (and a friend or two upon occasion), who has often defied death at the point of the hostile spear, is

humbled by a point of etiquette. His prowess counts for nothing, and he accepts his fate without a murmur and without resistance further than what is necessary in order to be conventionally "correct."

Some practical examples will illustrate better than any amount of generalizing, the character and operation of the law of muru.

A young Maori chief, named Mawae, built a house at some distance from the village to which he belonged. He inclosed several thousand acres of land, and stocked and cultivated it after the manner of Europeans. In most other respects he conformed to European habits; and he was esteemed by both natives and settlers as a prosperous and worthy man. He usually attended the native meetings, where he took a leading part as an orator. This seemed to be the only particular in which he still observed the native customs. These facts show that the application of the law of muru to him, as well as his submission to it, was an extreme and remarkable evidence of its power and sanctity.

He married a very beautiful woman, daughter of the chief of a neighboring tribe. One child was born to them, and life offered as many joys to this reclaimed savage as his more cultured white brother could possess or wish for. Mawae was frequently obliged to leave home to attend the assemblies of his people. On his return from one of these meetings he found his home was desolate. His wife had eloped with a young chief of her own tribe. Did he pursue the destroyer of his home and happiness, and wreak fearful vengeance upon him or his nearest relatives? Did he use that eloquence which had so often thrilled his people to rouse them to make war upon the tribe which sheltered the wrong-doer? He did neither of these things; but he did what was perhaps equally courageous, though less brilliant. With a full knowledge of what would happen to him, he went to his village and told his sorrowful story. He was not disap-

¹ I am indebted to my friend, Mr. G. F. Sherwood, of Patea, New Zealand, for these and many other incidents of Maori life. He was an eye witness of the events which he relates. I regret my inability to adequately reproduce his most interesting recital.

pointed. There was an immediate gathering of the chiefs and *tohungas* or priests, and the affair was discussed with animation for several hours. Then Mawae was told to return to his home, and his case would be properly attended to the next day. He was to be murued. His delight can be imagined. His affliction was now to receive due compensation. So great a misfortune was certain to merit a great muru.

With buoyant spirits, Mawae went back to his house to await with impatience the promise of the morrow. At the appointed time the whole tribe, men, women and children, headed by the muru party proper—about fifty stalwart men—marched in procession to Mawae's dwelling. There they found him parading defiantly before his gate, seemingly resolved to defend himself and his possessions at all hazards, from a fate that he would not miss for all the kingdoms of the world. He was armed with the weapon usual in such emergencies—a staff made of the stalk of the wild flax. This is a formidable looking weapon, but is in reality as light and harmless as cork.

The proceedings commenced with a long address by one of the *tohungas*. To this Mawae listened, leaning on his flax stick, and made no reply. The priest waved his hands over the muru party, and they advanced to the attack. Three robust fellows, clothed only in Nature's panoply, attempted to take possession of the house. Mawae dealt them several vigorous blows with his flax stick. The blows did no harm, but the recipients pretended to be very much hurt and drew back. They were speedily joined by about a dozen of their companions, who made a combined rush upon Mawae and felled him with clubs. Then they gave him a beating, which a spectator would have called merciless and terrible, but which the victim considered most flattering and honorable. The benefactors continued their savage work, until Mawae was covered with blood and was almost insensible. Then they stripped him of all clothing, even his boots, and left him lying on "the field of his fame fresh and gory." While this was going on, some of

the party on horse-back went over the fields and began to collect ("round up," as it is called), all the live stock. Some yoked bullocks to the carts, and harnessed the horse to the buggy; others caught the pigs, and gathered in the hens, ducks, and geese. Even the dog was made captive. In the meantime a central party attacked the house. This was stripped of everything, and the goods that were worth taking away were piled upon the carts. The house and out-houses, after being robbed of everything animate and inanimate, were set on fire and totally consumed. Wide gaps were broken in the fences, the gates were unhinged, and generally the place was left in as complete ruin as could be wrought by an athletic people thoroughly in earnest.

After completing their work of battery and devastation, the muring party returned with their spoils to their own village, leaving their victim naked and bleeding on the ground. On their arrival at the village the spoils were divided, each person in the settlement receiving some part as his or her share.

When Mawae had revived sufficiently to realize the full extent of the honor that had been done him, a settler who had witnessed the proceedings, remarked to him: "This is very bad work indeed."

"No," he replied with great animation, "very, very *good* work!" and then, after a slight pause, "You see I had a very bad wife."

This remark furnishes a key to some of the mysteries of the law of muru. The point in the native mind was that Mawae was in some measure culpable for having such an unworthy wife. The beating and plundering which he had undergone had made atonement for his fault, and had cleansed him from his shame. It is needless to remark that the experience of Mawae at the hands of his friends constituted what is known as a "*great muru*."

An instance of a muru of lesser degree is the following: A chief of considerable wealth, when drunk, stole a pair of scissors from the counter of a store kept by Europeans. The magistrate before whom he was tried, instead

of imposing the fine (three times the value of the article stolen) which the law provides for in such cases, sent the culprit to jail for fourteen days. His people realized that the punishment and disgrace were unduly severe. In their estimation the offense was a venial one, at the worst. The unmerited ignominy which the chief had suffered demanded the expiation of a muru. So, while he was in jail, his considerate neighbors, having duly notified his wife, murued his estate in a most complete and complimentary manner. Thus was the heart of that captive chief made glad in the loneliness of his prison cell, by the thought that, in his absence, his friends would not permit his affairs to suffer from neglect.

As already intimated, sometimes a whole village or tribe will muru another village or tribe. In such a case the assailants are not necessarily superior in numbers or prowess to the assailed. Whenever anything happens to set the principle in motion, the victim, whether an individual or a tribe, submits to the unwritten law, and accepts its consequences as the decree of inexorable fate. To defeat by violence the purpose of the muring party would not be at all correct. Besides, in the case of a tribe especially, it is a great distinction to be murued, and they would not deprive themselves of such an exalted privilege. Tribal muru is believed to be controlled by the *tohungas*. Whatever they say is a cause for it, produces it. The performance is always accompanied with a great deal of state and ceremony. This species of muru takes place for essentially the same causes as the other, but it is, if anything, more subject to caprice than the other, and often occurs for seemingly trivial reasons. For a person to be overheard remarking that something has happened in a certain tribe for which they ought to be murued, is sometimes sufficient to bring the muru about.

The theory, doubtless, is that the muru is to be extended to a tribe, when the occurrence which calls it forth is of such a startling or aggravated character that adequate justice cannot be wreaked upon an individ-

ual. Thus, where a chief accidentally shot another during a war dance, he and his whole tribe were murued. Had the shooting been *intentional*, it would have been considered meritorious, and nothing would have been done about it.

A curious cause for a general muru is shown by the following incident. A chief passing through a village not his own, saw the head of a child just inside of a doorway. From certain resemblances of size, shape, and complexion, he not unreasonably mistook the head for a *kuma-kum* (pumpkin). His opinion was honestly formed, but he would have been wiser to have kept it to himself. He rashly said of the supposed pumpkin: "It would make a good meal for me!" Among the Maories it has always been the greatest insult and curse to express an intention or wish to eat another's head. The intention has been so often carried into practical effect that its expression can not be regarded as merely an idle threat. For one chief to say such a thing to another meant instant death to the offender, or war between their tribes.

The chief in question had no sooner uttered his indiscreet observation than he discovered his mistake. Its full enormity occurred to him at once. The remark had been overheard by some candid friend of the family. As neither the chief nor his people were altogether above the suspicion of occasional indulgence in cannibalism, the expression at the best was rather equivocal, and difficult to explain to the entire satisfaction of those most interested in the welfare of the child. The chief realized the embarrassing situation he was in, and resolved to get out of it effectually. Rushing to a house in the village where the natives were making powder, he seized a fire-brand and thrust it into a keg of the explosive. The result was in no wise disappointing. Though "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more," the consequences of his remark did not end with his obsequies. The opportunity was too good to be lost; so the whole village to which he belonged was murued in a brilliant and comprehensive manner. Thus, by the

honor received was the one village consoled for the mishap of its chief, and by the spoils divided was the other compensated for the loss of its powder. Thereafter, affairs resumed their usual serenity, and children reposed without danger of having their heads mistaken for pumpkins.

Instances of the application of the law of

murder might be multiplied, but in their general features they would not differ essentially from those already given. Enough has been shown to indicate the principles of the law and its practical working. The only thing in civilized communities which at all resembles it, is Mr. Henry George's theory of the nationalization of land.

Theodore A. Lord.

REMINISCENCES OF HENRY DURANT.¹

MORE than elsewhere, when one who has wrought effectively in this new commonwealth leaves the world, his work and his memory share in his mortality. Strong men drop out of line, the wave which closes over them smooths out upon the surface, and the ripple of an individual existence is gone. The best work ever accomplished in such a community is that of the unobtrusive and unselfish men and women, who lay the foundation of permanent institutions and strive to build wisely thereon. We do well to set the more salient features of their lives in order—to secure, at least, in the memory what they were, what plans and purposes they had, with what patience, bravery, and high intelligence they made their way through many defeats to some permanent measure of success.

In looking for some data for a satisfactory sketch of the life of Henry Durant, the first President of the University of California (one of the oldest members of the Berkeley Club, and the first who deceased), we come upon the remarkable fact that here was a public teacher, a scholar, a thinker, who had never published a discourse, or more than one; had never, indeed, written one out for the press, nor in any of the later years of his life for his own convenience. He thought aloud with wonderful clearness and facility, and, having this ready resource, he did not impose upon himself the task of committing his thoughts to paper. Even his earlier religious discourses were framed much in the

same way. They are skeletons, which he clothed with living thoughts under the inspiration of the hour.

Our departed friend was born at Acton, Mass., June 17th, 1802. His preparatory education was obtained at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and he graduated at Yale College in the year 1827. Among the men of his class who were afterward distinguished were Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, William Adams, Joseph Towne, — Buckingham, N. P. Willis, and Sidney L. Johnson, the latter a well known jurist of this city. Mr. Durant was a tutor in Yale College for four years. He afterwards attended the Theological Seminary at New Haven, then under the presidency of Dr. Nathaniel Taylor. Graduating there, he was soon afterward settled over the Congregational church of Byfield, Mass., and continued in that, his only pastorate, fifteen years. What distinction he gained, if any, in that relation, does not appear in the isolated facts now within reach. But the minister who thirty years ago had held on his even way in a New England parish for fifteen years, had not only a technical staying power, but he had it in his blood and fiber. The congregations of many of these New England parishes were critical and exacting; their pulpits were filled by some of the ablest ministers of the day; so that the more metropolitan pulpits were constantly making drafts on these rural churches for their ministers. It was not from the pulpits of the larger cities that one always heard the best, unless there had been a fresh draft on the

Read by appointment before the Berkeley Club.

country, but from the desk of some village church, and from the successors of Eliot and Sargeant, of Edwards and Hopkins and Griffin. These congregations were not more devout than others, but they had been educated up to an expectation of the best; they had a mental measuring rod by which they took the intellectual stature of their minister. He was never too tall for them; but if he was too short, they let him go with a cheerful acquiescence in the will of Providence.

Doctor Durant came to California in June, 1853. He was then a little past fifty years of age, and was just entering upon his second period of growth. He came, as he was wont to say, "with college on the brain." He had a distinct mission, and he never swerved from his one ruling purpose to the day of his death. He brought letters and documents from the leading scholars of the Eastern states, all approving of his plans and purposes, and warmly commending him to the regard of all like minded, as the man, of all others, for the work he had projected. Oakland was then a sprawling hamlet, with a few hundred people, with no well defined streets except Broadway, but having a great natural wealth of sand and fleas. The titles were so complicated and uncertain that then, and many years thereafter, the occupants of lots were not certain that they owned them; some gave up their claims, and others, after much vexatious menace, perfected them by buying in two or three conflicting titles. A glimpse of this pioneer life is afforded by two or three incidents, related by the deceased, and taken down by President Gilman. He opened a college school in Oakland in June, 1853, within a month after he had landed in California. He said: "I began it with *three* pupils, in a building which I hired for \$150 a month, to be paid in gold coin monthly, in advance; to be occupied by a man and his wife, whose wages were to be another \$150 a month, to be paid in the same way: which made \$300 a month for three pupils. The school increased a little during the first two months and a half, but the income was not sufficient to meet current expenses, and

my housekeepers—Quinn was the man's name—he and his wife, not having received the entire pay for that term began to be alarmed. He said that whatever did not succeed in two months and a half in California, never would succeed. He could not trust me any longer. One morning I went up stairs as usual to my school. It got to be time for luncheon, and I went down stairs, and found nothing prepared. Quinn had squatted on the lower part of the house and put out his shingle, 'Lodgers and boarders wanted here. Drinks for sale at the bar.' He had got up a bar-room with his bottles in it. I sent out to the restaurant and got a luncheon for the boys. Then I went down to a lawyer and entered a complaint before a Police Court, extemporized for the occasion. Quinn was summoned to appear. He was found guilty of getting up a nuisance, and was ordered to desist, and pay a fine of five dollars. Meanwhile I went up to clear out his fixings. He came up and wanted to know what I was about. I told him what I was going to do. He told me to desist. I told him that I had made a beginning and was not going to stop until I had made an end of it. He got into a rage, laid his hands on me with considerable force, and was pushing me away, when suddenly he became as pale as a cloth, lifted up his hands over his head, and began to pray. He begged that I would pray for him that God would have mercy on his soul."

His interlocutor suggested: "I suppose he had a dim vision of the future glories of the University of California." "No," said Dr. Durant, quite seriously, "I think it was not that. His religion came to my relief. He had an impression that he had laid hands on a consecrated person, and thought he was committing the unpardonable sin. He regarded me as a priest, and had been so taught. I think that was the secret of it. He told me I need not trouble myself to move the things; he would do it."

This incident was also related by President Durant in answer to the question as to how he came to fix upon the four blocks in

Oakland as the site of the college, where the university was afterwards organized :

"I was going on with our school, and was looking around for a place where we might have a home of our own. Oakland was unsettled then. After looking over the whole ground, and taking walks every day over the *encinal*, I hit on the spot which the university building now occupies for this reason: it was on a road that was then in construction, connecting San Antonio with Oakland, and opening out in that direction. Some of the most classic trees were then on it, though one or two of the largest have been cut down. I thought something of these. Then, it is on an elevation hardly perceptible, but from which the water runs off in all directions. It is the highest point in the city.

"Just at that time the 'jumpers,' as they are called, a certain order of squatters, assembled in pretty large numbers at the end of Broadway—two or three hundred of them. It seems a plan had been arranged, and they had been gathering in small numbers until there was a large crowd of them. They were discussing, haranguing, and working themselves up to the point of taking possession of all the unoccupied ground in Oakland. Learning what they were about—that they were about to take possession of the various lands of the city and divide them off by drawing lots, giving each one something—I went down into that crowd, took off my hat, got their attention somehow, and proclaimed that negotiations were pending for the purpose of securing four blocks that had been selected for the purpose of building a college. A motion was made that three cheers be given for the coming college. A committee was appointed to take charge of these four blocks, to keep them safe from interference from any quarter, and to hold them sacred to the use for which they had been noted."

It was not an easy matter to raise funds in those days for college purposes. Mr. Durant raised what he could by subscriptions, and with some money in hand proceeded to contract for the erection of the first college

edifice. He had only a small part in hand of the amount required. But his hopeful spirit always kept the horizon bright. He could walk by faith when he could not walk by sight, and his faith touching college interests was of the kind which could remove mountains. All things seemed possible to him. The structure was not completed without some trials of his patience and a great straining of his resources. The funds gave out before this pioneer college edifice was finished. The contractor had a plan to borrow money to finish the edifice, and with liens for color of title, take possession of the property and hold it. The title would have been as good in that event as the title to most of the property in Oakland at that date. Mr. Durant had learned something of pioneer tactics. If possession was nine points of the law, and the other point too, why should he not have all the points in favor of this germ of the university? He consulted a lawyer, who took this comprehensive view of the case. He took possession of the unfinished edifice, made a room habitable, slept in it, and was found there one morning by the astonished contractor, just rising with the sun and the larks, after a refreshing night's sleep, with nothing oppressive on his conscience. The contractor saw that all the points were against him, and was about to proceed with his men to a summary ejectment. One can imagine with what oracular emphasis and Delphic wisdom this pioneer educator, rising to his full height and to the full height of the occasion, said: "You will not only commit a trespass upon my property, but you will do violence to my body. I don't intend to leave this room in a sound condition. If you undertake to do that, you will commit a crime as well as a trespass. That seemed to stagger them, and, finally, they left me in possession."

The money was finally raised, the contractor paid off; so that what this pioneer saw at first only by the eye of faith had become a fruition. It was hard to raise money in a town where there was little else than the wealth of large expectations. When a friend rallied the late Isaac Brayton, another

er pioneer educator, on his strong inclination to obtain more land for future college use, he said that "land is pretty much all we have over here." There were leaning oaks, tenantless blocks looking so much alike that the stranger often wandered over arid spaces and among the trees without finding the point of his destination. The writer remembers officiating in the Presbyterian Church one Sunday morning in the spring twenty-four years ago. The church was then somewhere east of Broadway and near Seventh street. But he was unable to find it for many weeks thereafter without a guide. The incident is recalled that the edifice while in frame, having blown down sometime before, was then in an unfinished condition. The open space under the church appeared to be occupied that morning by all the vagrant hogs in the village; and as they scratched their backs against the floor timbers, their discordant grunts and squeals did in no wise help the music nor contribute any thing to the composure of the speaker. Dr. Durant, the pioneer, was in his place. There was a gleam of assurance, heightened by a twinkle of his eye, that these discords and incongruities would all be reduced to order some day. He afterwards intimated that, while he was anxious that no unfavorable impression should be made upon the stranger by this untoward incident—for himself, he had not allowed his temper to be disturbed by any dealings with swine during the week, and he would not have it ruffled on Sunday by less responsible hogs under the church.

It was not in Dr. Durant's estimation a day of small things when this little, pioneer college edifice (now occupied as a dwelling) was completed, and he saw assembled there the first college class of three or four members. There was much hard work to be done by himself and associates. The foundation of the institution was as broad as it could be made. There were underneath three or four denominational legs, and these were always trembling with a sort of chronic weakness. There was little in the way of money foundation, no chairs endowed; it was only the seed time before the harvest.

It had required two centuries or more to ripen such institutions as Harvard and Yale. Possibly, there would be a quickened growth under these cloudless skies, where the sun and the rain and the west wind and the rising vapors of the sea were working such wonders upon the land.

However slow this early growth might be, it was foreseen that in a short time the college would outgrow its location. There was no difference of opinion on that point. Brayton and Durant were two gentle real estate enthusiasts, who saw with clearer vision than others a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, where as yet there were not more than twelve hundred. The town burying ground was within four blocks of the college. The former turned over his Mountain View farm for the beautiful cemetery where both Brayton and Durant now sleep. After much searching for and comparing of places, the Berkeley property was bought as a permanent site for the institution. It is not necessary to recite the successive steps and the maturing judgment which led to the purchase. Bushnell, the college associate and life-long friend of Durant, who had done so much for the park in the city of his adoption, aided with his eyes and his discriminating judgment in the selection.

Is it any wonder that Durant, the first Greek professor, on first coming to the ground should have exclaimed with a fine enthusiasm, "Eureka! Eureka! I have found it," and so, in the very act of discovery, consecrating it forever to classic and all liberal learning! He saw its possibilities—saw by a process of evolution the little college budding into the university—saw with the coming and going of the seasons the latter expanding in the several stages of slow, natural, and orderly development, into the greater university; its two or three professors supplemented by a corps of thirty instructors or more, and hundreds of eager young men and women thronging its halls and its consecrated grounds. Thenceforth our friend could see the chrysalis college breaking its shell. He talked of the university—it was more than a waking dream. It had entered into his life,

was incorporated with it. He not only looked over into the promised land and saw the fullness thereof, but he entered in and took possession in the name of the present and of posterity of all its hereditaments, the zenith and the nadir; the fluting of the lark, the mottled shadows drifting over the land, the musical babble of brooks, the blush of dawn, the fading light, the transfigured mountains, and the distant sheen of waters flecked with the argosies of all lands. It was an unselfish appropriation. Such grace was given him that when the time came he could work on other and broader foundations.

The State was about to take advantage of a Congressional grant of lands to found a university. The institution would need first and last an endowment of many millions. The college was poor; it was borne as a heavy burden upon a few men's shoulders. It was not in the grain of these men to faint nor to lay the burden down. Our friend was politic when that kind of wisdom was most needed. There was no work to be undone. The garnered results of these years of toil were handed over to the State not that the college might become less, but that it might become more. The transfer was made with implied guarantees that a college of sound classical learning should forever be maintained, and in the spirit in which it had been founded. Without that central idea, there never can be a university worthy of the name. These pioneers had not builded better than they knew, but their work had been hastened to crowning results. It was a greater and better gift than the State authorities knew. That and the Congressional grant were legitimately used for the building up of the university, and it is not now likely that any bucolic logic will ever narrow these broad foundations.

It was a fitting and graceful act to make our pioneer educator the first president of the university. He had worked long at the foundations. He would now deal somewhat with the superstructure. He regarded this later trust as temporary. But he labored with the same unflagging zeal and patience to perfect the work which he had begun so

many years before. He continued in the office of president for two years. Age and failing health had already given premonitions that his time was short. His act of retiring was as graceful as his installation in the office.

His methods of teaching were more beyond my observation; yet those who came under his instruction had always been impressed that his real greatness was there. There was about him a quietism which suggested that back of it there was a great reserve of power. His influence over pupils and others was subtle, pervasive, and winning. He had great treasures stored away, and they were always at his command. His personal magnetism was the result in part of what Emerson denominates as oversoul. He was full and brimming over. His words of wisdom dropped gently, often in the form of hints and suggestions, and with so little apparent effort that but for his earnestness all this would have seemed as the mere by-play of his intellect. There are many learned men who are full, but their knowledge never runs over. It is packed away so tightly, and dry salted, that they can never get at it for the benefit of others. If the bottom layer is brought to the top at once, they are undone. The wealth is there, but of what use? They have neither receptive nor distributive capacity. Our friend had both. He was ever learning and ever giving his most precious things without the least ostentation. His learning did not send him apart from his pupils to sit upon some frozen height of dignity, but he employed it to bring them near to him. He sat among them as a father among his children whom he loved; he took them into his confidence, made terms with them. He had no short cuts for them to knowledge. It was the old-fashioned way, and the stairs were sometimes very steep. But he went with them all the way, and at last they could say of him in a better sense than Browning uttered it of another:

"We who had loved him so, followed him, honored him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die."

He had sweetness and light, with elevation of soul and humility of heart. He did not depreciate in one's estimation by coming near to him. His simplicity of life and manner was evidence of his greatness. He walked along the intellectual heights, knowing the thought and the philosophy of the olden time and of his day—of Socrates and Plato, of Darwin and Huxley—as familiar things. He liked the open field of speculative philosophy. There was much ground to be explored. His vision went beyond and swept a wider horizon. He searched reverently for truth everywhere, and he was not afraid to sift it from the chaff openly, because dull and unpurged souls preferred chaff and wheat together. In a better sense, he was many-sided; but all sides were symmetrical. His learning and his thought were of no school, or, rather, they were of all schools. His judgment in this respect was eclectic, taking what was best and looking beyond for something better. He did not sound an alarm because some new doctrine in religion or philosophy had been brought out for an airing. He walked around it, looked at it in perspective, turned it over, plied it with Socratic questions, applied the tests of a Christian philosopher. If there was no good thing in it he let it alone. He would not speculate about empty things for the sake of speculation. He was not an intellectual gymnast, brandishing his club when any phantom hove in sight.

It suited the purpose of some to represent that our friend in his later years had either abandoned, or greatly modified, his religious faith. He had really done nothing of the kind. If he rejected some old dogmas, it was because he did not need them, as mere scaffolding, to climb to the heights of a Christian belief. He walked reverently and with sure footsteps there. He was loyal to his pastor, and went with him, because it was better to go than to remain behind. He would have liberty of thought and expression for himself and his minister. It was a noble brotherhood. He took his place as an elder, worshipped and walked in the simplicity of his faith unto the day of his death.

His secular citizenship was an honorable one. His faith in men was unbounded, and they had an unbounded faith in him. He was the chief magistrate of the city for two terms. His popularity came without courting it; and he did not outlive it. He was patient and sympathetic. Weak men came to him with their troubles, and sponged up his vitality. Strong men came to him for counsel, and often found what they wanted in a suggestion, which broke like a beam of light through a rift in the cloud. His executive ability was, probably, not of the highest order. His training in secularities was so late in his life, and so imperfect, as to avail him little. Yet he was a wise magistrate, and no municipal trust suffered in his hands. If he had one aspiration for wealth, it was that he might endow his beloved university. It was in his thought day and night. He had too much faith that all business would come out right. He took men at their word, as he would have his own word taken. It was hard for him to believe that the world was given overmuch to lying. He went into the wilds of Esmeralda, and wrought for the sole purpose of gaining an educational endowment. He came back poorer than he went. But all the wealth of Esmeralda could not buy the example of his noble life, which he left as a sole legacy to the community.

Dr. Durant was one of the first members consulted by President Gilman about the organization of the Berkeley Club. It was the very thing he wanted. He saw the special advantages of an organization which would bring a select number together, with diverse views, professions, and occupations, in sympathy with the spirit of independent inquiry and investigation. He loved the fellowship of its members. In the freedom of discussion, he was not afraid of any misconstructions of his thought or language. His intellectual honesty fitly matched his moral integrity. He set no verbal traps, did not lie in wait to catch and twist a careless or unguarded expression. He used his keen, analytical powers only to eliminate a truth, and set it in as clear a light for others as it stood in his own apprehension. He

questioned boldly, but with the humility of a devout scholar. He often started questions which could not be answered. He was free and frank in expression, but sometimes guarded the uttermost thought, as if he would hold it for revision. In this he took counsel of his prudence. We did not wholly know the range of his vision, his wide horizon, or the height and depth of his survey. But we knew his gentle ways, the nobility of

his nature, the subtlety of his magnetic influence, the play of his wit, the gladness and inspiration of his presence. Our latest remembrance of him is in this association—of his grace and benignity as he presided over the annual meeting, his facile speech, his repartee, and his prophetic words. Something he would have said of the "Good Time Coming." It was unsaid, because he hastened unto that time.

CALIFORNIA MINING CAMPS.

SOME tumultuous years, from 1848 to 1855, cover the period that history will term the golden prime of the mining era of California. Before it comes the pastoral era, the Indian vassal, the courtly commandante, the unfenced herds, the pueblo settlements with their common lands and allodial rights, the grave alcalde, exercising judicial powers that were ancient when the Moors were banished from Spain. After it comes sod-breaker and reaper, wheat field and garden, supremacy of the lowlands, decay of the typical mining camp, political revolutions and industrial developments.

The old pioneer, when questioned about this golden prime, rises to his most enthusiastic height. He tells you that "nothing equal it was ever seen"; that "several hundred thousand men lived for years in perfect peace and good order, without law, without executive or police government"; that gold-dust was picked up in the streets, and pans of nuggets were left unguarded in tent and cabin. He tells you stories of wondrous "finds," of curious disasters and wild adventures, of paying forty dollars for a butcher knife, two hundred dollars for a pair of boots, twenty-five cents a pound for flour, and a dollar apiece for potatoes. He describes the assembling of the miners in the camp on that momentous occasion—the trying of their first culprit; the rough and ready judicial proceedings, the rude but effective court, the half hour deliberation, the verdict: "Sailor

Dick, you've had a fair trial and been found guilty of robbing a claim. Some camps would hang you, but this camp sentences you to forty-nine lashes well laid on." To put it briefly, the reminiscences of the pioneers in most cases deal with the more salient and picturesque features of the early mining era. They dwell with delight upon the rush and excitement, the freedom and splendor of the period; they see with much of the novelist's instinct how effective for artistic use the lights and shadows really are; but further than this they do not go.

If there be positive historical value to the American historian in the doings of the scattered mining camps of the Sierra Nevada, that value exists entirely independent of the price set upon them by the writers of tales and the upholders of State pride. What has come from the mining camps? A settled community, an organized State upon the shores of the Pacific? This would have come in due time from the nucleus of the Sacramento and Sonoma farmers, the men who raised the bear flag and followed Fremont. Though Marshall's ditch had remained uncut, the treasures of gold undiscovered to this day, American settlers taking possession of the fertile valleys of California would have repeated the history of earlier States. As a mere episode, the mining camps would have no historical value beyond a few lines in the encyclopedia. The world of history is too gigantic. Macaulay wrote,

taking longer to write the history of a period than the length of the period itself, so that if he had begun with the Christian era and continued steadily under perpetual lease of life, a thousand years from now would find him twenty-five hundred years or so behind current events. Professor Gardiner has devoted ten closely printed volumes to a history of thirty-nine years of England—1603-1642. There is a young historian at Johns Hopkins University who expects to devote the rest of his life to a history of one of the thirteen American colonies. In Europe and in this country the scope and province of historical writing has wonderfully enlarged of late years, and the mass of available materials has increased beyond computation. With the new aids that modern research has discovered, the history of the world must be re-written, on a different plan, by thousands of special workers, who decide the claims of each episode of human existence by a standard of utility. Will they find anything of permanent value in the brilliant episode that we love to speak of as "The Days of Forty-Nine"? I believe they will.

The historian of the future will take up the mining camp as an episode of institutional importance, casting light upon the national character, and primarily connected with a curious past; to him it will not seem isolated—there is no such thing as an isolated historical fact—it will carry his thoughts back to the primitive customs of the miners of North Wales and Cornwall; to the early laws of the miners of the Black Forest and Bohemia; to the Carthaginian "prospectors," the Grecian "tributers" in the mines of Laurium, the Midianitish mining cities where ditches and reservoirs existed in the days of the Judges of Israel, and even to the wild mining tribes of Central Asia.

Ownership in land, once, according to the Germanic Mark system, general and tribal, new assignments being made to the householders yearly, has at last become individual ownership, through what struggles and revolutions let sociology tell. Ownership in mines, once, according to the equally Germanic Free Mining system, gave permission to all to work

the mines they found. The mining camps of California and their successors in the great Rocky Mountain region afford the finest historical example of the survival of the "Free Mining" idea and its development into new forms of local life. It is centuries old; it is new as yesterday, and found latest expression under the peaks of Idaho, by the rushing Cœur d'Alène, and beside the broad Yukon. Hannibal used sluices in Spain, the miner of Georgia and Alabama re-invented them, and used rockers also; the California miners carried a multitude of crude ideas to unity and fulfillment in their hydraulic system, drawing force from snow-peaks twenty and forty miles distant, and melting away the bases of pine-crowned crags. In like manner, the crude governmental machinery of earlier mining camps was compacted as under pressure, fused as under fire, made fit to withstand the strain of assault. The simple miners-meeting, the assemblage of all claim-owners in solemn tribunal, self-clothed with powers of life and of death, gave place to higher forms of camp government, to committees duly elected, to judges and alcaldes, and merged at last into local town government, or into a county organization.

Simple enough all this, but the coming historian will find it worth study, nevertheless. He will discover that out of some fifty writers who visited California during the gold era and spent much time in the mines, all, or nearly all, speak with unqualified admiration of the powers of government then displayed, and of the absence of disorder. He will find the same characteristics shown, the same love of individuality combined with great capacity for organization, the same willingness to compromise whenever no moral issue is involved, that have given the Anglo-Saxon race its present political predominance. Straight to the root of the whole matter the miners went. They would have speedy and thorough justice; hence all disputes should come before arbitrators; that failing, to a jury, or the meeting-of-the-whole, and there be decided almost within the hour. They would have use, constant use, the only test of ownership; and the size of claims was

fixed definitely, according to the richness of the auriferous gravel, the aim being to produce a practical equality. Out of all this came a system of laws concerning mineral lands which has profoundly influenced American jurisprudence, has affected state and national legislation, and has been recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States.

It has been usual for writers to speak of the real mining camp laws as unknown before 1849 and 1850, or thereabouts. It is a natural mistake; the camp laws of 1848 are seldom heard of; and the emigrant organizations of that year still less frequently receive notice. But it is none the less true that the first glimpse we have of local laws is in the form of "mutual agreements" made by the members of parties bound to the mines in 1848, and there were numbers of these. A group of men in one of the coast towns, a dozen valley farmers off for the mines, or Oregonians arranging a wagon-company, would organize and draw up rules for the journey, and for the permanent government of the party after they reached the mines. Such a group, discovering rich claims, was soon a well organized "camp," and this, in some cases, long before the close of 1848. The Arcadian state of affairs which certainly existed in the early camps, when there was no crime, no disorder, no idleness, and when "lawyers and politicians were conspicuous only by their absence," could not long survive. Instinctively, and almost simultaneously, the idea of miners' camp-law came into existence, and the miners of the great immigration of 1849 found that the true pioneers of 1848 had begun to recognize the force of many local regulations; some understanding had been reached in regard to the size of a claim; it had become a habit to recognize the leaving of a man's tools in a claim as evidence of ownership. A body of

verbal law was in process of formation then, when the arrival of the Argonauts hastened its crystallization into written forms.

The general character of mining camp-laws is pretty well known. They often begin: "We, the miners of —— District, do ordain and establish." Long after California was divided into counties, and county governments established in each, the camps flourished under their local rules and with their local recorders—some of them grew into towns, and still keep, in local customs, many survivals of the hearty and happy past, when tents and brush cabins lined the gorge, and a miner's real estate consisted of his claim of twenty feet square, and all the hillside he wanted to build on. Nothing that is likely to happen will ever take the breath of the mining camp out of the atmosphere of the mountain counties.

The historian of the future, recognizing all these things, will see, further, that the early mining camps gave a healthy and virile manhood, a power of going straight to the mark, an energy of judgment and execution rare in this world; that men thus trained went out from Old Tuolumne, golden El Dorado, bright Mariposa, snow-lit Shasta, quartz-ribbed Nevada, and a dozen other equally famous regions—went out armed and equipped, prospectors for the western third of a continent. Idaho, Montana, Dakota, have known the thud of the Californian pick and the laws of the California camp, no less than have Arizona and New Mexico. Upon society and government over this vast region, the fact that local self-government was so long carried on successfully by American miners of the Sierra has had, and will long continue to maintain, a profound influence. In this fact lies the claim of the mining camp to be remembered when the right men come to the writing of American history.

Charles Howard Shinn.

AFTER ALL.

So I—capricious-minded,
Whose fancy a whim could thrall—
Whom you taught love's truth of loving
Was truest after all!

Watching to-night the sunset,
I saw the sun go down
In a sea of crimson splendor—
In its own red sea—to drown;
Like the sun in the sunset glory,
The sun of my hopes went down.

Over a couch I'm bending
With eyes that are wet with pain,
Where wrapped in its shroud of memory,
My beautiful love lies slain.

Slain by a random arrow,
Shot from a bow unstrung;
Dead with its depths unsounded,
The wealth of its song unsung.

The stars will shine in the winter,
And the spring-tide come and go,
The summers will burn and revel,
And the autumn winds will blow.

The gleam of the stars is vanished
Out of their silver mist,
The sparkle gone from the dew-drops
That the purple violets kissed;

The joy from the throbbing pulses
In the heart of the summer warm,
The tint from the autumn's colors,
The grandeur out of the storm.

Ever and ever, to-morrow,
The sun will arise again
From its yellow and opal ocean—
From its crimson sea of pain;
But my sun that went down in its sorrow
Will rise from it never again.

So I—capricious-minded,
Whose fancy a whim could thrall—
Whom you taught love's truth of loving,
Was the truest after all!

PERÚ, BOLIVIA, AND CHILE.—III.

BOLIVIA.

BOLIVIA is an isolated country of lofty snow-clad mountains, of elevated plateaux, deep tropical valleys, and a proportionally small sea-board constituting part of the extensive desert of Atacama.

The *Litoral* or sea-board of Bolivia, comprised between latitudes 12° and 24° S., and about 160 miles wide, abounds in *calichales* or nitrous fields, (though of inferior quality to the Peruvian), with borax, and with rich mineral ore, especially copper and silver. On the north-western extremity of the peninsula of Mejillones, Point Angamos, it has some very extensive beds of guano, though likewise of inferior quality to the Peruvian guano. The coast has four ports: Tocopilla, Cobija, Mejillones, and Antofagasta. Tocopilla, situated in the north near the boundary-line of Perú, has some very valuable mines in the neighborhood, and smelting works, to which the small town owes its existence. About due east of Tocopilla, distant thirty-four miles from the port, and in a locality called Toco, on the western bank of the gulch of Loa (in this latitude leading due north), extends a tract of land abounding in nitrate of soda, upon which Mr. John Meiggs, a brother of the famous railroad contractor, in 1876 held a concession to develop it on joint account with the Bolivian government; but this enterprise was never carried out. Cobija, formerly the capital and leading town of the Litoral, has also some important mines; but the ore, as a rule, is shipped to Lota in South Chile, or to Swansea in England. The old part of the town is almost in ruins, and so is the church, owing to earthquakes. A highway leads to the interior of Bolivia beyond the Andes, but the traffic on it is now very little since the Peruvian railroads Arica-Tacna and Mollendo-Arequipa-Puna were completed. Mejillones, midway on the coast, is an almost insignificant min-

ing town, but its bay, formed by the peninsula to the south, is the finest and largest on the Pacific coast after that of San Francisco. The surface of its waters is mostly tranquil like those of a lake, the headland to the westward protecting it against the heavy swells of the ocean ever kept in motion by the south-west monsoon. Towards the north the bay is unprotected against northern gales, which, however, are very rare, and only occur during the winter season. When, in 1872, mining operations had been started on a very large scale by Chilean capitalists in the rich mineral of Caracoles, situated about a hundred miles inland and abreast of Mejillones, and when a town of some importance rose up near this Eldorado of the desert, a concession to run a railroad into it from the port in question was obtained by the Valparaiso firm, Watson & Meiggs, (the latter the youngest son of Mr. Henry Meiggs). However, when about fifteen miles of track had been laid, reaching to Cerro Gordo, a small, isolated hill, further proceedings on the construction of the line ceased, owing to a combination of discouraging circumstances.

Thirty-four miles south of Mejillones is the port of Antofagasta. It owes its existence to the discoveries between 1866 and 1868 of tracts in the interior abounding with nitre and borax, and to the great excitement on the coast in 1872, due to the then bright prospects of Caracoles, and the facilities of traveling and transporting supplies to and from the mineral fields by way of the cart-road leading up to them from Antofagasta; no other place on the coast had similar facilities.

After the discovery of nitre and borax in the interior a company was formed in Valparaiso for the purpose of developing the fields, and a patent on these fields was subsequently—in November, 1872—secured by this company from the Bolivian government, on the conditions that the company should pay the government \$10,000 in gold coin,

construct a wharf in Antofagasta, run a road into the country twenty-five miles long, and erect water tanks and inns for travelers. These conditions were speedily complied with by the company. A narrow-gauge railroad was run into the nitre factories of Salinas and Carmen Alto, respectively thirty and sixty-five miles from Antofagasta. As the latter part of this line leads directly to Caracoles, its owners, upon the failure of the Watson & Meiggs Mejillones-Caracoles railroad enterprise, secured the privilege of prolonging it to the mineral fields.

Antofagasta has a silver amalgamation establishment, considered the largest and best arranged on the Pacific coast. The anchorage of the port is exposed to the great swells from the southwest, and the traffic with boats and launches to and from the ships is made dangerous by reefs lining the beach. Towards the north it is protected by the short, broad, and elevated peninsula of Mejillones, the southern extremity of which—Point Jara—reaches it within seven miles. But as northern gales occur very seldom on the coast, this headland can scarcely be considered a feature of consequence to the harbor. It must be wondered why steps were not taken in due time by the nitre company to make Mejillones, with its excellent harbor, the shipping-place for the products of the interior. Its distance from the nitre fields does not exceed so very much that of Antofagasta. A comparatively short contra-grade would probably be the chief inconvenience in shipping by way of Mejillones.

Caracoles is the leading town of the Bolivian sea-board, and is situated nearly in its center. It has taken its name from the Spanish word for snails, which, ages ago, were deposited here by the retreating ocean, and petrified in course of time. The cells of these fossils are often filled up with nearly pure silver, the metal having found its way into them when in a fluid state. The town rose in consequence of the discovery by a Chilean, in 1870, of the rich metalliferous veins in the locality. Large capitals were invested by Chileans for the purpose of extracting the ore, and of furnishing those en-

gaged in the industry with supplies of every description. According to report, the mineral of Caracoles yielded, in 1872, an equivalent to \$20,000,000. In 1873, the product was, perhaps, even greater, and the excitement over the prospects of the mineral increased. Then came the evil. The field was invaded by a host of speculators, who, profiting by the general enthusiasm in Chile, found no difficulty in inducing capitalists there to invest heavy sums of money in the working of lodes whereof favorable reports had been made, but which, after all, did not yield profitably; this often caused the ruin of those who had staked all their means upon the investment, and, of course, cooled considerably the public enthusiasm in regard to the mineral of Caracoles, which, however, remains the same rich field as ever, profitable to many an intelligent miner.

The other settlements of the interior are very insignificant, being merely based upon the cultivation of some spots accessible to a scanty irrigation. These oases are situated in the northern half of the Litoral, east by north of Caracoles. About forty-five miles distant from Caracoles lies San Pedro de Atacama, in a gulch opening out from the foot of the Cordillera de los Andes into the northern extremity of a mighty *Salar* or field of chloride of soda. The small stream to which it owes its existence is lost in the sand and salt of the desert. Chiuchiu, Calama, Mincance, and Chacance are situated in the gulch of Loa, and on the high road near Cobija across the Andes. Their limited fields are irrigated by the small stream of the gulch, which becomes so impregnated with nitrate of soda on its way through the desert that no one who is not accustomed to it can drink it. Calama is the most important of these oases, and is an excellent resting place for travelers.

The description of the physical features of this region, so very interesting to the naturalist, will be found under the heading "The Theatre of the First Campaign," in our history of the late war in South America. (OVERLAND MONTHLY, January, '84; page 85.)

Bolivia proper lies to the east of the Cor-

dillera Occidental de los Andes. Between this Cordillera and the Cordillera Oriental, uniting at about 19° 20' south lat., extends a vast plain covering an area of more than 30,000 square miles, and elevated 13,340 feet above the level of the sea. The northern part of this plain is bordered on its west side by the mighty Lake Titicaca, through which from north to south passes the boundary line between Bolivia and Perú. The southern part of the plain is a desert 5000 square miles in extent, covered by a crust of salt several inches thick. To the east and north of the Cordillera Oriental extends the immense expanse of alluvial plains belonging to the basins of the Amazon and the La Plata. It is partly covered by dense virgin forests.

The Andean region of Bolivia has largely features in common with the Sierra of Perú. Among the loftiest peaks of the Andes are the Sahama, (22,350 feet), the Tarinacota and the Gualtieri, (22,000 feet), the Sorata, (21,300 feet), the Ilimani, (21,150 feet), the Nevada de Chuquibamba, (21,000 feet), Anallache, (18,5000 feet), and the Cerro de Potosi, (16,000 feet.) Many of these mountain-peaks are volcanoes. The Islugo and the Miñe, in the Cordillera Occidental in the south, are very active.

The inhabitants belong chiefly to the Aymará or Colla Indian races. One sixteenth per cent. are half-castes, the mixture being of Spanish and African lineage. The stature of the Aymará Indian is low, bulky, and square; his body long, his legs short. This rather ungraceful proportion of frame adapts him extraordinarily well for scaling mountain sides, and for enduring long journeys afoot. He walks easily fifty miles a day, and even more, carrying with him only his provision of cocoa leaves and roasted wheat, or corn. The face of the Aymará is beardless, and of a sad expression mixed with an air of dogged resolution. These Indians still pay the tribute, amounting from five to ten dollars a year. They hate their half-caste tyrants, and although they are drafted for soldiers to serve in the revolutions, they take but little interest in State affairs. A rising against the Creoles and half-castes was planned in 1854,

but ended in nothing, owing to an incident which the Aymará council regarded as a warning to the tribe not to stir yet.

In the deep, tropical valleys cotton (yellow and white) grows wild, and coffee, sugar-cane, and tobacco of superior quality are raised on the plantations. The coca, which might be considered the most important product, being a national stimulant, is mostly grown on the eastern slope of the Cordillera Oriental.

The mountains abound with precious ore. The product of silver which some of the mines yield has for centuries been the marvel of the world. The mines of Potosi especially have yielded extraordinarily, and their rich lodes seem inexhaustible. Mines equally rich exist in different parts of the country. With better means of transportation than at present exist, and with a more stable and patriotic government, Bolivia would excel any other country in the world in the production of silver. Still, in spite of all the obstacles that industry has to overcome in Bolivia, the value of the silver bars which that country exports every year is estimated at \$10,000,000. Tipuani has some rich gold mines, and so have many other points in the mountains, whilst gold dust is found in the rivers of the Cordillera Oriental. Oruru, on the eastern coast of this Cordillera, possesses some very productive copper mines, and the copper deposits of Coro Coro are very important. The value of the mineral ore exported yearly from these mines is estimated at \$5,000,000. Lead, tin, sulphur, borax, salt, and nitrate of soda, etc., are also found in abundance, but the slow and costly way of transportation annuls the profits which might be made from them.

Through dense forests of stately timber, beginning with the lovely gardens of Bolivia, the vales of Chuquisaca and Cochabamba, descend the eastward slopes of the Cordillera Oriental de los Andes into the luxuriant opulence and variety of the alluvial plains below. The vast expanse extending between the eastern extremities of the Andean region and the boundaries of Brazil is more than five times as large as the region of the Sierra, and

belongs entirely to the basins of the Amazon and La Plata. It is watered by numerous streams and largely covered by dense virgin forests abounding with tall cedar, mahogany, cinchona, and more than fifty other species of rare and beautiful cabinet woods, gum trees of many varieties, valuable dye-woods, such as indigo, cochineal, etc. All these valuable products will remain perfectly profitless to mankind at large until, by an energetic effort, the whistle of an engine disturbs the silence now reigning in these lofty timber regions. This region is the home of the Moxas Indians.

Bolivia abounds with animal life. The mountains and high table-lands are alive with flocks of guanaco, vicuña and alpaca, and llama and sheep ranches are plentiful. Of the wool of these animals all sorts of clothing are manufactured, even hats; and of the skin cordage and leather are made. Many herds of cattle feed on the vast plains. The jaguar, puma, bear, ocelot and wild boar endanger the life of man. The sloth, glutton, armadillo, peccary, ant-eater, chinchilla, and bat are abundant. A host of monkeys inhabit the forests. The condor soars in the sky, and birds of gay colors and shrill voices keep up a continuous chatter and noisy concert in the foliage. The lakes are alive with *silurians*, *peccereis*, and an endless variety of other fish; the rivers with the cayman; whilst the jungles are infested with several species of reptiles, especially rattlesnakes and anacondas.

The sources of wealth of Bolivia are immense, but without easier highways and cheaper means of transportation to the coast than at present they can not be developed. Thus, although cotton grows wild and is of the most excellent quality, still the export of this product amounts to next to nothing. This explains why the yearly revenue barely amounts to \$3,000,000, while the expenditure of the country is \$4,000,000. A great portion of the national debt before the war—about \$17,000,000—was contracted for the purpose of remedying this evil by the construction of railroads and the promotion of steam navigation on the navigable rivers; but save the construction of a few short rail-

road lines, nothing has been done. In 1868 a liberal concession was granted the enterprising American, Colonel Church, to carry out a plan to establish steam navigation and railroad communication with the Atlantic *via* the rivers Mamore and Madeira, the falls of the latter river, on the borders of Brazil, to be passed on a track about two hundred miles long. The money to carry out this grand scheme was principally obtained in London, upon the guarantee of the Bolivian government to pay annually the interest of seven per cent. on the capital invested in the enterprise. Unfortunately the steamer which brought out the material for the railroad foundered with its cargo in the Amazon. The result of this was that the English bond-holders became discouraged, opposed the prosecution of the scheme on the ground that it was merely chimerical, and finally obtained, after long proceedings in equity, by consent of the Bolivian government, the restoration of more than half of the loan. Thus this important enterprise, which would have given easy access to a vast expanse of land bordering upon these rivers and their tributaries both in Bolivia and Brazil, remains still unaccomplished. In February, 1883, Alexander Haag, commissioned by the Brazilian government to explore a road from the river Purus, started for the Beni, and, after seventy days of severe labor in ascending the falls of the Madeira, reached the Beni in the middle of June. He was, however, unable to hire any Bolivians to explore from Beni to the Purus, as the Indians of the region are reported numerous, hostile, and treacherous. All he could manage was to ascend one of the navigable tributaries of the Purus, the Madre de Dios, to a point which he considers only about forty miles from the head of navigation of the Acre or Acuari, a deep tributary of the Purus; and he strongly advocates, instead of the projected Madeira and Mamore railroads, one two hundred and sixty miles long, connecting the Madre de Dios with the Acre by railroad.

The Roman Catholic religion is the prevailing one in Bolivia. Any other form of

faith is merely tolerated, and general education is much neglected. The leading society is largely composed of military adventurers and men of the bar. The backwardness of the people at large, and the miserable treasons which ever and anon are committed by government officials, continually throwing the country into a dreadful state of anarchy and guaranteeing no security for investments, have hitherto been the stumbling-block on the road of progressive life in Bolivia.

The independence of Upper-Perú was declared in Chuquisaca on the 6th of August, 1826, and the Colombian General Sucre, who had fought so gallantly for the freedom of the country, became the first president of the new republic, which in memory of its founder, the Venezuelan General Simon Bolivar—the great champion in the cause of liberty in all South America—adopted the name of Bolivia. The administration of Sucre lasted, however, only two years. In 1828 he was obliged to resign and retire from the country. The constitution was then altered, and General Andrés Santa Cruz installed as president in 1829. The new constitution provided for a President elected for a term of four years, and assisted by a Cabinet administering the different departments of State, and a National Assembly, divided into two chambers—a Senate and a Congress. Santa Cruz published a new code in 1831, and tried to develop the country and encourage immigration from Europe. Disturbances in Perú caused him to make a campaign against that country in 1835. He defeated its President, Gamarra, and instituted a Bolivia-Peruvian Confederation in 1836. But Chile came to the rescue of Gamarra, and its troops, led on by the valiant General Bulnes, routed Santa Cruz completely at Yungay on the 20th of January, 1839. General José Ballivian then became the president of Bolivia. He routed the Peruvians, who, under Gamarra, had come to take revenge. Though the ex-President, Santa Cruz, tried hard to overthrow him and get hold of the reins of government again, Ballivian remained in office until the expiration of his term in 1848. After several disturbances General Belzú be-

came President. He ruled until 1855, when he was overthrown by his son-in-law, General Cordova, who thirty-one years before had successfully led the right wing of the grand army of freedom into the battle of Ayacucho, where the Spaniards were completely routed and the independence of the country secured. In 1859, Doctor Linares (LL.D.) acceded to power by main force, and proclaimed himself *jefe supremo* of the republic. He governed with great severity, but in 1861 General José Maria Acha rose in arms and overthrew him.

Shortly after the accession to power of Acha in Bolivia a dispute about limits arose between that country and Chile, brought on by the industry of Chilean settlers in the desert of Atacama as far north as to the 23rd degree south latitude, claimed by Chile as her northern boundary line, whilst Bolivia claimed the 24th degree south latitude as her southern. There was a time when a rupture seemed almost inevitable, especially as the Bolivian National Assembly, on the 5th of June, 1863, passed a resolution by which it empowered the Executive, Acha, to declare war against Chile, if that country by diplomatic means could not be induced to renounce her claims upon the disputed tract of land. Had the Chilean government at the time listened to certain voices in the senate and journals, there certainly would have been a rupture after this informal declaration. But the Chilean government did not wish war, and accepted a new ambassador with the view of entering with him upon the discussion of a practical solution of the question. Nor was Acha—with whom an era of brutality and bloodshed had dawned upon Bolivia—prepared to meet a foreign foe; he had already enemies enough at home, and they monopolized all his attention. Ex-President Cordova was discovered to be in a conspiracy which planned the downfall of the usurper in favor of Belzú. The hero from Ayacucho was thereupon incarcerated with about a hundred prominent citizens of La Paz, and, in October, 1864, they were all brutally shot without a trial, by one of Acha's officials, General Yanez. This outrage so infuriated the Indians that they rose in arms and put Yanez

to death, and Belzú at the head of the avengers defeated Acha. Belzú's succession was, however, disputed by General Melgarejo, who marched against him and gave battle. In this battle Belzú was defeated and slain. Melgarejo then proclaimed himself president of the republic.

President General Melgarejo was a ruthless politician and a spendthrift in administration, fond of amorous adventures and wild orgies. State affairs were greatly left to the care of his minister, a jurist of considerable ability—Doctor Muñoz (LL.D.). A coin of forced value, showing in bas-relief the busts of the two—Melgarejo and Muñoz—was issued to make up for the financial embarrassment of the state treasury. In 1865 a revolution headed by General Nicanos Flores and the poet Nestor Galindo, author of the poem "Lacrimas," attempted to deliver the country from the tyrant, but failed, whilst the patriotic poet was made away with. Melgarejo signed a treaty with Chile on the 10th of August, 1866, settling the disputes about limits which had arisen during the rule of his predecessor. After an administration full of brutalities and disorder, Melgarejo was at last overthrown and banished in 1871. He was assassinated in Lima shortly after.

Morales, who succeeded Melgarejo, issued at his inauguration a proclamation, in which he declared that the expelled government had brought the country to the very verge of ruin; subsequently he annulled the treaty with Chile. Thus the limit question was brought back to its original position. In 1872 Morales came into collision with the legislature, and one day he dissolved its sessions by force of arms. Three days later he was assassinated on the street, on his way home from a social entertainment at which he had insulted several officers of note. The President of the National Assembly, Doctor Tomás Frias, (LL.D.) a patriot and able statesman of honorable designs, then took the reins of government until the arrival of the elected President, a son of the ex-President General José Ballivián, Colonel Adolfo Ballivián, then in Europe.

The first care of Frias was to settle the dis-

pute with Chile in a treaty signed 6th of December, 1872. Shortly after, on the 6th of February, 1873, the President-elect, Ballivián, while at Lima, on his return to Bolivia from Europe, secretly signed another treaty, offensive and defensive, with the Peruvian government. He then proceeded to his own country, where Frias handed him over the supreme power.

President Ballivián was a man of talent and refinement; but influenced by the persuasive power of the accomplished Peruvian President, Manuel Pardo, and the flatteries of the Peruvian press, who pronounced him the "rising star above the horizon of his fatherland," and led to believe in the military superiority of Perú over Chile, he, on his installation as President of Bolivia, at once adopted a policy toward Chile which, whilst it served certain purposes of Perú, engendered all the future troubles of Bolivia, and of her evil adviser into the bargain.

CHILE.

Chile is geographically divided into two systems—the Continental and the Insular.

The Continental portion of the country lies wholly between the water-shed of the lofty Andes and the Pacific, and between Bolivia and Patagonia; that is, between longitude 69° and 74° W., and latitudes 24° and 43° 20' S. Its average breadth is fully one hundred and twenty miles, its length about 1200 miles, the proportion between the two extremes thus being as one to ten.

The physical features of the mainland present a surface broken into plateaux and valleys by branches of the Andes and two longitudinal ranges of hills with numerous spurs, the general level descending toward the south. The coast is rugged, and abounds with excellent anchorages.

The predominant rocks are crystalline and metamorphic, except in tracts where active volcanoes exist, the true indigenous rocks in these belonging either to the trappean or plutonic divisions.

In point of mere temperature, so uneven a surface—covering fully 19° of latitude, and

rising more than 51,000 feet within two degrees of longitude—must present many varieties. Through the reciprocal action of the Andes and the prevailing winds, the rainfall graduates itself with something of mathematical regularity, from the parching skies of the north to the drenching clouds of the south—a graduation which, disturbed rarely by the melting of the mountain snows, is in a great measure necessarily reflected in the condition and magnitude of the countless water-courses. Hence, the rivers to the north of the Mayposo, which enters the Pacific near latitude 34° , are but inconsiderable streams, whilst further to the south, the Maule, the Bio-Bio, and the Calle-Calla are all to some extent navigable.

Owing to this graduation in temperature, regions lying north and south of one another vary remarkably in productions. To the north of the Rio Elqui—originating in 29° and entering the Pacific in 30° latitude—extends chiefly an arid waste, redeemed, however, from being valueless by its minerals. To the south of the Bio-Bio—having its source in $38^{\circ} 30'$ and its outlet in 37° latitude—timber and pasture divide the soil between them. The intermediate tract alone is fitted for agriculture, yielding, besides rich mineral ore, especially copper, abundant and excellent crops of hardy cereals, beans, hemp, roots of various kinds, and fruit of sweet flavor. The soil and climate of this tract has more-over proved admirably well adapted to the cultivation of vines, while its rich pastures afford ample food for numerous herds of cattle and horses.

The extreme north of the chiefly arid waste which forms the province of Atacama is occupied by the southern third of the nitrous desert of South America, the central and northern portion of which respectively extend over the coast of Bolivia and the most southern province of Perú-Tarapacá. Shortly before the late war, *calichales* or nitre-beds and copper mines sufficiently rich to encourage the workers of them, were discovered, and a new port, Blanco Encalada, opened to commerce. A railroad was then projected to the interior. The southern portion of

the arid waste constituting the province of Atacama is comprised in the real copper region of Chile. In a sparingly watered valley lies Copiapó, the capital of the province. Its old mines have yielded an abundance of rich copper ore, but they are now in decline. Still, the discovery ever and anon of rich mineral veins promises a new era of prosperity to the district. Copiapó is connected with the port of Caldera by a railroad fifty-four miles long. The harbor of the port is excellent, and the steamers plying on the coast have here established a coal depot, as they are able to lie close into the long wharf and replenish their supply. Chanaral de las Animas is another important mining district in the province of Atacama.

The agricultural tract of Chile begins in the north with the province of Coquimbo, and extends to the Araucania, or the territory south of the river Bio-Bio, inhabited by tribes of the war-like Araucanians. It is a region where rain falls only during the winter months—June, July, and August—and all farming is consequently based upon irrigation, and confined to the valleys. Observed from high up in a balloon, the general aspect of the agricultural portion of Chile during the summer season would be a rugged surface, in color the various shades of the rock and sand, bleached herbage, and withered sage-brush intersected by well-defined, lateral streaks, divided into sections, each displaying the bright hue of the vegetable life wherewith it abounds; the pleasing combination of these hues being greatly heightened by the effect of winding streams and mirror-like lagoons, most frequently adorned by a seam of brush-wood and trees of rich foliage. These streaks are the valleys under irrigation, outside the limits of which no farming is sure of success. The unirrigated expanses are, however, far from valueless to the agriculturist. On the contrary, they constitute his means of raising a large and excellent stock of domestic animals; for after the first rains have fallen the sierras, ridges, and plateaux become covered by a very nourishing pasture, which remains green during the winter and spring, and then,

when bleached, develops into what might be termed "hay on the stalk." Each *hacendado*, or landed proprietor, in the valleys owns a tract of pasture-land in the cordillera, or hills of the coast, upon which his live stock graze the whole year around. These valuable tracts, called *estancias*, are not seldom cultivated in places for the purpose of raising a crop of wheat or barley, the farmer trusting his success to the possibility of a late

but to California, where it is preferred to the wheat of the country for seed. Barley is used for horse food instead of oats, and is exported principally to the deserts of Atacama and Tarapacá. Beans constitute an important food for the people at large. Maize, potatoes, roots, and vegetables of every description, melons of sweet flavor (the *sandilla*, or watermelon, especially) are cultivated in the so-called *chacaras*, or small



A CHILEAN HACENDADO.¹

rain in the season. Crops raised successfully on the *estancias* are generally superior to those raised in the alluvial valleys. The staple agricultural productions of Chile for exportation are wheat and barley. Chilean wheat finds its way not only to Great Britain

plantations. Viniculture is greatly advanced in Chile. The orchards abound with fruit of the temperate and semi-tropical climes. The areas covered by large alfalfa fields constitute, perhaps, the larger portion of all cultivated land in Chile. This is because the principal source of wealth of the Chilean *hacendado* is the cattle trade. Oxen, either raised on the *estancias*, or introduced into the country by thousands from the Argentine Republic by way of the cordillera, are fattened on alfalfa, and then sold for trans-

¹By a misunderstanding of the author's directions, this sketch of a well-known Chilean type was printed last month as a Peruvian type. This mistake, Col. Birkedal assures us, would seem a very serious one anywhere along the western South American coast, where the Chilean character of the figure, down to the very pattern of the stirrups, is evident at a glance.

portation by steamers to the north. The markets of Callao and Lima even have been often entirely dependent upon Chile for their supply of beef. Short-horns are introduced from Holstein and England to improve upon the native cattle, which are smaller, but far superior to those of the Argentine. Chile produces a race of light-stepping and enduring horses, which receive a better training than horses in any other country in the world. A number of these horses are also exported to the north for service in the deserts, in the livery stables in Lima, on railroad construction, and even in the Peruvian cavalry. Fine stallions of the hunter race are imported from England, and kept on the estates for the breeding of coach horses.

The province of Coquimbo constitutes the northern portion of the agricultural tract of Chile, and the southern and larger portion of the copper region of the country. Its agricultural wealth is principally due to the streams of Elqui in the north and Simari in the south; its mineral wealth chiefly to the copper ore extracted from the isolated hill of Tamaya, in the department of Ovalle. Its centers of social life and progress are in La Serena, Coquimbo, Ovalle, and Vicuña.

La Serena is situated near the mouth of the Rio Elqui, and about six miles to the north of the port of Coquimbo, with which it is connected by railroad. This fine though small city is the seat of the supreme authorities, gubernatorial, legal, and religious, of the province, has a fine cathedral, a *liceo* or gymnasium for classical and scientific studies, and a seminary or boarding-school, superintended and taught by clericals; here, also, theology is studied by those of the upper classes who intend to graduate for the church. Opposite the city, on the northern bank of the river, are seen the buildings, with tall smokestacks, of the extensive smelting establishment of La Compañía, where, in a fine park with groves of eucalypti, rises the handsome edifice of the administration. La Serena, like other principal towns in Chile, is the retiring place of the wealthy *hacendados* of the province when their children grow up and require an education; and many are the

fine *quintas* or villas with summer residences which adorn the suburbs along the beach and the slopes above the town.

Vicuña is situated about ninety miles distant from La Serena, in an expansion of the valley at Elqui. This pleasant little town—which lies surrounded by picturesque hills, and half hidden between groves of fruit trees, shady willows, and fragrant jasmine and roses—is the home of a hospitable and sociable class of people, whose women are charming, with lovely features, high spirit, and naturally lady-like, unpretending ways. Immediately below the town is the fine estate of Marquesa Alta, owned by the leading character of the community, the jovial and industrious *hacendado*, Señor Don Ramon Herrera.

The staple industry of the *hacendados* in that portion of the valley of Elqui which extends between La Serena and Vicuña, is the one of raising, buying, and fattening oxen for the purpose of selling them to exporters. The fertile soil of the estates—among the most valuable of which rank Saturno, Cutun, Titon, Tambo, and Marquesa Alta—is therefore principally dedicated to the cultivation of alfalfa. A successful attempt to introduce and cross-breed with the native sheep and goats the finest English and Angora species was made in 1877, by the skillful stock-raiser and *hacendado*, Señor Don Venceslao Varela, of Cutun, who might also be quoted as a rearer of excellent horses. Above Cutun, or about thirty-six miles from La Serena, the soil and climate of the valley of Elqui become adapted for viticulture. However, before reaching the neighborhood of the village of Tambo, a few miles below Vicuña, the vineyards are of but little value. The enterprising proprietor of the *hacienda* of Tambo, Señor Don Abelardo Herrera, undertook years ago to introduce some capital improvements in the viticultural department of his fine estate, and since then his claret is actually superior to the average Bordeaux wines introduced into the country.

Above Vicuña there are some small estates and villages, presenting a most charming sight with their blooming gardens, or

chards, and vineyards extending along the stony river-bed.

¹Chile leads the van of civilization in Spanish America. Abounding with minerals, it has therefore naturally become the leader in progressive life on the mineral fields of South America. According to the statistics, Chile produced in 1870 *more than half of all the copper consumed in the industrial world*. Contrary to the rule in Hispano-American countries, the impulsive force, mental and physical, which set and keeps the wheel of mining industry in Chile in motion is found in the country itself; for, in spite of the Spanish blood that flows in their veins, the Chileans are gifted with talent for industry and love of work. Trained as they have been in the hard toils of life, and partly descendants as they are of the high spirited, heroic, and never-subdued Araucanians, they have become a sturdy, daring, and enterprising race, naturally adapted to brave all the hardships and dangers of a miner's life.

Let me take you to one of these old copper mines in Chile, yet worked upon the now nearly abandoned Spanish system; for in those mines the hardest tasks are put upon the miner, and an opinion of him can here best be formed. We arrive at the mine, ask for the administrator, and are told that he is to be found in the *cancha*—the paved platform where the fragments of the copper ores extracted from the mine are cut into small pieces, sorted, and packed into bags for transportation per mule to the nearest smelting establishment, railroad station, or shipping place. As we draw near the *cancha*, situated close to the entrance of the mine (*la boca mina*) sheltered by a rustic portico, we catch sight of our miners as they—stripped naked, with only a rag, or their *poncho*, around their loins, a handkerchief around their short-cropped heads—come up from below, carrying on their shoulders a rawhide bag about two feet long and fourteen inches wide (*el cabacho*) full of mineral ore. With a gait

that does not indicate weariness, they move onwards to the *cancha*, where they unload. Although these men have arrived with their burdens from several hundred feet below the surface, still their motions do not bear the least evidence of this fact.

Meanwhile we, too, have arrived at the *cancha*, and find ourselves confronting busy life. Scattered here and there are men and women sitting Turkish fashion on the pavement, engaged in cutting fragments of ore into pieces with a hammer, whilst the bag-bearers (*cabacheros*) move rapidly past us, to and from the entrance of the mine, so that we now are able to survey them in close quarters. We notice that they are men from twenty to forty years of age, good looking fellows with martial mustaches or full beards, and averaging in height five feet nine inches. They are strongly built, but not fleshy; their whole structure being one of manly beauty. The sweat is pearly on their naked bodies, and we understand at once that each of these men, like every *true* miner of whatever nationality, strives to gain or maintain a reputation of being one of the smartest boys in the gang. Their hearty appearance—*cabacheros* and cutters together—bears evidence of their good health; whilst their merry countenances, jovial tittle-tattle, and often striking remarks to one another prove them to possess an easy, well-balanced mind, and a humorous temper.

We spy around us, in order to discover the man whose permission we need to obtain admission to the sanctuaries of the establishment, the administrator. We soon discover a figure that we instinctively recognize as the object of our search. It is indeed the administrator, who, with a connoisseur's mien, sifts a handful of mineral dust (*gransa*) through his fingers. Now he turns upon us and his eyes meet ours. The open and frank expression of his sunburnt face, shaded by the miner's conspicuous broad-brimmed hat, inspires us instantly with sympathy, and we step confidently forward. He, too, comes forward now, for he understands the cause of our presence, and the Chileans are a sociable and obliging class of people, and do not frown

¹The following account of copper mining in Chile has in substance been already printed by the author in a letter to a mining journal of this country.

on the stranger. No, sir; no frowns at all, but a countenance full of good nature, that makes you feel easy and comfortable in their society. So we advance full of confidence to the equally advancing "patron" of the mine, meet him half-way, and greet each other with a "Buen dia caballeros" from him, and a "Buen dia, Señor Administrator!" from our side, whilst hats are raised in token of mutual consideration, for in Chile, as in the old world, great etiquette is observed. After having introduced ourselves and told our object, the civil and obliging administrator declares himself to be our host and at our command.

"And now, gentlemen," he says, "you will want our captain to show you around below!" and, calling a boy, he orders him to search for that functionary, and to tell him that his presence is wanted.

Soon we find ourselves descending the mine, after having, in the small rustic portico before the entrance, lit our lamps, changed our shoes for some raw-hide moccasins, and buckled the miner's *culero* on, in order not to have our clothing moistened or damaged in case we should have to sit or slide down occasionally. The captain of the mine leads the van, stopping now and then to warn us about rough passages ahead, and give us the mineralogical and fiscal history of the mine. We descend in a northerly direction through a shaft sunk with an average incline of 45 degrees, and possessing a vertical height of about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet and a width of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Ever and anon we are passed by the *cabacheros*, descending and ascending, and we wonder greatly at their agility as they shoot past. In fact, in both directions they go at a trotting pace, the rough passages apparently offering no obstacles whatever to these men.

On arriving at the first gallery, about ten feet below the surface, we wheel around to the right and continue descending in an opposite or southerly direction until we strike the second gallery, about fourteen feet vertically below the first one. Owing to the change of direction, as described above, we find ourselves but a few feet from a straight

perpendicular line dropped from the entrance of the mine thirty feet above us, the metaliferous vein of the mountain being located in a plane that slopes from west to east at an angle of about twelve degrees to such a line. The captain invites us now to pass into a vault opened out through one of the walls of the gallery, and shows us a big iron tank, into which water-carriers empty out their burden confined in a tanned skin flayed off a full-grown young lamb in such a manner that no parting along the stomach is made. A hand-pump is attached to the tank, and the water forced up to the surface through a $2\frac{1}{4}$ inch drain pipe, the siphon system not having been introduced into the mine as yet.

We descend again in a direction opposite our last descending one, and land in the third gallery, fifteen feet below its predecessor. Here we are taken to the extreme end of the north-side gallery, running about 120 feet into the hill. As we descend to the extremity, we notice that the rugged shaft is getting very slippery, owing to the water carried up through it. The incline of the shaft is also getting steeper and the air oppressive. We are now told that a "drop" is ahead; and soon climb down the trunk of a tree with notches for the feet to rest on, and a thick rope hanging down at its side for a hold. Landing at the bottom, we are again reminded to be on our guard for a bridge ahead. We come instinctively to a halt, as we notice between our guide and us a slippery plank thrown over a cavity of doubtful depth. We naturally ask ourselves if it would be prudent to venture over this trap-like arrangement. At our left, the clammy and perpendicular wall of the gallery; at our right, an abyss, through the darkness of which the dim light of our lamps does not penetrate. We feel the greatest desire to declare to our guide that this slippery bridge is not fit for any human beings but gymnastic performers, and that this must be the limit of our subterranean ramble; but our ambition to gain the good opinion of him and the stanch fellows who only await our passing over in order also to pass, arms us with the moral strength; and, stead-

ily gazing on the opposite brink, we push onward, apparently without hesitation. Having safely performed the nerve-requiring task, we feel as if we had gained a victory; and indeed we have, at least, gained a moral one. The descending *cabacheros* and water-carriers follow us in a row, whilst those on their ascending journey pass over with their burden with a sure and easy gait. The Chilean miners, like all brave men, do not boast of their fearlessness, nor do they pass remarks to create merriment between their comrades at the expense of their timid visitor, who, on the contrary, is civilly invited to accept a guiding hand, or to steady himself on a strong shoulder.

Continuing in a horizontal direction into the hill, we soon feel a current of air refreshingly touch our bodies, and we are able to breathe more freely. This current of air originates from the *chimenea*, a shaft sunk from above for that purpose. Again we ascend, and having passed the levels of different galleries, we find ourselves at last in the *labores*, or in the region where the mine at present is in *beneficio*. We are led to the end of a gallery where two miners are busily at work drilling holes for their blasts. Fragments from the last blast indicate that the ore (*la veta*) carries native copper and red oxide of copper, the average of which, our captain tells us, will run about fifteen percent. copper. The ore is about a meter wide, and our miners at work are paid \$20 for the cube. After having inspected several other *labores* both in the north and south ends of the lower galleries, with an occasional ordinate in these (*estocada*) in order to search for the lost track of the *veta*, we enter upon our ascending return journey, now and then guided through different shafts than those through which we descended.

The Chilean miners work eight hours at a time, and are divided into groups, relieving each other at eight o'clock in the morning, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at midnight. The day-laborers are paid as high as 75 cents per day, and a ration consisting of a loaf of Graham bread (about 9 inches long by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick),

beans, and sun-dried meat (*cherqui*). The contractors for blasts can earn as much as \$2.00 a day.

The Tamaya mines are the most interesting ones in the history of mining in Chile. The very mountain itself is, both from a topographical and mineralogical point of view, a phenomenon. It stands perfectly isolated from the surrounding hills, and although near the coast, towers up to a height of about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea; and whilst these surroundings are poor in metals, the mountain abounds with rich copper ore. Seen endways it forms a single cone, sideways a double one. The highest and most easterly of its peaks is called Pizarro. The principal mines are located in its easterly and northerly slopes, and in a belt averaging 250 feet from the summit. The leading mine in time became the Sauce, founded by the enterprising Señor Don José Tomás Urmeneta, who, with strokes never to be forgotten, graved his name in the annals of Chilean mining operations. His start in business life was a peculiar one, and has its interesting history. As a youth, he went to Europe in the fourth decade of the century, in order to study mineralogy, and happened to be in Paris just at the time an invention for profiting bronze ore was introduced to the world. He returned to his native country before this invention was made known there, and when the then leading mines of Tamaya, the Lecarros mines, were beginning, as the miners term it to *broncear*; which meant that they were giving out in profitable metal and turning worthless, as beneath the bronze no copper would be found. This had for some time been especially the state of affairs in the southeast mine of those belonging to Señor Lecarros, called El Pique, and a big heap of fragments of bronze ore had been thrown outside the *cancha* together with worthless minerals. Young Urmeneta was seized with an idea; he bought the whole pile from Lecarros, obtaining it, of course, at a very low price. This bargain created naturally a great curiosity among people, and there lacked not persons who actually thought the buyer half-crazed by one

fixed idea. However, the opinions of these persons, and of others sarcastic on the point, were soon changed into admiration, when they saw the supposed worthless heap turn out valuable bronze ores. The profits were in the beginning not great, for Don José Tomás started with almost nothing else but his knowledge and intellect and power, backed up with only sufficient pecuniary means to prove his enterprise based upon sound principles. But our hero was persevering, and little by little he succeeded in raising the necessary funds for final victory. He took, to this end, a lease upon working some part of the Pique mine; was lucky; enlarged and bettered his stock of material, so that his industry gradually took greater proportions. Then he began buying mining lots, until he was at last enabled to buy the whole of the then almost abandoned Pique mine of Lecaros, that gentleman having thrown his entire energy upon the working of the mine above, El Rosario. Urmeneta undertook now, at the southern extremes of the Pique mine, to open out a tunnel, in order to communicate with the bottom works of that mine, which were pretty low down; to strike new veins in the mountain, and, in short, to sink new shifts and open out new galleries. When rich ore was thus struck, and communication as desired effected, Urmeneta moved the leading establishment to the neighborhood of the entrance of the tunnel, to which establishment he gave the name of El Sauce (the willow). Where those few trees from which the new mine had been named had grown up, lower down on the slope of the rather steep mountain and on an outspurring point, he built, later, a commodious and beautiful residence for the administrator and his employés, facing the fertile valley of Limari, which administers to the maintenance of men and animals of Tamaya.

Señor José Tomás Urmeneta came to be the mining genius of Chile, and the Sauce establishment a pattern of its kind. The highest ambition of young Chilean mining engineers became to obtain leave to perfect themselves under the guidance of Urmeneta's experts; the Sauce became, in fact, the Frei-

berg of South America. When we, between the years 1876 and 1879, occasionally visited the mines of Tamaya, the Sauce tunnel extended about 3,000 feet into the mountain, the ores being extracted in truck-cars drawn by one mule and running on a narrow-gauge tramway. Near the end, two machines, one a steam-power, the other a two-horse power, were continually running, hoisting ore up from below through vertical shafts. Outside crushers are run by powerful machines, working also the washers (Swiss pattern). When Don José Tomás became a millionaire, he retired from active mining life, and bought the beautiful estate "Limache," on the railroad between Valparaiso and Santiago (the capital), where he, with the same zeal that had marked him in his former occupation, threw himself into the culture of vineyards. During a sojourn in England, he became a peer of the realm. His "Burdeaux" received the golden medal at the last exhibition at Paris. Señor Urmeneta died shortly before the outbreak of the late war in South America, mourned by the entire nation of Chile.

Grown into the history of the mine, also, are the laborious and intelligent engineers; Don Teodosio Cuadras, the administrator under whose superintendency the establishment was run until 1877; Mr. Jacob Zimmermann, a Swiss, who succeeded him; and the hero of the tunnel, likewise a Swiss, Mr. Emil Keller, predecessor of Cuadras in the engineer's department.

Of the various other mines of the Tamaya, the Rosario, owned by the heirs of Lecaros, maintains the highest rank. The entrance of the mine, round which the establishment is erected, is situated some 1,100 feet above the Sauce, but still its bottom works are more than 1,100 feet below the level of the tunnel. The ores are hoisted up through a vertical shaft by powerful engines. The prosperity of the mines is especially due to two administrators, Mr. Lytken and Mr. Frantz Arnemann; the former being a great business man with mining capacity; the latter, who succeeded him in 1874, an excellent smelter. In 1878 the Sauce mine partly ceased work, owing to the low price of

copper and the poorness of the ores extracted. The Rosario then appeared to have the start of all the mines, producing some fine purple-blue metal and native copper. A 3½-foot gauge winds down the hill, connecting with the shipping place Tongoi, and at the railroad exists a foundry, which, on account of the dullness in the mineral, had ceased to run. The ores generally are shipped to the smelting establishment of Lota, in South Chile, or to Swansea, in England. According to the plans and cross-sections of the Tamaya, the mountain is now pretty well excavated, and great cavities exist in it. The amount of timbering inside is immense. The Sauce Company had an idea of pushing the tunnel on through the hill, with the prospect of using it in time for the extraction of ores from the different mines, which are nearly all working at an unpractical depth.

Among the various foundry establishments in the province are the Huayacan, near Coquimbo, and "La Compañía," near La Sarena, both on the coast. The latter was started by Mr. Charles Lambert on nearly the same principle as Urmeneta started; that is, based upon the purchase of the mineral bronze-ore, then supposed worthless. Mr. Lambert has long ago retired, and was, in 1878, as a millionaire, travelling around the world in his large steam-yacht, *La Chil-enita*.

In the province of Atacama, north of that of Coquimbo, Chile possesses some very valuable mines (copper and silver), the chief ports of exportation being Copiapa and Chañaral de Animas. In the conquered territories of Bolivia and Peru the mountains abound in rich mineral ore.

A Chilean explorer struck in 1870, in the desert of Atacama, a little to the south of the 23d degree S. lat., the rich mineral of Caracoles. The Chilean capitalists started to work here, investing immense capital; for they had to carry water, provision, and food for the animals, and timber to build houses, about one hundred miles in the interior. In spite of the many difficulties to be overcome, the Chileans built a town, which before long

grew to be one of consequence. Antofagasta, at the coast, rose up to be quite a place, and the center of all the life of commercial affairs in the desert, then subject to Bolivian rule. Antofagasta possesses an establishment for amalgamation, the greatest in South America. Its quicksilver-producing method by revolving drums was said, when we visited the establishment, to possess a new invention. Farther north on the coast are very rich mines, at Cobija and Tocopilla. This latter port has two establishments backed by heavy capital, for smelting purposes. In the gulch of Rio Loa gold is found in quartz ore, but not very easy to get at.

North of the conquered Bolivian coast tract extends the Peruvian province Tarapacá, equally conquered by the Chileans, which now, under Chilean jurisdiction, will prove a valuable field for mining operations. The only one worked to any extent now is the old Spanish silver mineral Huantahaya, close to Iquique.

There is no doubt that in spite of all the difficulties that present themselves to the realization of a mining enterprise in the desert of Atacama, and province of Tarapacá, a new and prosperous era is in store for mining life in these territories, now that the spell in which it has been bound mainly by the enterprise-discouraging spirit of the arbitrary Bolivian and Peruvian governments, was broken when Chile became the victor in her contest with her peace-disturbing neighbors, and drew these tracts of land under her protecting wing. It is not improbable that the minds of enterprising capitalists will be concentrated upon these rich mineral fields, now that they are subject to the rule of a stable government, by which all enterprises are not alone guaranteed to develop undisturbed, but are encouraged in many respects. We should not be surprised if before the declining star over the mineral fields in the present Central Chile, the Tamaya, fades away in the horizon, another star, bright as the departing one, will arise over the mineral fields in the territories lately acquired by victorious Chile

Holger Birkedal.

THE SNAKES OF INDIA.

WHEN a ship's anchor is dropped in Madras Roads, the voyager makes his first acquaintance with the snakes of India. The deck is immediately overrun with *dubashes*, and servants seeking employment; with vendors of pine apples, bananas, and other tropical fruits so grateful to the palate after months of board-ship fare; and here and there, amongst the groups of flowing-robed natives and almost nude boatmen, are fellows with birds and whip-snakes which they offer for sale. The snakes are from fifteen inches to three feet in length, and from the thickness of a pen-holder to that of a tolerably sized whip-thong; they are of a beautiful pea-green color, and as they coil themselves round the swarthy necks and arms of their owners, appear to be on the most affectionate terms with them. They are said to be harmless, but this may admit of question, as the fangs may have been destroyed, or the reptiles may be of a nature not easily provoked. The sailors are frequent purchasers, and quite make pets of them, but not for long, as they generally die if kept on board any time.

If the weather be calm—as is often the case in the forenoon during the summer months—numerous water snakes are to be seen disporting themselves in the sea alongside of the ship. These are said to be harmless also, or rather *were* said, till a fatal result from the bite of one proved that they were not. All attempts to capture a water snake have usually been futile, on account of their activity, and of their refusing to take any bait; but one was caught accidentally on board of H. B. M. ten-gun Brig "*Wolf*," which was lying in the roads. The men handled it with impunity, and it passed into the possession of the first lieutenant. For some time the officers in the ward-room played with it, even attempting to provoke it to bite at sticks and pieces of leather. After a while the first lieutenant put it upon his

bed, where it coiled itself up and went to sleep. Two or three hours afterwards the same officer went into his cabin, and not thinking of the snake, put his hand carelessly on the coverlet. In an instant the reptile struck at him and bit him on the wrist. Seizing a piece of cord, the lieutenant twisted it tightly round his arm above the bitten place, and called for the surgeon, who applied the best remedies he knew of, but in vain, for in three or four hours death ensued. The servants insisted that it must have been a venomous land snake, which had by some means gotten into the sea; while the officers and men of the vessel maintained stoutly that it was a common water snake, just like the others they saw daily around the brig. Unfortunately it had been thrown overboard after being killed, so that the disputed point has never been settled.

Few persons on first landing in India view the exhibitions of the snake charmers without some degree of nervous trepidation. Beautiful as is the deadly Cobra di Capella, there is a fierce look in its eye, as it moves to the music of the man's pipe, that chills the new-comer with horror. Everybody says, and therefore it is to be presumed everybody believes, that the fangs have been extracted before the snakes are thus exhibited; but, nevertheless, an itinerant showman of this class met his death during the residence of the writer in India, from the bite of one of his pets. While several Europeans were watching the graceful movements of the cobra, the man's attention was distracted for the moment, and he ceased blowing his pipe. As he turned again towards the snake it sprang at him and bit him in the neck. Believing it to be incapable of seriously hurting him, the spectators laughed; but the poor fellow cried out in Hindustanee, "I shall die"; and he *was* dead in less than three hours. The popular belief that the fangs are always destroyed has received support

from the fact that for some reason the charm-ers object to allow their snakes to strike at any animal—possibly because they fear to revive an instinct that their training and confinement has rendered dormant. A bonus, however, overcame this objection on one occasion at Arcot, and the snake, which had just been dancing to the music, was put into a small enclosed space, and a pariah dog introduced. He was instantly bitten, and died in less than half an hour. The marks of the cobra's fangs were found in four different places, and yet so rapidly had the snake struck, that the spectators only saw him touch the dog once.

It is fortunate that among the numberless snakes of India, none are disposed to act on the offensive; but when suddenly come upon they instinctively act on the defensive, and strike at the intruder. Thus in the open air by daylight, if a man keep his eyes about him, he will almost always see them in time to avoid possible danger. Or if he make noise enough to awaken them if asleep, they will clear out of his way if not approached too closely. I have often at a late hour of the night, on returning from the mess-house to my bungalow, taken a near cut across a piece of ground where snakes were plentiful; but I always made a noise by singing loudly, and when it has been moonlight I have seen them start away rapidly as I came near. I once, however, had a very narrow escape, and no doubt a providential one. Travelling from Vellore to Bangalore, night closed on me when a mile or two from my proposed resting place. Tired of sitting in the saddle, I dismounted, gave my pony to the horse-keeper to lead, and walked on some distance ahead of the bullock-carts containing my baggage. On both sides were high banks covered with stunted trees and underwood, which, as the road was narrow, made the darkness intense. An involuntary (perhaps an instinctive) impulse caused me to give a sweeping cut with my stiff riding whip. It came in contact with something which fell across it. Drawing back the whip quickly I sprang some feet away, and called loudly for a light. One of the men ran up

with a lantern, and on the ground a cobra lay writhing. It must have been within a foot or two of my face, and in the act of springing at me, when I accidentally struck and disabled it. The snake measured between five and six feet.

Not infrequently deadly snakes are found coiled up in the blankets or under the pillows, or in some other warm place, and cautious people generally examine their bedding, or make their servants examine it, before going to bed, when living in snaky districts. If a light be kept burning in the room at night, it is said a snake will never enter, and this precaution is very generally adopted.

Singularly great presence of mind for a lady was displayed by the wife of the Adjutant of the 36th Regiment of Madras Infantry stationed at Cannanora. Awaking in the middle of the night and feeling thirsty, she rose to get a glass of water. In putting her foot on the floor she stepped on something cold, and in a moment she felt the slimy coil of a snake around her ankle. Instantaneously it flashed across her that as it had not bitten her, she must have stepped upon its neck, and she pressed down her weight firmly upon it, as it writhed and made every effort to get free. Thus she stood till her husband struck a light. "Stand firm," said he, as soon as he saw her terrible situation, and the strong-nerved lady did so until he had taken a razor, and, putting it down to her foot, cut the snake's head off.

Never in the course of a long and eventful life has the writer been so horror-struck as on one occasion when he went to call on Captain Glynn, the Fort Adjutant at Bellary. The veranda of the house was closed in by a wall about three feet high, excepting where the stone steps led up to the front entrance. On ascending these I chanced to look to the left, and saw, at the end of the veranda, a medium sized cobra dancing and undulating its graceful head close to Captain Glynn's little girl. She was almost an infant, just able to run about, and did not seem in the least frightened, but stood intercepting the only way by which the snake could escape. Fortunately I had a stick in my hand, and

rushing forward I jerked the child away, and with a blow or two despatched the cobra. It almost seemed to me afterwards, when thinking over the incident, that the snake, finding he could not easily get away, was hesitating before assailing the pretty child.

Numerous snake catchers ply their vocations in and around the many cantonments, and for the most part are strongly suspected of previously *planting* the snakes before offering to catch them; and as they object to destroying those they capture, the suspicion is doubtless well founded. Still, this is not always the case, as was clearly shown on one occasion at Bellary. Several officers were talking about the tricks of these fellows, when it was proposed to send for one of them, take him to a house at some distance, and see how many snakes he could find within the compound, as the enclosed ground surrounding a bungalow is called. On his arrival both he and an assistant who accompanied him were most thoroughly searched, to see that they had none of the reptiles concealed about them. On being promised a liberal recompense, they agreed to kill such snakes as they might catch, and were then taken, without knowing their destination, to a house occupied by two of the party. The man commenced operations by walking slowly across the compound, playing on his pipe with his eyes fixed on the ground. Presently a snake lifted its head a few inches and waved it to and fro, making no attempt to move off. Playing steadily a few droning, dismal notes on his instrument, the man approached nearer and nearer, and when close to it, dropped his pipe and in an instant he had caught hold of the snake by the neck, and held it up to view. In this manner he proceeded until he had caught no less than nine, three of which were of a most venomous species. In most of these cases he coaxed them out of their concealment with his music, and they were all taken close to the milk hedge forming the boundary of the compound, which was about 250 feet square.

This catching the snake with the hand, in such a manner as to prevent its biting, re-

quires a quick eye and a lightning-like movement. Lieutenant Leppings, of the Fourth Infantry, a fearless sportsman, was exceedingly expert at this, and was perhaps the only European in India who ever attempted it. Whenever he saw a snake he immediately gave chase. As he closed with it, he would throw himself on the ground, and in a moment would have it grasped firmly, just back of the head. The precise way in which the feat is accomplished is not very clear, but Mr. Leppings explained that he seized the tail of the retreating reptile with his left hand, at the same instant passing his right hand quickly around and along the body till he reached the neck. This, he said, prevented the possibility of the animal coiling itself, as that operation, owing to the conformation of the spine, must be commenced at the tail. How far this theory is correct, naturalists acquainted with the anatomy of the snake may perhaps be able to determine; but the fact of this frequent *hand-catching*, both by natives and by the officer named, is beyond a doubt.

Very horrible must have been the sensations of a soldier of one of the Queen's Regiments who was confined for misconduct. By some means, probably from the door of the cell having been negligently left open, a snake had gained admission. The soldier, as soon as he was locked in, which was about dusk, lay down and tried to go to sleep. Soon he felt the snake crawling over his breast. In a moment he realized his terrible situation, and knew that to move might probably be certain death. The creature continued to crawl over and about him, even passing over his face, and still he had the nerve to remain motionless. At length the snake coiled himself on the blanket over the man's leg and remained quiet. Through the whole night the poor fellow lay, not daring to move a muscle, till visited by the sergeant of the guard after sunrise; and then as the door was thrown open, he threw the blanket, with the snake upon it, to one side, and sprang outside of the cell, crying "a snake, a snake!"

When it is remembered how many hun-

dreds of the natives of India lose their lives annually from snake-bites, it is really marvelous that so few Europeans meet their death from the same cause. Probably a dozen such cases could not be recorded. One fatal result, however, was that of an ex-private of the 15th Hussars, commanded by Col. Sir Walter Scott, eldest son of the great Scottish novelist. The soldier's friends had obtained for him his discharge, and he was on his way to Madras to embark for England. While riding over some rough ground at a rapid pace his pony fell, throwing him within three feet of a cobra, which immediately struck at him and bit him close to his eye. He rose, walked to a traveler's bungalow close by, and drank nearly a bottle of brandy, but without any effect; he died in less than four hours.

Another case which nearly terminated fatally was that of a Miss Palmer, who, sliding her hand under her pillow on going to bed was bitten by a venomous snake which had coiled itself there. Two pieces of sal ammoniac, dipped in nitric acid, were forced into the little punctures made by the fangs, brandy freely taken, and the next morning she was considered out of danger. For several days, however, she suffered great pain from the effects of the acid application. It is very likely that in this case the snake's venom had been previously exhausted by some means, and that but a small quantity had been secreted at the time she was bitten. It is well known that the deadliest species, after biting several times in succession, are for the time being rendered harmless, their venomous secretions being all expended.

In concluding this paper, mention of the extraordinary contest of a captain in Her

Majesty's 87th Regiment, with a boa constrictor in the Wynaud Jungle, should not be omitted. The officer in question was one of the most noted sportsmen in India, and was in the habit of going out attended only by one servant, carrying a rifle in case it should be needed. Having heard that a splendid specimen of a rare species of deer had been seen near the village he had rested at, he started out, carrying a double-barreled gun and followed closely by his attendant. A dog which had accompanied him and had run out of sight gave a yell of distress. Hastening to the relief of his favorite, he saw through the leaves of the jungle something black and yellow, which he at first thought was a tiger; but a sudden movement showed him his dog in the coil of a large boa constrictor, and he heard the crushing of the poor animal's bones. Upon his firing both barrels of his gun at the monster it released the dog, and apparently little injured by the shot turned on its assailant. The servant with the rifle fled in dismay, and the Captain, his gun unloaded, thought discretion the better part of valor in this case, and took to his heels also. Finding that he was losing ground by still holding his gun he climbed up a tree, and reloaded just in time to blow the serpent's eyes out as it endeavored to reach him. Blinded but not disabled it continued its efforts to get up to his vantage position, and once very nearly succeeded in doing so. The reports of the gun brought out a number of men from the neighboring village, who, finding the boa now nearly placed *hors du combat*, dispatched it with their swords and clubs. The measurement of this monster serpent was about eighty feet, and as thick as a large man's thigh.

Gordon Greenlaw.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S CLOVELLY.

It seems almost a sin to keep concealed from the world what pleasure there is in life. And yet I am not sure that it is kind to tell anyone of our delights, for I cannot avoid a lurking conviction that we unwittingly drove into Fairyland that day, and that any hapless mortal attempting to follow in our steps would find to his bitter disappointment that a mist had settled down over those wondrous scenes, and he might wander on the shore till his reason gave way, vainly waiting for the veil to be rolled away, or for some unseen hand to give him the key to that earthly paradise. Perhaps it was because one of us was a Sunday's bairn, and so under the special favor of fairies; or the place may have been a seaside residence of the Fata Morgana—it is a matter of history that Ogier, the Dane, was admitted to a palace of hers, thenceforth hidden from human eyes, and why should she not have fixed on us as worthy to be the Dane's successors? Be that as it may, and having conscientiously warned all readers not to fix their hopes on such happiness as it was our lot to enjoy, I cannot forbear telling a little of what befell us, in the hope that some fortunate man may be in those parts at the right moment for admittance to those Islands of the Blest.

I am sure we must have lit upon the one day in the year—a sort of St. John's Eve—when human eyes are opened to the hidden glories of the fairyland which lies unseen around us all. Indeed, I think that must have been the real meaning of an old woman at a shop, who told us we were fortunate in having come on the one day in the year when they held their revel. She *looked* a kind old thing in a poke-bonnet, busy selling sweets to children; but when we repeated her words to the landlady at the inn hard by she only stared, and said that maybe the old woman meant it was Royal Oak Day. Doubtless, the landlady was only a child of earth, and so missed the meaning of that

disguised fairy, spending her St. John's Eve in selling nectar and ambrosia (disguised as sweets) to the children—who, as we all know, recognize fairies by instinct, let them hide themselves as they will. And it must have been a sister fairy, who was standing at a doorway in the ladder-like street, with the drooping Virginia creeper framing her round, as she watched a golden-haired child chasing something as fast as its little legs would carry it, and then toddling back to her with laughing eyes that had caught the blue of the sea below. “Did you catch the butterfly, my dear?” said she, in a sad voice that harmonized well with her pathetic eyes, and in a tone of such yearning tenderness as no elf-woman ever felt! No! she was no fairy, but a mortal, caught away to share the glorious home of some merman or Oberon, and finding too late that all its fairy splendor could not satisfy her human heart, which therefore poured forth all its stores of love upon the little one, half elfin, half human, who kept her true to the lot which she had so rashly chosen.

I must own there were great branches of oak tied to the little balconies, a foot or so higher than the street, which gave some color to the landlady's assertion; but our eyes had been touched by some fairy hands, and we were not to be blinded—we saw the earth in all its ideal beauty, and knew “how good is man's life, the mere living.”

And then the very inn itself was an enchanted palace; any one not belonging to the tribe of landladies (who are, *ex-officio*, of the earth, earthy) would have been convinced that some Aladdin's lamp had built it. Its walls were literally covered with something lovelier than the barbaric splendor of gold and jewels with which Aladdin's coarse and uncultured taste filled his palace. Now-a-days the slaves of the ring have to put blue china on the walls instead, and nobly had they fulfilled their task in this enchanted

hostelry. All quarters of the globe had they ransacked, and potteries of all ages, and poured their treasures with lavish hands in all corners of the place. The walls were hung with large red shields, on which were fastened plates and dishes by the score, as thick as corn in the harvest field; enough to glorify many and many an earthly dwelling, here heaped in rich profusion that attested the magic power of the hands that collected such wondrous spoil. It may have been only the master mariners, whose graves lie thick in the graveyard hard by, and whose voyages must have led them to the birth-place of china, and to many another land well skilled in pottery; but this lavish wealth of china and old oak makes it easier to believe in the survival of those slaves of the ring and of the lamp, who were of such marvelous potency even as late as the days of our own childhood. But to speak of those old friends would seem as idle tales to the children of the present day; it is only "we children of a larger growth" and older date who still believe in them: and so, lest the too-precocious youth who surround us should read these pages and jeer at us for our simple faith, let us, for the nonce, tell the tale as if it had been only the light of common day which that day so filled the place with its glory, and poured such sunshine into our hearts; although right well do *we* know that for those who had eyes to see, it *was* the veritable light that never was on sea or land.

I doubt if all who, like ourselves, that day penetrated to the favored spot known among men as Clovelly, were gifted with seeing eyes. There was a middle-aged couple who especially struck me as lacking in this respect; they were, I feel convinced, a honeymoon—the pleasure being rather spoiled to the stout bride by the tightness of her well-fitting dress, though she was evidently upborne by the feeling that Clovelly was the right thing to do under the circumstances. There was a prosperous air about her, as of one who, after much skillful steering, had anchored in a snug harbor; but yet she might have envied the honeymoon on the pier below her—the girl in a pretty feminine

counterpart of the rough brown shooting clothes in which the young husband looked so comfortable, with his red tennis hat pulled down over his ears; both of them so brimming over with fun and happiness that they might have been two children just eloped from the school-room; and with the wise insight of children they knew well that it was fairy land into which they had strayed, in spite of the earthy, or rather watery, pleading of the seductive old boatman, who was urging them to go to Lundie Island.

There! he has prevailed with them, and now we have the pier to ourselves. Standing where Frank Headley was once hooted by the boys, we gaze at the white, cascade-like village, and catch glimpses of the street picking its painful way up the steep hill-side, between the white slate-roofed houses, here and there passing under old arch-ways, of which we settle in our own minds that it was the one half way up under which Salvation Yeo's mother lived.

And then a little red-sailed fishing boat comes dancing into the harbor and makes us turn to watch her, and so we catch the wide sweep of the waves for miles away—out past Croyde and Baggy Point, with the line of white beach lying all along under the wooded cliffs, whose trees, in every shade of green, are so luxuriant, even to the water's edge, that it is only here and there they let you catch a glimpse of the red cliffs, which remind you that you are in Devonshire, and not in New Zealand, as you might well fancy from the form of the hills, the richness of their green robe, and the sparkling blue of the water that kisses their feet.

And the tide comes in and dashes playfully over the loose rocks of the beach close under you, and lovely symphonies of color and motion are made by the red sail and the white, as they pass and re-pass each other, seemingly with nothing to do but to enjoy themselves; though as you leave the pier you come upon a knot of handsome fishermen admiring the freshly caught fish as it is being weighed in baskets, and talking and laughing in such soft, low, musical voices that a blind man might fancy he was passing a group of

girls instead of hardy, stalwart fellows who know well what it is to brave the Atlantic in all his fury. Here comes a stout, panier-laden ass, driven by a handsome young fellow in a Spanish hat; and as you step aside to give them passage you catch sight of a creeper-covered door-way opening out into the cool hill-side, within which struts a serene and matronly hen, doubtless belonging to the gabled and balconied cottage to which the door is attached. As you watch her gathering her brood around her, you suddenly awake to the fact that she and the donkey are the only representatives of the animal world to be seen in the whole place. But stay! what is that picking its careful way among the boats lying on the beach behind us? Yes, it *is* the very identical cat in Andersen's fairy tale, who combined with the hen—doubtless that virtuous matron by the doorway—in depreciating the ugly duckling because he could neither purr nor lay eggs. With the poverty of ideas which is the Nemesis of self-complacency, they probably make the same remarks on the donkey who has just gone by.

And up the narrow street you climb, now and then coming under some deep archway, where you stand for a minute in the sudden cool and dark to rest your eyes from the eastern brilliancy which bathes the whole place, and look out at the blue-jersied, red-capped fisherman, framed by the stone-work of the arch, moving lazily down the narrow street, as steep as any Jacob's Ladder, only that, as you turn and see the waves sparkling below you, Heaven seems in some unaccountable manner to be at the foot of the ladder instead of at the top. And now the curve of the road brings you to the part that represents the "busy world." Here the ladder is fairly straight, but narrower than ever, so that the Union Jack hung from one of the houses flaps against the gable on the opposite side of the way. Dark-eyed Spanish-looking girls stand on the little balconies barely raised above the road, behind the screens of oak branches, and dreamily watch you as you turn into first one and then another of the little shops with photographs

and sweets and Japanese fans, and as you painfully make your way to the counter besieged by detachments of the swarms of happy children holding their revel in the street.

Standing somewhat back, behind a garden blazing with flowers, is a cottage with "Lodgings to Let"; and overcome by a sudden wish to stay in fairyland for more than this one red-letter day, we go in to inquire, and are met by a pale, thin woman, with the inevitable large, dark eyes, but with a startled, haunted look in them, strangely contrasting with the meaningless insignificance of the rest of her face—as if in some previous stage of existence those eyes had belonged to one who had seen and done terrible things, and then by the carelessness or irony of fate they had been transferred to the nervous little old maid who, in hollow whispers, was informing us that her charge included frings and attendance. The most noteworthy feature of the house was a series of old French pictures of *L'Enfant Prodigieux* in quaint frames. Her father had been a prisoner in France during Napoleon's wars, and had brought these back to his wife as a keepsake. It would have been worth while to take those lodgings, if only to learn these pictures by heart. The *enfant* is depicted as leaving home in a graceful chasseur's dress; he turns with one foot in the stirrup to take a last fond look at his portly bourgeois father in dressing gown and slippers, while his mother in a court dress wipes away a tear with a lace pocket-handkerchief. Then we find a dog in the next scene, licking his hand as he sits drinking sparkling hock with two fat German charmers, who in the third picture, where he comes to them in rags, chase him out with most substantial pitchforks, while the dog, who, as the friend of man, has acquired human worldly wisdom, does his duty to society by biting the heels of the unsuccessful sinner. The artist must have been a disciple of the sage who wrote *Reyncke Fuchs*, for he puts more knowledge of the world into his animal's faces than his people's. The fatted calf, in the next group, just led up in a halter to be killed, is an exquisite study, as

it winks at the spectators (especially at the elder brother) with a cynical suggestion in its whole demeanor that it knows perfectly that that ne'er-do-weel son has only come back because he has run through his money, and its acute perception of the joke seems quite enough to uphold it through its own share of the coming ceremonies.

But in spite of the instructive amusement afforded by the pictures, we must remember that fairyland is an ill place to leave for those who once entangle themselves — Thomas the Rhymer found that its leases of human beings, like ours of houses, were only terminable at the end of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years—so let us come away without rashly engaging ourselves! And now we come to the inn, with all its open windows affording vistas of endless, fascinating rooms, full of blue china and old oak. The street is so narrow, you hardly notice that in stepping from one of the inn's low balconies to the other you have crossed it, and as you cast a passing glance down it, the whole place, bathed in sunshine, seems more like a gorgeous scene in some eastern romance, than a corner of this prosaic land of steam and rail. The illusion is heightened by the dark-eyed beauty, evidently, "The Light of the Harem," who comes to take our orders. "Tea!" she murmurs in a low, sweet voice. "What! a *plain* tea?" and she glides away to give instructions to the chief of the eunuchs, which result in our finding, by and by, not a 'plain tea,' but a thing of beauty, of which the Devonshire cream and Damsion jam are a present delight, while their rich colors, enshrined in the old silver and blue china, will assuredly be a joy forever.

And after our "plain tea," we stroll up the street still higher, and turn in at the little terrace row of cottages, with its wilderness of sweet-smelling, homely flowers, and sitting on the bench outside the sailors' reading room, under the jasmine which covers the walls, we look over the white village at our feet to the sea and the cliffs beyond, till it all seems such a dream of loveliness, that one dreads awakening. And then up higher still, and out into the lanes, cooled by the

long shadows of the afternoon; between tall hedgerows, where the red campion lifts its burning face amid the ferns; and then under the broad lich-gate into the quiet churchyard. The grave-stones cast long, cross-like shadows, but every leaf and flower and blade of grass is glowing in the sunlight as if Nature were holding special revel of her own up here.

It is almost startling to pass the open door of the old gray church, and see the solemn gloom within; but the opposite door is open too, so you look through that dim, religious light into a flood of golden sunshine beyond. An old man is cutting the daisied grass, and comes up to have "a tell" with you as you read the old Cary monuments, lingering fondly over one "To the memory of Wm. Cary, who served his King and Country in the office of Justice of Peace under three princes, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., and having served his generation, died in the seventy-sixth year of his age, Anno 1652."

"Aye! That's him in Westward Ho! Will Cary, he were called!" says the old man, and then he points out the monument to the last of the family, erected not a hundred years after Will's death. We just glance at the tablet which tells how Zachary Hamlyn, the Carys' successor, was "an inoffensive and cheerful companion, capable and communicative," and wish that there were more like him. The old man, indeed, though looking thoroughly incapable, is communicative enough, and wanders on into the praises of Parson M., who had been there seven and thirty years before.

"Ah! he were a gentleman as had all his thoughts inclined to the house of God! Now, see yon door! 'Twere I made that by Parson M.'s orders, and he paid me for it, too—like a gentleman—like a real gentleman"—which meant, I suppose, paying three or four times the value, to judge from the way in which it had dwelt in his aged memory.

We left him in the porch, meditating on the peculiar excellence of gentlefolks' payments (thirty years back), only waking up for a moment as we told him that Parson M.'s son was now the father of a

family. "Aye! aye! it's the way on 'em," he chuckled to himself, relapsing into his reverie; while we wandered on, catching glimpses here and there of the court, whose grounds open into the church-yard. Near the little gate which leads into it was a grave of the child of the house; and beside the low railing that fenced in its wealth of flowers stood a sister of charity, with clasped white hands, her fair, patient face looking out into the far distance from under the black veil—as if she were Our Lady of Sorrows, standing there to remind us that grief and pain still haunt the earth, lest such a place should make us dream that they had passed away forever, leaving all as peaceful as the dead who slept so quietly at our feet.

And then comes the long drive back through the Hobby; the road winding

among the green trees, along the face of the cliff, so that you get snatches of the Italian sea through the network of boughs, and then out into the lanes where we meet nothing but a chimney sweep, black as Erebus from head to foot, except for a large, red rhododendron in his button-hole, that seems in keeping with his radiant, black face, which looks as if he, too, had just been in fairy-land, and some of its sheen still clung to his path. And so we pass on our way, wondering still whether those enchanted bowers were really a Fata Morgana, over which an impenetrable mist settled the moment that fat lodge-keeper closed the Hobby gates behind us, or whether it was not all a scene in a play, the performers of which were now busily engaged in packing their stage properties (including the scenery) into valises!

L. H. M. Soulsby.

A PREFACE.

"SOLD wares at my palace gate?"

Said the Sultan, turning red;

"Nor heeded my known commands?"

Then off with the villain's head."

"But stay—" and he twirled his beard—

"The fellow is bold, is he not?"

I will taste his cakes and wine,

Ere his upstart body rot."

O Sultan of Many Minds!

My wares are at your gate.

I will bear your blame or praise;

And the verdict I await.

A DEDICATION.

FRIENDSHIP you gave to me;

Your praise you gave my verse:

Whate'er we each may be,

We else had each been worse.

Accept this gift to thee,

My homage and this verse.

Albert H. Tolman.

THE CAMPAIGN AT WIDDLETOWN.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD been listlessly reading the morning journal for an hour or so, when my attention was arrested by a paragraph to the effect that the fall term of Widdletown Academy would open the following Wednesday, under the direction of Mr. Lewis Ellery Winthrop, who had recently graduated with the highest honors at P—— College, so widely renowned for the scholarship of its alumni.

As I concluded the item, the gentleman on the seat behind me observed to his traveling companion: "The next station's Widdletown, and a thrifty village it is, too. We shall have a fine view of it just before we get to the depot."

Both the paragraph and the remark were of special interest to me, for Widdletown was my destination, and I, myself, was the Mr. Lewis Ellery Winthrop who had graduated with high honors, and who was to preside over the aforesaid Academy. At Widdletown I was to have my first independent encounter with the world. My equipments—graduating suit and diploma—were in my trunk; whether they would do knightly service remained to be proven.

I had never seen a resident of Widdletown. The negotiations incident to my engagement as principal of the Academy had been carried on through Judge William Bradley, chairman of the trustees, and the secretary, George Stone, Esq.; further, I knew the name of no person in the town. I had been assured that Widdletown was a lively village of about five hundred inhabitants, a sort of business center for the rural districts in that region, and that the school was in a flourishing condition. Nevertheless, I had made made up my mind that it was a sleepy if not a seedy place. I knew very little of New England, but had the idea that it was a dec-

orous, intelligent, but somewhat drowsy section of the great United States of America.

The train whirled on. I folded the paper and placed it in the pocket of my ulster for future reference, and also for the edification of my chum, to whom in due time it would be forwarded, the momentous paragraph duly encircled with the blackest of ink. This done, it only remained for me to watch for the first glimpse of the town in which I was to take up my abode. I did not have to wait long. In a little less than five minutes a curve in the road revealed to the left a picturesque village on the hillside, round the base of which wound its principal street. It was so embowered in trees and shrubbery that I could not determine with anything like accuracy the size and quality of its buildings, but they were mostly white, with a sprinkling of buff shades and delicate browns, and an occasional pale red, which I judged to be brick. In front, and far below the sloping town, broad meadows swept down to a wide and smoothly gliding stream, beyond which rose wooded hills gradually towering to lofty mountains. Widdletown, from my point of distance—probably a mile—was to all appearances a perfect Arcadia. The gentlemen behind me were enthusiastic in their praises. I began to think it possible that the account I had received had not been too highly colored.

"Widdletown," sang out the conductor, with the gracious *sang froid* of his class, as he slammed the door behind him.

Before the train had fairly ceased moving I stepped out upon the platform. There were four coaches, representing as many public houses, in waiting. Selecting one, I told the driver I wished to be left at Judge Bradley's, but that he might take my baggage to the hotel. I had written the Judge that I preferred boarding in a private family, and

he had suggested that on arriving I should come directly to his house, and that he would see what arrangements could be made for my comfort.

Not more than half a dozen persons left the train at Widdletown station, and I happened to be the only person in the coach of my selection. Whether on account of my solitariness the driver considered me a bird of ill-omen I cannot say, but he eyed me as intently as it was possible for him to do and take charge of his horses. I fancied that should a burglary occur that night he would be able to give a minute description of the passenger he took from the 3 P. M. train.

"Ever stopped here before?" he said at last, giving the leader a jerk with the reins.

"No, sir."

"Acquainted with anybody here?"

"No, sir."

"Going on further?"

"No, sir."

"Tenney's new medical student, may be?"

"No, sir."

For a few moments he was silent. He looked foiled, but not discouraged.

"The new preceptor, perhaps," he finally said, giving me a quizzical glance.

"Yes, sir,"

"Not much of a talker, eh? Guess you'll do, specially when 'lection comes. Got e'en a' most to the Judge's—second house to the right," and he cracked his whip that he might prepare his horses for a dashing halt, which is always impressive.

The Judge's was a pleasing modern house, two stories high, with mansard roof, and of a soft brown color; the grounds were charming, with trees and shrubbery beautifully grouped and a pair of quaint fountains half hidden by foliage. The grounds adjoining, which we had to pass before reaching the Judge's, were equally fine, but on an entirely different plan. The spacious house was Gothic in style, with something of Alhambra delicacy of finish, and of a pale cream color. The dwelling next beyond the Judge's was of brick, massive and grand, with quaint gables, and an imposing arch of wood-work over the front door. It was evident that

great pains had been taken to preserve intact its picturesque ancientness. The lawns were ample, the trees magnificent, and some of them of great age, and each house was pleasantly in keeping with its own grounds. The three stood on a plateau-like elevation, at some distance back from the highway, and were altogether attractive. They looked like the homes of thoroughbred people.

The driver's halt was a success, the dash superb; his steeds rested on their haunches as though suddenly curbed on the edge of a precipice. I handed him his fee, passed within the rustic, arched gateway, and up the tiled walk to the front door. As I rang the bell, I gave an involuntary glance backward. The coach still stood before the gateway; the driver, under pretense of arranging his harnesses, was watching my movements. I was evidently a problem he had not solved.

A lady, well dressed and of pleasant bearing, answered the summons.

"Mr. Winthrop, is it not?" she said at once, with much cordiality, and introducing herself as Mrs. Bradley, took me into a pretty sitting room, where in one corner two little boys were playing marbles. When she introduced them as her sons, Fred and Winn, the little fellows rose from the floor, came forward, and offered their chubby hands in a very well-bred and winning way.

"Run to the office, and tell your father Mr. Winthrop has come," said Mrs. Bradley.

"Papa isn't at the offish; he's in the garden," replied Winn.

"Then go to the garden for him."

The two boys disappeared in the hall, and Mrs. Bradley sat down and entered pleasantly into conversation.

I felt at ease with her immediately, and thought her a most charming lady.

Winn soon returned, saying, "Papa'll come in a minute. Fred's kitty is watching a grasshopper, and if she catches it, we're going to give her a spoonful of milk, and then she'll catch another so's to get some more milk, and 'fore a week, like's any way, she'll catch a mouse—a real mouse. Fred's watching her and I'm going to watch, too," and he scampered back the same way he

came, as though he fully realized the urgency of his mission.

He was a bright, open-faced child, with great, honest, brown eyes, which looked as though they might not be satisfied with mere surface knowledge. I felt drawn toward him at first sight.

"Your children seem to understand the science of teaching—cats, at least," I observed.

"Whatever takes their attention is pretty sure of being thoroughly investigated," she replied laughing. "They are specially apt, however, in learning how to manage animals, at least, that's Uncle Mike's verdict, and he's authority in such matters. By the way, Uncle Mike—Mr. Michael Anderson—is quite a character among us; a philosopher, in an eccentric way."

"I hope I shall make his acquaintance. How does he look?"

"Small, grizzled, and withered, with the clearest and brightest gray eyes you ever saw."

"Is he a recluse? I've never seen a live philosopher, and know nothing of the guild except by tradition."

"O, no! far from it, though he lives alone, but it is in the most friendly, companionable looking domicile imaginable—an old fashioned cottage covered with vines and flowers, and he's the neatest of housekeepers. He has lived alone ever since the death of his wife, some twenty years ago."

"Does he labor with his hands as did the wise men of old?"

"Certainly. He's *genuine* in every respect—a tiller of the soil, and has the finest vegetable garden in town. He has orchard fruits, too; grapes, berries, and flowers; an apiary, and all sorts of animal pets; and he has complete control of the children in the neighborhood. He teaches them how to take care of animals and plants, and lavishes his fruits on them. He will introduce himself to you, in some odd fashion, and you will find him a friend worth having, too. He commands the respect of everybody. I have the greatest reverence for him, myself."

The entrance of her husband interrupted

the conversation. She introduced us, and I soon felt that I had fallen into the hands of a sympathetic friend, rather than an exacting censor. Judge Bradley was a tall and spare man, with a fine, intellectual face, and a genial eye. We had not been talking long when his attention was arrested by some one passing.

"There is Squire Stone; I will call him in," and stepping to the door, he beckoned him to enter.

Squire Stone proved to be portly and handsome, and the very embodiment of good humor and politeness. I began to feel, notwithstanding my preconceived impressions, that the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places.

"What about a boarding place? Can't you suggest one?" said the Judge, at length, as Squire Stone rose to go.

"Let's see"—and the Squire gazed fixedly out at the window, as though to concentrate his thoughts. A lady in a gray dress just then came out of the neighboring brick house and walked leisurely along towards the Judge's.

"Your sister Sarah—she has just the home," the Squire exclaimed, "if she could only be prevailed upon to take Mr. Winthrop."

"Just the place—strange I hadn't thought of it," the Judge said.

Mrs. Bradley explained that the lady was her husband's half-sister, Miss Gould, and lived in the old family mansion; and the two gentlemen joked a little on the danger of a young man's losing his heart in Miss Gould's house, since she was, they assured me, the most charming woman in Widdletown. And, indeed, when she came in it was evident that she must be. She had an especial nobility of person and bearing, joined to a no less marked sweetness in expression, voice and manner. I felt myself fortunate when she consented to open her house to me, and I could see that the others thought me so, too.

"You'll never lack agreeable company there," Mrs. Bradley said. "Miss Gould has a great many guests, all pleasant people, and yet you can be as retired as you choose."

The Judge thereupon went out at once to send for my things, and Squire Stone to tell Dr. Tenney of my arrival. Miss Gould offered to take me at once to "my new home," and Mrs. Bradley entered into a little competition with her as to which was entitled to "the pleasure of Mr. Winthrop's company at tea." All this cordiality, of course, made me feel like an honored guest among these genial and courteous people.

I went home with Miss Gould, and admired her more profoundly every moment. She was apparently in the prime of middle life, yet she had the simple frankness of a school-girl, only heightened by the more easy and self-possessed simplicity of manner that years and the best social training bring. There was something extremely intelligent, too, about her, and even at first meeting one could not fail to see that she had both decision and amiability.

Her home was beautiful. Some of the rooms had been modernized and others left with antique finishing and furniture. I had my choice of rooms, both commodious, one in the old style, the other in the new. I chose the old; I was captivated by its fine mahogany wainscoting, quaintly carved book-case and table, ample chairs, richly draped windows, and dark-hued medallion figured carpet. The bedstead was of carved mahogany, with high posts, upon the top of which rested a light arched frame draped in dark, richly-figured stuff. On the mantel shelf stood a pair of massive brass candle-sticks, which shone like burnished gold. I was more than satisfied with my home prospects—I was delighted.

At the tea table I found several guests, all both well-bred and intelligent. After tea, Dr. Tenney called — a grave, dark man, overflowing with plain common sense. He gave me the keys of the academy building, promising to call again on Monday morning and accompany me thither.

Monday morning, accordingly, we went over to the building. I found it large, conveniently finished, and well furnished. The chemical and philosophical apparatus was in particularly fine condition, and the library of nearly two thousand volumes was systemati-

cally arranged and of judicious selection. After the academy had been duly inspected, the Doctor took me to ride; in order, he said, that I might get the lay of the land on the start. The village proved to be much finer than I supposed, and the farms in the suburbs were exceptionally well laid out, and under a high state of cultivation. Verily, New England could perform handwork as well as headwork. A young man just out of college has not seen half the world. The Doctor brought me round home just in season for dinner, and we parted with expressions of mutual congratulation at having made each other's acquaintance.

Miss Gould was a delightful hostess, possessing the happy art of making one feel satisfied with himself, and consequently agreeable. The secret of this was, she had the rare faculty of bringing to the surface the best in those with whom she came in contact, and the human being does not exist who does not like to be taken at his best. She was now planning, it seemed, a reception on the following evening in my honor, to introduce me pleasantly to the people. This courtesy was only one more in the unbroken chapter of pleasant things I had found in Widdletown.

CHAPTER II.

The reception proved a pleasant affair. The house was brilliantly lighted and prettily decked with flowers. The grounds, as also those of the Judge, were illuminated by a single calcium light, skillfully placed in the rear, and so shaded that the radiance seemed clear and soft, instead of intense and dazzling. The refreshments were served in a rustic booth fancifully lighted by Chinese lanterns. Widdletown was there *en masse*—so said the Judge—and seemed glad to see me. I arrived at a general impression that the place abounded in handsome women and pretty girls; in sensible men and promising young fellows, though, as was inevitable under the circumstances, but few left a definite impress upon my mind.

Among those who did was a Mr. Hender-

son, with the finest of figures, the most magnanimous of faces, and the whitest of white beards. He was a man who would be noticeable anywhere. I afterwards learned that he was a retired New York merchant, who yearly spent weeks and sometimes months at Widdletown. Another was a Mr. Pine, a young lawyer associated in business with Squire Stone: a handsome fellow, audacious in speech, yet never ungentlemanly. He was one of those men who are always called by familiar names, and no one seemed to know him except as "Hal Pine." I was, perhaps, a little late in arriving at the susceptible period of my life, and at this time, fresh from college and exclusively masculine associations as I was, took much more interest in men than woman; so a vivid impression of girlish beauty and good-breeding, but of no girl in particular, was all that I carried away from my introductions to the young ladies. But I noticed Squire Stone's wife, and thought her very attractive, fully equal to her husband.

But I did not fail to observe how closely I was scrutinized by those who, judging from their apparent ages, would be likely to become my pupils. Here, too, my good fate continued, for the young people showed themselves amiably predisposed toward me.

Among those who came to welcome me to my new sphere of labor was my coachman. Immaculate linen and faultless broadcloth had so changed his appearance that I failed to recognize him at first.

"I told 'em you knew enough to keep your own affairs to yourself," he remarked with approbation, as he passed on to make room for the next comer.

That night as I retired to my room I could but think how very different had been my experience from that I had anticipated. Like the oriental queen, I could say: "The half was not told me."

The result of my first week's labor in the Academy was very encouraging. The wheels within wheels that appertain to every public school I had been successful in lubricating, and the indications were that the machinery would move on with the minimum of friction.

On the afternoon of the seventh day, as I was passing out of the Academy yard, some one, apparently overhead, accosted me.

"How'd you do, sir? Glad they took you, instid of a wuss man."

I glanced up into a huge, compactly-branched maple near me, but could see no one.

"Seven's a lucky number, eh?" continued the voice. I heard a rustle in the tree, and a wizened face peeped out from the foliage. "Seven's a lucky number—so the old-time folks said, an' I reckon they knew as much about it as anybody—that isn't sayin' much."

"Whether they knew or not, I think they were wiser to call it lucky than unlucky," I replied.

"That's wal said. No good comes of preachin' bad luck. But what I was a thinkin' was, that ye'd been schoolmaster seven days, and that ye'd come out lookin' no wuss. Some on 'em come out lookin' jaded, like a drag hoss. That's bad; it wears on 'em, an' they lose their patience, git cross, an' what the boys an' gals learn arter that isn't much account. Maybe ye know how to ile things—ev'rything's in the ileing—no matter how good things be in themselves, they got to be iled if you want 'em to work without gratin', and when things grate it don't take long to spile 'em. Keep plenty of ile by ye, if ye don't want ter lose yer hearin' with the gratin'. Maybe ye think I'm a strange ole fellow to speak to ye in this 'ere way without waitin' till I'm acquainted, but the Lord shook us all off the same bush, an' there's no use in folks pretendin' they don't know they're all out o' the same lot. My name's Michael Anderson—they call me Uncle Mike. They know I have the good on 'em all in my heart, an' that's their way of showin' they appreciate it. I've felt every time I've seen ye that ye're a friend."

He paused, looking at me intently.

"I am happy that you should count me worthy to be a friend," I said.

"Wal, we shall neither of us be any wuss off for bein' friends; friends are good things. I see ye're not much of a talker—not that

I've gin ye any chance to talk if ye'd wanted to—but I can see the turn of you jest the same. Now, I'll not keep ye a waitin'. Ye're too polite to tell me ye want to go home, but I know ye do. I'm a queer critter—trees, an' growin' things, an' dumb critters are e'en a'most like human bein's to me, an' I've a great deal o' visitin' to do with 'em. Now, if things comes up that ye want a helpin' hand, remember that I'm at your service. Good day," and he drew himself back into his invisible nook.

"I thank you from my heart for your kindness," I said, as I moved away, and sincerer words never passed a mortal's lips. I felt a strange yearning towards the queer old man. I knew by intuition that he was honest to the core. I remembered that Mrs. Bradley had told me that everybody respected him. There is something in human nature that makes even the dishonest instinctively render homage to honesty.

About this time a course of lectures began. This course was made up of four lectures, six "entertainments," one concert, and one "moral drama"; these various elements were judiciously alternated at the rate of one a week. It was the third year of the course, and it had been thus far eminently successful—which was the more a matter of pride to the village, as all the performances were exclusively by "home talent."

Judge Bradley gave the first lecture. Its subject was "The Prehistoric Past," and its substance was a resumé of the testimony of architectural monuments with regard to that part of the earth's history otherwise unrecorded. The lecture was really scholarly and correct, and was moreover very entertaining; and the audience were enthusiastic over it. Squire Stone gave the next lecture. He called it "The Signs of the Times": it was a sort of review of the development of the characteristic civilization of the present from those of the past, with deductions as to the probable one of the future. Like Judge Bradley's, it was a genuinely good lecture, sound as to facts and opinions, and of an especially generous and noble spirit; and the

people seemed equally pleased with both lectures and equally proud of both speakers. Dr. Tenney lectured, too, on "The Mental and Moral Value of Health"; he was one of those physicians of considerable distinction and sound excellence who sometimes stay by preference in country towns; and he and the two lawyers made a noteworthy trio. The concert was a surprisingly good affair for amateurs—the village had been fortunate in the possession of several thorough musicians who had created in it a high musical standard; the drama, too, showed intelligent amateur work. The young lawyer whom they called "Hal Pine," wound up the course and made a great hit with his half-comic, half-satiric drolleries.

This young fellow continued to interest me. He had a splendid physique for one thing—deep-chested, broad-shouldered, with genial face and fine brown eyes and hair. The first impression he gave one was that of a brilliant, good-natured fellow who would be likely to take life easy. But there were certain aggressive curves in the nostrils, too, and a faint sarcastic curl of the lips, that made me feel I should hardly be surprised to see him turn out very much in earnest some time. He had the reputation of having been "rather wild" before coming to Widdletown, but he had conducted himself with eminent prudence since—now two years—and was believed to have sown his wild oats. There was some little misgiving about him—he was not quite so reverential as could be desired; still the good folk hoped for the best. His brilliant lecture was a decided step onward in general favor. The remarkable thing about it was a shrewdness of insight into human nature, surprising from a young fellow of twenty-five. He must have been one who began the world early.

After the lectures and "entertainments" were all over, they began giving charming parties. The harmony and social spirit of this most perfect of villages continued unabated. It began to seem probable that I had slipped into Utopia.

CHAPTER III.

The days began to wane apace. The odor of decay was in the air. The foliage in patches showed a hectic flush. The midday clouds piled themselves up in serene masses, as though to take their fill of sunlight before the days were veiled in mists and shadows. Soft, dirge-like trills and tremulous quavers came up from field and woodland. The end of the sturdy twelve months was calmly but surely approaching. The chill of dissolution was already in the air.

As the days went by I felt conscious that a chill was also creeping into the social atmosphere. Whence was it, and wherefore?

One afternoon, as at the close of my day's labor I took my usual walk to the post office, my mind was busy with this yet unsolved problem. Oppressive forebodings brooded over me like an intangible presence of evil. When I had gone about half the distance, two men came out of an alley, and walked along on the main street only a short distance in front of me. They were talking in an excited way, and their language was not the choicest possible. I recognized them as well known and respectable citizens of more than average intelligence. The first words I distinguished were:

"Judge Bradley's a scoundrel—a black-guard and a scoundrel." This assertion was accompanied by an emphatic gesture, and even by an oath. "His lecture was all got up for effect, that's plain enough to be seen now. He dodged all of the practical questions of the day, so as not to commit himself, and took a subject that he could show off his learning and fine speaking on. He's head and heels after popularity—the fox."

"If he can carry out his own political plans, the devil may take the hindmost," agreed the other man.

"Yes, sir, you're right. There's nothing under heavens he wouldn't do to beat our party, and scoop up the loaves and fishes in his own. Though if he could beat us, he'd be tolerably well satisfied even without the loaves and fishes. But he'll find he's got to train his horses pretty thoroughly to

get in ahead. Squire Stone's his match any day, and a much more likely man. It's clear the Judge is counting on snaring pretty much all the floating trash, but if he don't find it a game both sides can *work*, not play, at, I've lost my guess. He's an unprincipled wire-puller. I should like to see him buried, politics and all, beyond resurrection. His wife was a pretty decent sort of a woman when she married him, but some say she's getting to be after his sort. I can't recall his sly, oily tricks without being madder than a March hare—the villain."

The two men stepped into a restaurant, and I heard no more.

I was greatly surprised at this episode, and the more so, as not very long before I had heard these selfsame men speak in most enthusiastic language of both the Judge and his lecture. As I entered the post office, I saw in a corner three or four men with lowering faces, talking earnestly. In passing out I overheard enough to know that the subject was politics.

I crossed the street, and entered the parlor of the Reading Club to examine my mail. There I found two substantial and respectable citizens discussing political probabilities with an unction that, to say the least, was extreme. Before I left, I could not conceive of their ever mentioning politics again. Apparently they had exhausted the subject, or rather the expletives, epithets, and invectives that could be used upon it. Squire Stone's name was handled with a hostile frankness that was shocking. The names I had heard applied to Judge Bradley were entirely put into the shade. The Squire's lecture was ridiculed, and his motives in delivering it impugned, while Judge Bradley figured as an epitome of excellence. I gathered that these two zealots belonged to the Judge's party in politics, as opposed to Squire Stone's. I was disgusted; the more so, because they were, both by breeding and position, above such talk. I distinctly remembered having heard one of them speak of Squire Stone and his lecture with highest praise, and that under circumstances when silence would not have been an impropriety.

I went out upon the street disturbed and oppressed. Instead of going directly home, I concluded to take a circuit round by a little grove on the outskirts of the village. It was one of Nature's choicest nooks, where the soothing and the beautiful are so happily blended that one is scarcely conscious of the source from which solace comes. He only knows that it does come, stealing over him like the gentle spirit of peace. I was more attracted just now towards Nature than towards my own kind. I had never participated in a political campaign. I had voted several times, and we discussed politics a good deal at college, but it was all in an abstract sort of way.

On reaching the grove I found "Uncle Mike" had preceded me. He was seated upon a rock, the mossy side of which but slightly protruded above the ground, and was leaning against a tree.

"Out to take a sniff of Natur's perfumery, maybe? Its quietin' arter yer day's work," he said as I approached. "Been to the post office and thereabouts, maybe?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Thought so by the look on ye. Guess ye didn't find much to quiet ye there."

"No, I did not."

"The Good Book says, 'Satan goes about like a roaring lion seekin' whom he may devour,' an' I tell ye he's ben a roaring pretty close on to Widdletown to-day—though it looks as though they'd do their own devourin' afore he gets there in person, unless he hurries. This has been brewin' for quite a spell, an' to-day it broke out, jest because one of those critters that votes the way he gits the most money said he was going to vote on Squire Stone's side, while last 'lection he voted on t'other side. So they all pitched in an' said there'd been hirin'—jest as though they didn't know they hires on both sides—fact is, they knows all about it, only one's mad if t'other gets a chance to hire the most. Now, the drum's ben beat there'll be nothin' but fightin' nobody knows how long. Ye'll never know what politics can make of a fellar till ye've seen a 'lection at Widdletown. Politics'll never spile a chap

if he don't take too big a dose on 'em, but if he does, he's a gone case—they're the rankest kind of pizun in big doses. Now, ye're come out here to let Natur rest ye, an' I'm going to leave ye alone with her. Ye've seen enough o' human critters for one day," and he rose from his seat and started to go.

"Pray do not go on my account; there's room enough for both," I protested.

"Yes, I know. It wouldn't be polite to say ye'd like to be alone, an' maybe ye think ye wouldn't, but I know. I know jest what sperit's on ye, and Natur'll do ye the most good o' anything. Good day," and he walked away at a rapid pace.

He was right. It was Nature I needed to restore my jaded spirits—jaded, not by my legitimate labors, but by the scathing breath of reasonless turmoil that had touched my soul like a stray blast from the poisonous simoon. Taking the seat he had vacated, I imitated his restful attitude, and for a few moments closed my eyes. A faint inmurmur floated up from the village thoroughfare, while the surrounding air was permeated by the drowsy lull of blended insect voices, pierced at intervals by the cricket's dirge-like note. The continuous sound acted like a sedative upon my jarred nerves, and I felt that I could lie there and dream on and on forever.

At last I opened my eyes, and they rested upon bars of amber and gold across the western sky, beneath whose horizon the sun was just descending. A feathery purple cloud floated slowly across the radiant zone, like a fairy fleet over a sea of gold. I gazed and gazed, till the jars and discords of earth seemed to float away on that amber sea, far out upon the measureless sky-ocean, till I lost sight of them in the dim white distance.

Soon, however, the gathering shadows warned me that I must not linger, and I rose from my mossy seat, and turned my footsteps homeward. I was refreshed both in body and mind, and consequently the imminent political turmoils appeared far less formidable than when I entered the little woodland. There was no use in borrowing trouble. It was not at all probable that a

community so intelligent and self-poised as that of Widdletown would be materially disturbed. I took my seat at the tea table in the best of spirits. I was not long, however, in discovering that Miss Gould looked tired and annoyed. This was the more noticeable, as her usual expression was one of radiant serenity.

"You are not well to-night?" I said, by way of breaking the silence.

"I am well physically, but ailing mentally, and for aught I know, morally."

"You have not been exposed to any contagious mental disease, or what is worse, moral, I hope."

"I've been exposed to the most fearfully contagious mental and moral disease known to modern civilized society—political fever."

I laughed. "Had you not better apply to Dr. Tenney, immediately?"

"That would be like asking the blind to lead the blind. I know of no one who has more severe attacks than himself. One of the most discouraging features of the disease is its periodicity. It is sure to make its appearance every election year, raging with more or less violence, and the indications now are that it will be more than usually severe this season. I shrink from the ordeal."

"I can hardly appreciate your fears," I said, "perhaps because I haven't had your experience; but I should think it would be well to take all possible precautions against those conditions of mind and body that make one morbidly susceptible to disease."

"Oh, I'm not afraid for myself; thus far, I have escaped with slight injuries. But it is for the community at large. When epidemics are raging, it is worse on the whole for neighbors and friends than for the victims. My sympathies are drawn out towards this people, when I consider what they are likely to endure before the plague is stayed."

"Perhaps my courage is that of ignorance, but I have a fair stock of it, such as it is, so I beg you will draw on me if your supply fails before mine."

"Ah, you must husband your stores," she said, laughing. "You have no idea of the draft there may be upon them."

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning as I sat in my room I saw Fred and Winn gallantly playing soldier in the front yard. Both looked very brave and very pompous.

"Winn, run, run!" shouted Fred, suddenly scudding round the corner out of sight.

"What for?" said Winn with a scowl, and without starting.

"Run, run, I say—a cut-throat's coming—Squire Stone's coming—run quick, Winn, run," persisted Fred in a husky voice.

Winn did not think it prudent to wait longer, and took a bee-line for the corner as fast as his feet could carry him. The boys huddled together, peeping cautiously out to catch a glimpse of the Squire as he leisurely pursued his way along the side-walk. It must be confessed that his broad, genial face looked very much unlike that of the conventional cut-throat.

"It's only Stware Stone," said Winn in a tone of contempt at Fred's unsoldierly fright.

"Well, he's a cut-throat, anyway," insisted Fred.

"Who said so?"

"Papa. He said so this very morning. I heard him tell a man so—he said he was a p'litical cut-throat."

"What is a cut-froat?"

"O—it's—it's an awful—awful—a worse than a bear—it's a—"

"What's a p'litical?"

"O, a p'litical—a p'litical's worse than two bears—six—ten—"

"Does a cut-froat cut froats?"

"Yes, he cuts 'em awful."

Winn looked astonished. He could not reconcile this definition with facts.

"Stware Stone takes us to ride lots of times in his buggy, and he don't cut our froats."

"But papa said so," replied Fred conclusively.

"Is papa a cut-froat?"

"Papa a cut-throat! Of course he isn't; he's no such a thing—he's the very best man that ever was."

"This morning, when I carried mamma's letter to the offish, I heard Stware Stone tell

the man that gives us the letters that Judge Bradley's a cut-froat, and Judge Bradley's papa. He didn't call him a p'litical, but he called him a cut-froat."

Fred looked nonplussed, but soon rallied to the rescue.

"I don't care what Squi-ar Stone said, papa isn't a cut-throat. Squi-ar Stone's a cut-throat—he is."

"Well, Stware Stone takes us to ride lots of times and don't cut our throats, and he lets me hold the reins," persisted Winn.

"Squi-ar Stone is a—"

The school bell rang and the two boys hastened away to school, the important question no nearer a solution than when they began.

At noon they hurried home as fast as possible, for papa had promised to bring them both a pocket-knife. They knew they could not have them till after dinner—papa never gave them things till after dinner—but they hoped he would hurry. Judge Bradley, as he sat at table with his family, looked anything but a cut-throat. His finely-moulded, intellectual face gave no evidence of blood-thirstiness. At last dinner was finished and the knives presented. If the children had been wild in anticipation, they were wilder still at possession. They slipped the bright blades cautiously between their fingers, tried the edges, flourished them as though they had been swords, and did various other appropriate things. After the first excitement was over, the Judge produced a fine pocket knife he had bought for himself. The boys eyed it cautiously.

"Papa, are you going to cut—to cut froats with it? Are you a cut-froat?" earnestly asked Winn.

"What do you mean? What put that into your head?"

"Stware Stone said—I heard him say this very morning—I heard him say Judge Bradley's a cut-froat. Are you a cut-froat, papa?"

"Pshaw," said the Judge.

"And papa," persisted Winn, "is Stware Stone a cut-froat, too? You said this morning to the man in the library, 'Stware Stone's a cut-froat—a p'litical cut-froat.' Is he,

papa?" and Winn's face was the very picture of honest inquiry.

"Pshaw! boys, let me have no more of such stuff; run to the workshop and try your knives. I shall have to take them away from you if you don't want to use them."

However eager they may have been to fathom the "cut-froat" mystery, they were much more eager to keep their knives, so they scampered away to the workshop without delay. Mrs. Bradley smiled. The Judge rose from the table and went out to inspect his garden.

The school bell rang altogether too soon for Fred and Winn, but with Spartan resolution they laid their knives away on a little shelf in the workshop—they had been given on condition of not being taken to school, and started like colts out of a clover field. In a moment they overtook Carley Stone, a curly-headed, bright-eyed little fellow, about the age of Winn.

"Carley," said Winn abruptly, "your papa's a cut-froat."

"My papa's a what?"

"A cut-froat."

"My papa isn't a cut-t'roat—*your* papa's a cut-t'roat—my papa said so."

"Papa isn't a cut-throat; he's no such a thing," retorted Fred indignantly, "but your papa's a cut-throat, and a p'litical too."

"My papa isn't—isn't a p'litical, nor a cut-t'roat, nor nothing. He's the very best papa, he gives me candy, and rabbits, and lots and lots of things," persisted Carley. "I'll ask him if he's a cut-t'roat, I will," and he ran into his father's office which was close at hand.

"Papa, did you ever cut a t'roat?" asked Carley, much out of breath, as he ran up to the desk where his father sat talking with Hal Pine.

"What makes you ask such a question?"

"'Cause Fred and Winn said you was a cut-t'roat—their papa said so, and I told 'em their papa's a cut-t'roat—my papa said so. Say, papa, did you ever cut a t'roat?" and Carley looked up into his father's face with an appealing earnestness that was touching.

"No, I never did."

"There, I told 'em so, I knew you wasn't

a cut-t'roat—course I did," and Carley danced up and down with a vehemence that indicated a good degree of interest in his father's moral status. He started to go, but on reaching the door ran back.

"Papa, are you a p'litical?"

"No, no, child—run to school—you'll be late."

"Did Judge Bradley ever cut a t'roat?" persisted Carley.

"I don't believe he ever did. Now run to school; don't wait another minute," and the Squire waved his hand impatiently toward the door. As the child went out, he said, looking up from his brief and glancing out of the window, "What the deuce put that stuff into their heads? Children have got as many ears as Medusa had snakes."

Fred and Winn had loitered on the sidewalk waiting for Carley. In a moment he overtook them.

"There!" he shouted triumphantly. "Papa never cut a t'roat in his life—he said so; and I asked him if your papa ever cut a t'roat, and he said he didn't believe he ever did."

"Then there *isn't* any cut-froats, is there!" said Winn, with a look of relief.

They started off upon the run, but it was of no avail. They were late. The teacher called for their excuse.

"We waited for Carley to ask his papa if he was a cut-froat," said Winn, looking her frankly in the face. "Fred's got a new knife, and I've got one too, and *we* can be cut-froats if we want to," he added, as though to give her a wholesome hint that it would not be discreet for her to be unreasonably severe; and the teacher, probably realizing that discretion is the better part of valor, sent them to their seats without further questioning.

Evening came, and Judge Bradley and family were again seated at the table. To all appearances, they were likely to finish their nearly ended repast without interruptions from cut-throats, when Winn, suddenly ceasing to munch a tart, said with shocking abruptness:

"Carley asked his papa if he ever cut a froat, and he said he never did; and papa, he asked him if you ever cut a froat, and he

said he didn't believe you ever did. Did you ever, papa?"

"I've heard enough of such nonsense—let's hear no more of it," replied the Judge impatiently.

"Why not give the child a direct answer and done with it. He will not be satisfied till you do," pleasantly suggested Mrs. Bradley.

"No, I never did, then; but if I hear any more about *cut-froats* I shall be strongly tempted to try my hand at it."

Winn subsided with a look of wonder in his great, honest eyes. Papa had never spoken to him in that way except when he had been very naughty. What was there naughty in talking about *cut-froats*? It was all a mystery. Mrs. Bradley was a discreet woman, else she would have said "I told you so," in retort to her husband's impatience, for that very day she had cautioned him against speaking so freely upon political matters in presence of the children, and he had said: "What do you suppose children mind about such things?"

As soon as the meal was ended the Judge rose from the table, put on his hat with an irritated jerk of the shoulders, and left the house without his usual "Is there anything I can do for you, my dear?" The Judge was usually the most tractable of men in his family. Nothing except politics ever robbed him of his courtesy.

The above details were brought out on the evening of the same day in a social interview at Miss Gould's, where she, Hal Pine, the teacher of the primary school, and I put together our separate pieces of the story.

CHAPTER V.

The following Saturday afternoon I went out for a stroll in the woods. Returning, I entered the parlor of the Club House, where some half dozen men were taking life easy in unconventional attitudes. Among them I noticed Mr. Henderson, who was seemingly absorbed in his newspaper. The weather was warm, and the window was up. In the large back yard some eight or ten small boys

were playing. Among them were Fred, Winn, and Carley. A merry time they were having, judging from their gleeful shouts and frequent peals of laughter.

All at once there was a lull. I looked out of the window. Winn had inadvertently broken a long scarlet cord, fastened at either end to a short stake, over which the boys had been jumping. This accident had brought the game to a sudden stand-still.

"I didn't mean to do it," said Winn.

"Yes, you did, too. You're an old 'publican—a mean old 'pub—that's what you are," eagerly responded a red-haired little fellow, of about Winn's age.

"You're an old dam-crat—that's what you are—yes, an old *dam-crat*," retorted Winn, the honest protest in his eyes giving way to indignation.

"There, Winn, you've sworn; dam's a sweared word; now you'll have to take a licking; the teacher said so," shouted another child.

"I haven't sworn; this kind of a dam isn't a sweared dam at all; don't you know noffin?" protested Winn.

"Yes, it is a sweared dam; the Sabbath school teacher said so; he said dam was swearing," put in a third.

"I don't care what the Sabbath school teacher said; he's an old *dam-crat* hisself: papa said so," persisted Winn.

"Winn, papa'll punish you; he don't allow us to talk so—it's awful," cautioned Fred.

"I don't care if he don't. Papa talks awful hisself. He said Dr. Tenney ought to be 'shamed of hisself to do such a fmg. He said he'd wiggled into a place that didn't belong to him, and if it didn't belong to him, he stole it—he did—and stealing's worse'n swearing, any day. He's a mean old thing—Dr. Tenney is—I don't care if he is the Sabbath school teacher," argued Winn.

"I don't care for Dr. Tenney, neither. I won't go to his old Sabbath school. My papa says he's a scoundrel, an oil-tongue scoundrel," shouted another.

"He isn't a scoundrel half so much as your papa's a scoundrel. My papa said your papa's a reg'lar scoundrel, and a reg-

'lar scoundrel's worse'n a scoundrel," retorted the red-haired boy.

"You lie. My papa isn't a scoundrel, nor a reg'lar, nor any such a thing; you lie—you do."

"You'll get licked, too. The teacher don't 'low us to tell ourselves we lie," shouted a black-eyed, flaxen-haired boy.

"I don't care what the teacher 'lows, nor what he don't 'low. *Your* papa'll lie; my papa said so; he lies a blazes; he's a mean—an old—"

"My papa's no such a thing. Yours is an old—an old *cuss*—my papa said so," returned the black-eyed boy, with vengeance in his eyes.

"All the 'publicans are cusses. I heard my papa tell a man so to-day, and he knows," retorted the other.

"The *dam-crats* are cusses—that's what they are," put in Winn sullenly.

"Winn'll go to hell 'cause he swears so awful—my papa says swearing folks'll go to hell," said the red-haired boy in a tantalizing tone.

"I shan't go to hell," shouted the excited child, quite beside himself by this time; "*you'll* go to hell; your papa'll go to hell; you'll all go to hell; the debble's in hell, and he'll get every one of you—he will—he'll get all the old *dam-crats*, 'cause they act like the debble; my papa says they do; it's just as bad to act like the debble as to be the debble hisself."

This was more than the red-haired boy could bear, and he gave Winn a smart slap on the face. Winn returned the blow with usury. A general *mêlée* ensued, in which they fought like so many little desperadoes, some shouting "old *dam-crats*," others "old 'publicans," and some one thing, and some another.

This went on till Uncle Mike, who sat in the doorway industriously smoking his mullein leaf cigar, went out and dispersed them. Uncle Mike being held in high repute by the children, they were not a little ashamed to be caught by him in such a quarrel. Each seemed anxious to exonerate himself and lay the blame upon his comrades—all except Winn, who said:

"I'm the one began it; I broke the cord, but I didn't mean to, and they lie if they say I did."

Uncle Mike, with a look and a tone of authority, sent them homeward, telling them if he ever saw the like again he wouldn't let them play in his garden any more, or have any of his apples and grapes. This was the penalty of penalties, and they all skulked away to their various homes like so many little culprits, as they were. Uncle Mike returned to his seat in the doorway and gazed placidly out upon the street, puffing his cigar more vigorously than before.

"I wonder what the world's coming to," said Colonel Mayne, a gray-haired, candid-faced man, laying down his paper and taking off his spectacles.

The remark was evidently addressed to Uncle Mike, but that inscrutable person only puffed away the more energetically.

"Who ever heard the beat of that little Winn Bradley? Sure enough, what is the world coming to. We never heard the like in our day," responded Mr. Orton, an elderly man, the head of a large tin-ware establishment. He laid the book he had been reading on a table by his side, and, leaning back in his chair, threw one leg over the other, clasped his hands over the top of his head, and drew a long breath.

"Heard the like in our day! Zounds! I guess we never did. If we'd been heard talking like that clique of little roughs, our fathers would have broken every bone in our skins," replied the Colonel, bringing his hand down upon his knee with a heavy slap.

"That they would, and right enough, too. There's no respect for anybody or anything now. When I was a boy I was taught to take off my hat to my betters, and in company to be seen and not heard"; and Mr. Orton drew a long sigh as he compared the past with the present.

"To-day, it's the old folks who should be seen and not heard.—Blazes! how those little renegades did fire away," returned the Colonel.

"Say, Uncle Mike, how do you account for children's talking and acting so much worse than they used to?" asked Mr. Orton in a

jocose voice, rapidly balancing backwards and forwards on the hind legs of his chair.

"I think they've hear'n their fathers talk too much—that's what I think," replied Uncle Mike, without removing the cigar from his mouth. "Politics is different from what they used to be. Folks is no more in earnest, but they blackguard more," and jerking the cigar from his mouth with one hand, he brought the other down on the door-sill with a thump.

"How do you account for that?" asked Mr. Orton.

"Things used to be bound up too tight, and they had to loosen 'em a leetle in order to live through't, an' then they kep' on a loosening, an' there was no end on't, an' now things has been loosened jest as loose as they can be, an' if ever they go any different, they'll have to go t'other way. Allus, after it's been too hot, it'll be too cold. The old ways was too streeet, and the new ones ain't streeet enough. But human natur's no wuss, it only acts accordin' to the place it gits inter"—and Uncle Mike thrust his cigar into his mouth and began puffing with renewed energy.

"And what effect do you think it will have on the children, hearing their fathers blackguard so much?" asked the Colonel with a significant glance at Mr. Orton.

"It'll pizun 'em through an' through," and Uncle Mike twitched the cigar from his mouth, and resting his elbow on his knee held out the smoking fragment at arm's length between his thumb and finger. "When they hear likely men called scoundrels, and scoundrels themselves can't be called by any wuss name, why they won't nat'rally know the difference 'tween 'em, and they'll come to think a scoundrel's about as likely as anybody. It lessens the difference 'tween good and bad—that's what does the mischief."

He paused a moment as though in deep thought, and then added: "When things get jest as bad as they can be, they'll turn and go t'other way; but it's an awful pity for the folks that's living when things get to their wust."

He paused again. Then he continued:

"But when the wust comes it ginerally isn't quite so bad as the wust that was afore it. So the world gets on a leetle—takes a leetle h'ist every time, like the frog gettin' out o' the well. But it's sort o' discouragin'—oh, it's mighty bad for the folks that lives when things is at their wust."

"But isn't there any way to prevent things from getting to their worst?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes, if folks would only use the common

sense the Lord has give 'em; but they won't till they're obliged ter, an' if now and then there's one that dooes, he's pitched inter and abused, till he don't know which way ter turn."

Uncle Mike, as he uttered the last sentence, threw down the exceedingly short stump of cigar with a spiteful gesture, and strode homeward, as though convinced that the fools were not all dead yet, nor were likely to be in his day.

L. E. W.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

PROPERTY AND PROGRESS.¹

THIS book, by Mr. Mallock, is a small contribution to the literature of a great controversy. Its title appears to have been designed to enlist somewhat of the attention aroused by Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." It is made up of three articles reprinted from the "Quarterly Review," consisting mainly of criticisms on the views of George, Hyndman, and Marx; Mr. Mallock, moreover, seeks to set his own views in sharp contrast with those of the English Liberals, who constitute the following of Mr. Chamberlain.

Although certain critics have passed over Mr. George's book as unworthy of their serious attention, our author finds ample reason for subjecting its fundamental propositions to a thorough examination. "False theories," he says, "when they bear directly upon action, do not claim our attention in proportion to the talent they are supported by, but in proportion to the extent to which action is likely to be influenced by them; and since action in modern politics so largely depends on the people, the wildest errors are grave if they are only sufficiently popular." False propositions that influence the masses, the ignorant, and the half educated to action, however ridiculous they may appear to

the intelligent, demand an effective answer. "For practical purposes, no proposals are ridiculous unless they are ridiculous to the mass of those who may act upon them; in any question in which the people are powerful, no fallacy is refuted if the people still believe in it; and, were Mr. George's book even a lower class of production than it has ever been said to be by its most supercilious critics, we should not for that reason, in the present condition of things, esteem it one jot less worthy of a full and candid analysis."

In attempting to controvert the statements of Mr. George, Mr. Mallock makes an unpropitious beginning. Mr. George assumes that the old wages-fund theory is the accepted theory of the economists, and then proceeds to denounce the current economic doctrines, and to set up as something new the proposition that wages are paid, not out of capital, but out of the gross product. The facts in the case are, however, that this proposition was in books and was taught to college classes long before "Progress and Poverty" was written. Mr. George's wage-theory is essentially correct, but when he announced it, it was not new. It had already been set forth by Thornton in his work "On Labor," and accepted by John Stuart Mill. This is the first object of Mr. Mallock's attack. He argues to controvert it, and to support a doctrine that was already reject-

¹ "Property and Progress, or A Brief Inquiry into Contemporary Social Agitation in England." By W. H. Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

ed by leading economists at a time when Mr. George was uttering his rhetorical denunciations of current Political Economy. It is a curious muddle into which both these writers have become involved regarding the wages question; and it is clear that it would have been greatly to the credit of Mr. Mallock if he had postponed this part of his criticism until he had more thoroughly mastered the subject in hand. But notwithstanding the fallibility of our author, as illustrated in his discussion of the wage-theory, he is exceedingly free in his application of denunciatory epithets to writers whose opinions he cannot accept. There is a certain smartness about Mr. Mallock's manner in some parts of this book better suited to a stump speech than to sober, scientific discussion.

Thus far we have noticed only grounds for an unfavorable judgment. As we proceed in the volume, however, we discover greater merit and fewer faults. Mr. George's attempt to refute the Malthusian theory is altogether unworthy even of his own powers. It shows a profound ignorance of the fundamental conceptions of the theory, and indicates what miserable, illogical stuff may sometimes be found in books addressed to the masses of the people, and be believed by them. Against this mass of crude reasoning and absurd statements, Mr. Mallock maintains the fundamental truth of the Malthusian doctrine, and in the concluding portion of the chapter devoted especially to "Progress and Poverty," illustrates how little real argument and how much mere declamation go to make up the bulk of the volume.

The second and third chapters—that on "Socialism in England," and that on "The Statistics of Agitation"—are mainly devoted to a consideration of the three fundamental propositions of modern socialism. The first of these is that the land of any given country belongs of right to the people of that country, collectively. The socialistic position on this point is, perhaps, as well expressed by George as by any one else. "To the landed estates of the Duke of Westminster," he says, "the poorest child that is born in London to-day has as much right as has

his eldest son. Though the sovereign people of the State of New York consent to the landed possessions of the Astors, the puniest infant that comes wailing into the world, in the squalidest room of the most miserable tenement, becomes, at that moment, seized of an equal right with the millionaires; and it is robbed if this right is denied." This view is not peculiar to recent political thought, although urged with special zeal in the present. In his *Tractatus Politicus*, Spinoza, speaking of the real property of a commonwealth, announces essentially the same view as that advocated by modern socialists. "The fields," he says, "and the whole soil, and, if it can be managed, the houses, should be public property; that is, the property of him who holds the right of the commonwealth; and let him let them at a yearly rent to the citizens, whether townsmen or countrymen; and with this exception let them all be free, or exempt from every kind of taxation in time of peace." ("Works," I., 319.) Against this view Mr. Mallock argues with clearness and force, showing that the socialistic argument involves, in the first place, "a completely wrong notion of what constitutes the justice of any law or institution," and, in the second place, "a completely wrong notion of what constitutes private property."

The second point in the socialistic scheme subject to criticism is embraced in the statement: "All wealth is due to labor; therefore, to the laborer all wealth is due." This involves a theory of production in which "capital, as a thing distinct from labor, is not an agent in the production of wealth at all." In this view much that is ordinarily regarded as capital is not capital at all, since, as Mr. Hyndman says, "It adds no more value to the commodity produced than the wear and tear during the process of work." On this point Mr. Mallock's reply is conclusive, and he exposes very clearly the absurdity of the socialist's position.

But his happiest refutation is that which he offers to the third proposition of the socialists, namely, "that the necessary tendency in national progress, as matters now stand, is to make the rich constantly richer, and

the poor poorer." He shows, in the first place, that the increase in population in England during the last forty years has been largely on the part of the richer classes; they have increased by more than 200 per cent., whilst the poorer classes, on the contrary, have increased by but 20 per cent. He shows, in the second place, that while the number of those who have an annual income of less than £150 has increased by but 20 per cent., their aggregate income has increased from £235,000,000, in 1843, to £620,000,000, in 1883, "that is to say, the incomes of those who have less than £150 a year have increased during the last forty years by 130 per cent." Of the middle class, which is said to be tending to extinction, he shows further, that "the class with incomes between £150 and £300 has increased during the past thirty years by 148 per cent.; the class with incomes between £300 and £600, by 130 per cent.; the class

with incomes between £600 and £1,000, by 77 per cent.; and the class with incomes above £1,000, by 76 per cent." This growth of the middle class as compared with the 20 per cent. increase of the poorer classes, does not indicate a speedy extinction of the middle class. Not only have the numbers increased, but the average income has also increased. "The average income in the lowest grade of the middle class was £164 in 1851, and is £171 now; whilst the average income amongst all the rich, except the very rich, was, in 1851, £2,193, and it is now not more than £2,069."

The statistics advanced by Mr. Mallock regarding the progress of the different classes in England, as well as those illustrating the division of the gross rental of English lands, go far to controvert the presupposition of socialistic reasoning, and tend to take from the discussions of George and Hyndman much of their point and force.

ETC.

As the forms close for this month's OVERLAND, the home-stretch of the Presidential campaign begins with the completion of the nominations. With party politics THE OVERLAND has nothing to do—that is to say, with names, either of men or of political organizations. With principles it has. There are two ways in which a position fairly to be called "independent" may be taken by a literary magazine. It may simply place the subject outside of its range, preserve dead silence upon it, as one does upon religion at a party where the guests hold irreconcilable theologies. When the magazine prints contributions upon both sides, preserving editorial silence, the position is nearly the same; that is, the brain of the magazine—lodged, of course, in some one or more human skulls, and loaned to that impersonal person, "the magazine," for specific purposes—may hold in either case strong party convictions; the magazine is independent simply because not partisan. This is, undoubtedly, the most reasonable kind of "independence," for a literary journal in a community where political journals, not only of both parties but of all the shades between, exist in abundance; there is nothing for it to say upon politics that is not pretty well said elsewhere—no position it can take that some one among the many shades of journalistic politics in its community will not have already covered. In

California it is different; here the press is almost exclusively identified with either one or the other of the parties. There are exceptions, but so few that the enormous tract of possible opinion outside of either party (a tract which, one can see at a glance, must be co-extensive with the whole vast field of human opinion except the two roads of party doctrine winding through it, and which is therefore humorously called, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, "the fence")—that enormous tract, we say, is most inadequately covered. In fact, it will happen to any journal so situated that it is the rarest thing in the world to find any other journal in its community occupying exactly, or even approximately, on any difficult question, its own position amid the broad acres of "the fence." Under such circumstances, if a literary magazine does not happen to be animated by convictions in harmony with one or the other party, the second sort of "independency" is the best for it; that is, to be positively, instead of negatively, independent.

This second sort of independency is THE OVERLAND'S. It stands for principles, either in or out of either party. It advises every Democrat in the State, who, upon investigation, suspects that the Republicans offer a better prospect of good to the country, to vote the Republican ticket and persuade his friends

to do so; and every Republican who suspects the same of Democratic prospects to vote the Democratic ticket and persuade his friends to do. It advises every voter—and every non-voter who influences voters—to read the *best* journals on both sides (or rather, on all sides, for the position has more than two), and inferior ones on neither side. And this it advises without in the least discountenancing the doctrine that party organization and party government is the only practical way—for after all whom such preaching could possibly influence have taken the independent position, there will be enough left whom no reasoning could entice out of rank to insure the continuance of the party method. Even should the parties be broken up, as parties have often been before, it would be only to form into ranks again in new parties.

Yet, paradox though it may appear, the existence of an element that refuses party fealty is no less essential to the existence of party government than that of the opposite element; for elections would be as completely a form as Roman consuls under the Empire, if they did not mean that there was always doubt which side predominated. Putting out of the question changes in population due to immigration, a vote once cast would settle the question once for all, and a state or the country would become permanently and at once Republican or Democratic; a party would be adopted as a constitution is. In some states this condition has been very nearly attained; if it should be perfectly attained, party would be extinguished—falling dead in the moment of complete victory, and by the very act of victory. And behold here a state in which elections go with great regularity to each party alternately, proving the existence of an element that is too independent of party fealty to stick to any party two years running, and yet in which parties exist in a state of robust health beyond that of almost any state (we refer to physical health—capacity of long life, vigor in action, and the like—not to moral health). It is only to be regretted that the bulk of this very detached element, which holds the balance of power completely in California, is not an independence of intelligence and morality, but quite the reverse; that it does not repudiate the parties because neither is good enough or wise enough, but because neither is—we would be quite just to say, “bad enough,” but perhaps “intemperate enough” will do. As the next three months pass, we shall have more to say of these matters, and shall preserve our present position of entire freedom from allegiance to any organization; of silence as to persons and parties, and frankness as to principles.

IN a recent issue of *THE OVERLAND*, in reviewing a pamphlet on “Methods of Historical Study,” by a university professor of distinction, we called attention to his recommendation of the use of department libraries as almost indispensable to advanced education in any branch. The most wealthy and enterprising

universities in the country are adopting the plan, and it seems to be uniformly successful. Any specialty that has its special literature will be much more conveniently pursued by gathering all the desirable books on that subject into a branch library, which then becomes the peculiar property of the group of students pursuing that specialty. In many ways the power of books for college use is greatly increased by grouping them. The convenience to earnest students, the attractiveness to careless ones, is quadrupled. Moreover, a special library serves as a nucleus about which gather more books on the subject far better than the same books—or a fraction of them—scattered about the main library could do.

The first move toward a department library in connection with our University is now being made in a specially plucky way by the professor of German, Professor Putzker, who, instead of depending on the long deferred and probably vain hope of getting anything “extra” of this sort done through the official processes of a State University with too little income for its regular functions, has devoted his annual vacation to going out himself and finding money for a special library of German literature. This is no sudden project, but the fruition of long wishing and planning. German at Berkeley has long been a very popular study, and is now followed by the larger part of the students. It has, ever since the present professor’s advent, been pursued with a special reference to the rapid acquisition of reading power, as a necessary preliminary both to advantageous work by those who study for philological purposes, to an entrance to the fields of literature by those who have that aim, and to the mastery of the language as an implement for practical uses. The result of this has been that the class text-books have required a constant supplementing from without; for the student of German who translates only his daily “stent” in the text-book leaves college with very little more ability to read German than Mr. Adams says he has to read Greek. In Greek or German or mathematics the class-room stent comes to very little; the man who wishes to really have good knowledge of any subject must follow it up by his own voluntary work outside. It is a great step taken toward true scholarship when the spirit of this voluntary outside work is waked in students—or, to speak fairly, it is *the* step, the only possible first step. The German books in the University library are limited in number, and selected more with reference to their absolute excellence, literary or technical, than to the needs of classes of beginners. They are also, in part, for the use of the professors on special subjects. A book in German on some point of higher mechanics is of little use in teaching an embryo classical or chemical student German. Yet, in a library which must cover all subjects, German had its fair share. Accordingly, the Professor’s private library was brought into requisition to supplement the German resources of the main library; but that, too, is of course selected with

reference to the wants of the teacher, and not of the pupil. A working library of German literature—everything good, but everything within the actual reach of the young student—is therefore what Professor Putzker is now laboring for. He plans for journals as well as books; for maps, busts, pictures; for English works upon German subjects, criticism, exposition, biography, history—everything, in short, that properly pertains to a German library for American students. “A working library,” we say; that is, it is intended not as a collection for the specialist, nor as a handsome addition to the University’s possessions, but as a work-shop to use in the daily class work and the more important voluntary work suggested by the text of the class work. The library, for instance, has already its special room promised, and will be a reading room; in addition, the books will all be at the disposal of the students to take to their homes, and in every way get the most possible use out of. Such a working library as this can be satisfactorily begun for a very few thousands—two, or three, or four, or five. Five thousand dollars would be all that need be desired for some years yet to come; then, as the University grew, and the scholarliness of its students grew, the growth of the library, through the interest of friends, would keep pace with the need.

This good project has appealed especially to the German citizens, who have been very liberal toward it. It has enlisted their patriotism and their pride in having not only their own sons but those of Americans as well given every advantage to study their literature and country. It is an appropriate and graceful thing that German citizens should lead in the subscription—it may be regarded as a gift of gratitude to their adopted country, a testimonial of filial feeling at once to the California that receives the gift, and the fatherland that is honored by it. But it is by no means a matter that concerns American citizens any less than German: for it is far more important that their sons should have good opportunity at college to study German than that the sons of German families, who could easily acquire it in any case, should do so. Especially should all who agree with Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and *THE OVERLAND*, that German is a most desirable element in the college education of an American youth, seize the opportunity to forward its study—both those who agree with Mr. Adams that the modern languages should be cultivated to the routing of Greek, and those who agree with *THE OVERLAND* that they should be cultivated to the help and advantage of both Greek and themselves.

The subscription now reaches nearly \$2,000. Several individual citizens have coöperated liberally. The alumni of the University may be looked to to offer such support and help as is in their power; and we may suggest that any such subject as this is an appropriate one to be brought forward at the meetings of all college alumni organizations, literary and sociological clubs, college fraternities, and the like.

The Crow That Would Sing.

A FABLE.

A CROW, one night, in jealous mood
Sought the dim shadows of the wood.
Resolved that darkness should display
Talents unrecognized by day;
And not content by honest “caws”
To show the prodigy he was,
Attempted sundry vocal freaks,—
Fantastic, hoarse, discordant shrieks.
“Hoot!” cried an owl, “what is the matter?
And who’s the cause of all this clatter?
Ha, ha, sir crow, I see you now;
But wherefore this nocturnal row?”
“Row!” quoth the crow, “why, don’t you see
I’m singing?” “Nay, ‘twixt you and me,”
Replied the owl, “I shouldn’t say
That I *do* see it: anyway,
Why don’t you take your madness on—
For so I call it—say, at dawn,
Or twilight, or in garish day,
And that, too, in the natural way?
Your ‘caw, caw, caw,’ is not so bad;
But this—by Jove, it drives me mad!”

“Sir Oracle,” replied the crow,
“I crave your patience. You must know,
Being a most ambitious bird,
I’ve fancied were my note but heard
’Twould be admired. ’Tis crowded out,
You see, there’s such a swarm about—
Robins and blue birds and the rest—
All emulous to do their best.
So I am nowhere! Not a chance
Have I: the robins look askance
Whenever I appear; such winks
As pass between the bobolinks!
Then, just as I begin to sing,
The stupid either take to wing,
Or set up such a chorus, one
Would vow that Bedlam was begun!
And so methought I’d try my powers
By night; and wooing from their bowers
The silent birds, outpour my lay,
And thus my vocal skill display
Unhindered, and secure my meed
Of praise.”

“This never will succeed,
My friend,” replied Minerva’s bird:
Your note not only must be heard,
But must *deserve* a hearing, ere
The plaudits of the wood it share.
Go home and learn humility;
If you’re a singer, don’t you see
That some of us will find it out?—
What need to blazon it about
In such a style as this? But hark
Midnight is chiming through the dark.
Good night: and when you famous grow,
You needn’t send me word, sir crow
The air will tell as true a tale
Of you as of the nightingale.”

Moral: Be sure, if you’re a poet,
Your peers, as well as you, will know it,

The echoing breezes bear along,
 For praise or blame, the singer's song :
 Whatever be your note—from crow
 To nightingale—the winds will know !
 And ring it false or ring it true
 Its echo will come back to you.

Caroline A. Mason.

A Boon Companion.

WHY do you rush to the seclusion of your chamber to cool the fever of sorrow that is wearing the roundness from your cheeks, and to restore in forced silence something of the old naturalness to your expression ? How can you pass up the garden walk, with the violets and daisies nodding all about you, and see only the gray, ragged edges of the sorrow that is hanging over your soul ? How can we all so often reject the offered hand of Nature to wrap our benumbed senses in strained and tired thought ? We are ever striving to stay our spirits with flagons pressed from theoretical philosophy and untrue art. We go into a museum full of dry, dead things, and lose ourselves for hours in studious reflection. A bit of a stone or a shell is a book ; but it is only history, and when our memories are stored, we go away heavy with the thought that we, too, are but fragments of an unwritten history. We go into a gallery of painted landscapes, and unless they are immortal, they are like dreams ; we scan a group of painted faces, but they are mute and cold ; and ere we are quite through musing on an ideal picture, we are weary of the tragedy or fickleness of its sentiment. We learn at last that we cannot get "surcease from sorrow" in sipping the wine of art, unless, perchance, we can go back of the eye of the artist, and feel all the force of its inspiration.

There is one door that is open for all, and any one can lead himself, or be led, into the gracious over-reaching presence of her who has the same tender speech and kind caress for all who seek her face. It is Nature, in her great benevolence and every day presence, who gives a welcome of delight to the restless child with tossing curls, a welcome of revelation to the earnest philosopher, brushing the dew in his morning walk, and a welcome of benediction to the white-haired pilgrim, moving his easy chair to the shaded garden. She does not have to be explained and understood to be loved ; and we can go gladly and safely into her presence, not burdened with the knife and glass of the botanist or the hammer of the geologist, but knowing her simply as she appears in the wide out-doors. And unto those who listen to her many voices, and feel her touches on hand and brow, she is a *boon companion*, faithful through sorrow and sickness and poverty, through affluence and the sham of the world's patronage, through failing youth—even unto the shadow of the valley of death.

It is the clear, silvery out-doors, the singing, rhyming out-doors, that calls me from my work and duties and cares, to listen, love, learn, and be satisfied with life, whatsoever burdens may hang upon its desires and dreams. Yet there is no reproof in Nature's

varied moods and languages to the tardy disciple, who sought many years between the pages of books and in the tangles of friendship for the contentment and satisfaction that is sure to come when the heart is open to all that Nature can say. She does not reprove me that I once walked between pansy buds, but saw them not ; that I once, wound in cold forebodings, felt not the warm stretches of the gold and purple hills, and let the heart beat dumb and moveless that now bounds to meet each graceful spray, each high, far tint, each piled and terraced cloud. There can only be regret for the old blind eyes and heedless ears—a regret that does not tarnish the shining of the present joy. Nature never gives back a tithe of our ingratitude, nor looks with cold disfavor on our tears, as do companions when we have ceased to flaunt prosperity and gaiety before them.

Left alone in the "out of the world" home, which is as the palace of peace and quietness, one learns to lean every day and every hour of the day upon the tender out-door friend, dropping at all times the heavier thought to watch the stealing shadows of the day or listen to the constant showering of song that the birds let fall in spring. As I slip out to feel the noon-time softness, up among the knarls and knots of the old oak tree what a festival of love is being celebrated ! With what a profusion of incident is this bird life carried forward ! These cherry-headed linnets are always happy from the first leaving of the trees in spring till the summer becomes old and dusty. The singer is always devoted to his plain little house-keeper, and makes her a pretty little verse of song with every spray he brings her. He is happily indifferent to the impertinent bee-martin, who dashes around through the shaded leafy ways of the tree, displaying his white-striped wings, and disturbing this bower of music with his loud, rattling call. The bee-martin is an ornamental feature of the tree, with his dove-colored head and yellow breast ; but he scolds continually, and will fly down angrily at the bird dog if he so much as ventures to walk in the shadow of the inhabited oak. But the dreamer loves him for his noise and his dashing ways. Mingled sweetly with the happy music of the linnets comes the warble and trill of some new arrival—rich, perfect melody like the song of the canary. The bird is just resting for a moment on that topos spray. It is white and glaring up there, but we see a little gray form swaying among the green leaves against the burnished blue. Now he is gone, darting and skimming down the field. He lights by low, green vine. We follow hopefully, stealthily daringly, but there are many little green vines, and he hides behind them one by one, till he is safely away and lost to us. We can never even call him by name. He is like one of those rare, tender thoughts—thoughts of larger charity for those about us—which swell into our hearts warm and pure, but are frightened away by suspicion and selfishness into the far realms of unformed resolves.

Does hot sorrow lie at your heart? Does your sorrow burn you away day by day? Can you not go out from your pent room, with all its associations, and solicit new thoughts from the trees, the fruits, the grasses, from all growing things that are trained into being the servants of labor? Kneel down by the vine hanging its purple treasures close to its heart, and muse in sympathy on labor and its rewards. Think of those who plow and plant, and reaping, rise in the world's scale; and of those who idle and have nothing, and to whom nothing shall be given. Down in the field of grain, waving and rippling like a sea, there passes the melody of a song, that if you could hear its earnest, potent music, would feed and strengthen you with healthful thoughts of your neighbor's need and your neighbor's good.

Are you weary of yourself and your many distractions? Go out into the fresh and moving air, and take upon your soul the breezy vigor of a changeful, half cloudy day. Perhaps your timid thoughts, crowding their slow weight over your heart, or making with their memories an angry heat, will round up softly and steal away like the dim and snowy clouds, the wonderful, high-piled summer clouds, drifting away on missions eternal, only lowering a little here to fan with their cool, gray wings the drying air of seed-time and harvest! They move along against the calm blue with stateliest grace, blending and parting and piling anon into vaulting cliffs and nameless castles, with shining pinnacles and long and

somber rooms. Any one's thoughts can go with them, riding exulting on the soft white billows above, or moving slow and dull along the shaded terraces below. Let the heart be receptive, and it will grow quieter in thought and gentler in feeling beneath the changeful shadows of these passing clouds. The hot animosity of yesterday pales before the admonitions of the speaking things above and below. The mountains also come nearer on such a day, with their dark blue ridges and umber hills dressed in many thoughts. All are companionable—the riding clouds, the great oaks lining the plain, the long and drowsy paths through the grain fields, the sprays of vines waving in the wind, and always the gentle air cooling the cheeks and kissing the lips with many felt caresses.

We love most of all, perhaps, to sit in the closing dusk and watch the dying of a perfect day. Our boon companion comes very near then, and tender memories come into our hearts of all who have kept with us the tryst of eventide. We blend our full thoughts with the ringing notes of the last bird song, the voices sounding nearer, and the rustling of the rose vines over the porch. The chirp of the distant cricket brings in its own troop of thoughts of romping childhood and “hide and go seek” in the high grass. We know not why we love to linger so in the falling dew: only the breath of evening is cool and fragrant, and the heart beats still with love for our own landscape blending into the shades of night.

E. E.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Recent Fiction.

This year's crop of summer novels continues to arrive a little later than usual, giving us quite a group of titles to be noticed by way of supplement to last month's review. Of these, one cannot help finding *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys*¹ the most noteworthy—cannot help, we say, because he will probably do it a little reluctantly. Perhaps the epigrammatic comment of a shrewd critic on a certainly effective but possibly turgid line of Browning's, may appropriately be quoted with regard to Mr. Grant White's book: “It's a thing one wouldn't want to have written himself, but is glad to have had Browning write.” Through advance notices, through articles in the Atlantic, through some reviews already out, the general drift of the book is already known to many of our readers; for the benefit of those to whom it is not, we will explain that it is altogether the most direct and aggressive comparison of English and American society yet published in fiction. It exists merely for

the sake of the comparison; the “story” is well-nigh as completely an excuse as in the conversations of “Evenings at Home,” or similar instructive literature. The character-drawing, however, is much more ambitious; and while not in the least a work of genius, is conscientious and consistent, and bears the appearance of truthfulness in the main traits. It must not be inferred from our calling this the most direct and aggressive comparison of English and American society, that it is partial or intemperate; on the contrary, the views expressed are eminently candid, temperate, and generous. Nevertheless, it produces the impression of a certain intolerance that fatally haunts almost everything that Mr. Grant White writes. One cannot avoid a feeling that it was written in irritation, and that irritates even the reader who agrees with the substance of the book. Moreover, it is the only instance we know of a deliberate plea for recognition of our good breeding. Previous studies of comparative manners have been written as the disinterested comment of observers—novelists or travelers—who simply note as interesting points of sociology the international resemblances and differences. Even Lowell's “On a Certain Condescension in

¹ *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys*. By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Foreigners" is written with an air of perfectly impersonal comment on a curious fact. The leading thesis of the present book is that the best class of thorough-bred Americans are full as much gentlemen as the best class of English—whom they closely resemble, as by blood entitled to do. Now, it certainly seems a little ignominious for a people, as for an individual, to enter into a discussion as to its own good breeding. Even misrepresentations seem to be met with more dignity by a serene indifference than by discussion. If every English novelist and critic should maintain that all Americans are vulgar, it would seem the most gentlemanly rejoinder to say to ourselves, "So much the worse for either England's knowledge or her standards," and continue to produce men, and books, and journals that are not vulgar; which if we do long enough, no misapprehension can possibly stand against the simple force of fact. Therefore we say one would not wish to have himself written *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys*. But we are glad to have had Mr. Grant White write it, first, because it is very interesting reading, and second, because it contains a great number of things that are very true, and that really should be said. The reluctance we have been speaking of to the protest in behalf of our own status as gentlemen does not by any means go so far as to make comparisons of society in themselves objectionable. On the contrary, they will be for a long time of the greatest interest to every intelligent American; and especially must all our relations with the mother-country be inquired into with a peculiar curiosity. It is merely the shape in which the writer's observations are put forth that is a little unpleasant; yet it may be that it will inform many among those whom he especially desires to enlighten—the English themselves—all the better for being direct advocacy; and it is really for the English that this part of the book is written. We of America know perfectly well already that there exists a class of our countrymen that is "first fine and then re-fined," as President Gilman said of President Durant.

To show that this class is as good as the best Englishmen—in manners, intelligence, character, and every other element of what Chaucer calls *gentillesse*, is the author's leading thesis; but closely related to it is the definition of this class from among the great multitude of mixed ranks and nationalities called Americans. It is not here for the first time, by any means, that he presses the idea—undoubtedly a correct one—that if the word "American" implies race—as "English," "German," "Russian," does—instead of mere political connection, the only persons who could possibly have a claim to it are the descendants of the pre-Revolutionary inhabitants of the country; that all others must be English, Irish, Germans, etc., of the first or second generation in descent. He calls attention, for instance, to the impossibility of an Irish family in England being considered English because of two or three generations

of residence, and compares it with the facility with which any and every race is comprised under the term "American." But even for this original nucleus of our nationality he uses the term reluctantly, insisting that they are—at least in New England and Virginia—nothing in the world but English, resident in America for some generations, and different, he insists, from the same class in the old home only as they are influenced by the absence of a titled aristocracy. Comparing England class for class with America, he maintains that the pure-blooded New England men and Virginians will be found to constitute a class closely resembling the best specimens of the home English, while the Englishman of high-breeding who sees ill-bred Americans must judge them as middle or lower class Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or Irishmen, as the case may be. Humphreys's English wife comments upon the appearance of the "Americans" as shown in a street-car; whereupon he promptly calls her attention to the fact that every person in the car is Irish except themselves; she laughs at a very "American" piece of spread-eaglesism in a street sign, and he shows her that the name thereupon is German. The author goes on to depict the perplexing condition of this nucleus of Anglo-Saxon upper class with the governmental instincts, gentle manners, intelligence, and habit of education of their sort, surrounded and outnumbered by a vast collection of the lower classes of all nationalities, all on an equal political and business footing with themselves, and nominally on an equal social footing; losing inch by inch and surely the control, not only of their own government, but of all their institutions, of the tone of society, of the standard of morals and manners; and finally, if we may judge by the fate of Mansfield Humphreys, finding little better to do than to give up the hopeless combat and go back to the home country left two hundred years before, having accomplished the mission of the exile by founding a home for the oppressed of the earth, who may now be left to work out their problem among themselves.

The book is so full of points fertile in suggestion, that nothing short of a review article could take them up fairly; and it is not a book of enough importance to justify such extended discussion. Like many another, it is a book of secondary merit, that raises topics of primary importance. For the question of manners in England and America leads the author on to a discussion of the far graver question of the working of absolute equality, joined to unlimited freedom of immigration—in short, a discussion of the point at which the American experiment has arrived, and its future prospects. Most of what he says is unquestionably sound and highly quotable. If space allowed, we should speak farther of certain points in which he is obviously fallacious; but we can only say that the chief of these is underrating the necessary difference between the Anglo-Saxon nucleus in America and the home English. In point of fact, the best stock in America is by no means exclusively,

or even chiefly, what in England is called "good family." It may be that if Mr. Humphreys's ancestors had remained in England, he would have been born to position equal to his wife's; but many a New England equal of his would have been in the old country either the son of a small farmer, or, at best, a doctor, author, or professor. The colonists of New England were—speaking according to the standards of a titled aristocracy—for the most part on the line between upper and middle class; a few titles, a considerable number of the untitled "gentry"; and for the rest, farmers and trades people of the better sort. They therefore correspond by descent, as they do by occupation, very fairly with that somewhat "betwixt and between" class of English that lie about the joining of upper and middle classes—professional men, authors, the better class of "commercial" men, and so on. If Mr. Humphreys had looked up the English descendants of his own progenitors of 1600 A.D., it is in such rank that he would have found them. The observation of many Americans in England is that rank with the "upper middle class" is cheerfully conceded to the best Americans; and where more fairly could they be ranked? Would the titled English give any more than "brevet rank of gentleman" to the class in their own country of the same occupation and descent? There are, it is true, several points in which the American gentleman has the advantage over his social equal in England: as Mr. Arnold suggests, to be of the middle class when there is no upper class produces a vastly better result in manners and character than the ordinary middle-class standard; and again, the adoption of personal excellence and valuable services as the standard of rank has a very improving influence; and this was the standard set by Puritanism, and still more common among the descendants of the Puritans than might be supposed. Personal excellence of mind, morals, and manners, confirmed by descent from those of the same personal excellence, constitutes rank among the old English families of America; and if any American is aggrieved at being ranked as "upper middle class" in England, according to the standards of a country of title, let him fall back upon this original American standard, according to which he may have the satisfaction of ranking members of the British aristocracy as upper middle class or lower middle class, or, occasionally, lower yet. There are a good many Puritans still left, who simply cannot take seriously any standard but this, and cannot understand a lord's respect for his own title as anything but a barbaric illusion; we have met such more than once, among people apart from active life, and not given to English books.

Again, this fundamentally English class in our population has not kept itself as intact as Mr. Grant White would have us believe. It is very true that there has been in it a greater reluctance to marry with other races than among any other section of the American population, unless we except the Dutch colonial sec-

tion in New York. But it would be nonsense to say that it has so married as little as the same sort of people in Old England do. It has married with the Dutch of New York and with the Huguenots of the Carolinas; within the present century, since western immigration has begun, it has met on common ground in the west not only with Dutch and French, but with every other of the several nationalities that were in the colonies, and has blended blood with them—the families of high social station less than the others, but all to some extent. Those who have remained settled where their ancestors did, in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and, perhaps, Virginia, have remained as purely Anglo-Saxon as Mr. White indicates; it is in New York and the West chiefly that mingling has taken place. Likewise, between class and class, within the Anglo-Saxon section of American people, there has been far more intermarriage than could possibly occur in a country with external rank to fortify class distinctions. The Pilgrims of Plymouth colony ranged in rank from gentry (not nobility) to small farmers not entitled to even the prefix "Mr.," and married with the most absolute disregard of such distinctions; while the Massachusetts Bay colonists, who both had more rank and valued it higher, were soon marrying with the Plymouth people. A certain line of caste has been preserved, based upon both descent and character; but great numbers have crossed the line: some sinking out of the "Brahmin caste" by two or three generations of deteriorating marriages, others getting into it, or, oftener, recovering a status lost by grandparents. It is curious that under these conditions the "caste," "rank," or whatever we choose to call it, should continue to exist at all; but it must be remembered that the community at large does not in the least admit its existence, nor more than vaguely know that it makes any claims.

To pass from the discussion of "the real American," Mr. White makes the last main point of his book the question of the moral and social prospects of America at large. The point is well made, and of more importance than the preceding ones. Quotation will, perhaps, best serve our turn here:

"Mr. Arnold and the Liberals whom he represents would have 'equality,' and that 'expansion' and that 'progress' about which he writes with such serious elegance, without having the inevitable consequences of equality, or expansion, and of that sort of progress which accompanies them. Equality, social and political, means simply equality; and you cannot have social and political equality without having all men socially and politically equals. But when in a people numbering between twenty and fifty millions, whether east or west of the Atlantic, all men have not only equal protection of their rights by the law, but actually the same rights, political and other, and when every man's vote counts one and no more, to spend time and words in showing that political power will fall into their hands, who form the most numerous of the classes and conditions of such a people,

and that they will use that power, not for the best interests of the nation, not even for their own higher interests, but for their present profit, would be burning candles in daylight. Now this is precisely what has happened in 'America.' This it is to Americanize the institutions of a country."

"Just what Mr. Arnold asks for has happened in 'America.' We have swept away 'the illusion that one class is capable of speaking properly for another'; the agricultural laborer has 'become articulate' and speaks for himself; not only he but every other laborer; not only every laborer, but every man. The result brought about within fifty years is the condition of politics and society which Mr. Arnold dreads and stigmatizes under the name Americanization. This process may be briefly described as the introduction of the worship of one god; not the god of Abraham, nor perhaps of Isaac, but certainly the god of Jacob—self. It is the making of selfishness a religion. The result of the democracy and the equality that Mr. Arnold pleads for is that the great mass of so-called 'Americans,' consisting (whether of the old stock or of the new-comers from Europe) of those, who, elsewhere, would be politically inarticulate—look upon the world with the single eye of self-interest. Mr. Arnold says that the Americanism of society and politics comes of our original lack in 'America' of anything better. Here is the great essential error . . . in the general British judgment of 'American' society. For the fact is that what they call Americanism in society (including politics) is the result of a deterioration certainly accompanying, if not consequent on, that democracy, equality, and expansion which Mr. Matthew Arnold advocates. . . . No, there is no way of uniting equality with the rule of the best, or expansion with the selecting influence of exclusiveness."

In these paragraphs Mr. Grant White holds democracy alone responsible for what is even more largely due to immigration (a rather odd definition: "Americanization is the result produced by Europeanizing America by immigration"); the equality that the Anglo-Saxon race, with its genius for self-government (and that means simply ability to consider the general good and to subordinate self-interest), might possess without misuse, is a different thing in the hands of races without that genius. In course of many generations, Mr. Grant White speculates, the inhabitants of the United States must cease to be English in America, French, Irish, German, Hebrew, Scandinavian, in America, and become one race by blended blood. "But then, 'American' will mean simply 'man' . . . 'the blood of all the earth will have converged from its dispersion, to unite in the veins of an English-speaking, English-thinking people'"—an obliteration of race which will strike many, as it does Mr. White, disagreeably.

As a minor comment, we will revert to the "story" long enough to say that it is an unquestionably "false note" to imply that in America a gentlewoman is liable to insulting advances or proposals from successful scoundrels. She is doubtless more likely here than elsewhere to have to endure such a person's society occasionally; but such an incident as that of Colonel Waterstock is as utterly out of place in American society as in English. And with this, we take leave of this very suggestive book.

NEXT on our list of novels comes one that calls for less notice than *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys*: not because it is inferior, but perhaps even because of its excellence, which leaves little to be said except that it can hardly be fault found with. Miss Jewett's *A Country Doctor*¹ is a tranquil and unemphatic little transcript of New England life, and as perfect in finish as everything from the same hand. It is at some loss of a certain freshness and characteristic quality that the humbler walls of life are left: the chief people in the story talk and act more "like other folks" than do the somewhat less sophisticated people among whom Miss Jewett is at her best; still, they are just as true to life. The heroine is the daughter of a factory girl and of a man of some wealth and social rank; is brought up among her mother's family and old friends—farming folk—under the guardianship of the good doctor, a man of real eminence in his profession though a village practitioner, who makes a doctor of her too; during her course in medical school she makes the acquaintance of her father's people, spends some time with them, shocks them by her medical studies, and refuses a lover, with some reluctance, chiefly because she is more in love with her profession; and the book ends by showing her satisfied with her choice. This is the whole story. There is much gentle feeling in it, no passion, no "plot" or other special narrative construction; Nan's life is simply followed along through childhood and girlhood to the final decision of her profession. It contains Miss Jewett's opinion on the vocation question, to the effect that a profession and marriage are with women, unlike men, incompatible; that not all women have natural fitness for marriage, and those who have not should find another calling. Not even falling in love constitutes reason sufficient for marriage. Nan decides that, on the whole, if she gives up her profession for her lover she will regret it more than she will him, if she gives him up for her profession; and Miss Jewett approves her decision—and so, in fact, does the reader; if not theoretically, yet in feeling, for she seems a delightful and appropriate figure as a country doctor, and marriage quite incongruous with her. There is an inheritance of dipsomania that strengthens her decision against marriage, but it is not her main reason. There is much that will bear thinking about in Miss Jewett's view of the matter; and this is by a good deal the best thing on the doctor question yet put into fiction. The minor characters about Nan's home are the delightful Massachusetts Yankees of Miss Jewett's earlier stories, a type for which we cannot be too grateful to her. The distance between the conventional and the real Yankee becomes most evident on reading of these kindly people, thrifty yet generous. There are very few men and women between book-covers who live and breathe as these do in Miss Jewett's pages. One sometimes wishes that

¹ *A Country Doctor*. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

she would write something of life in its intenser phases among the class she knows so well (for they are a people capable of intensity); her charming method joined to matter of tragic weight should make a sort of New England Turgenieff of her. But it is quite probable that her leisurely serenity and cheerful truth to life is partly due to her being incapable of weightier work; those who write with intensity usually do it at the cost of realism, of judgment, and of taste, unless they are very great writers.

MISS ROOSEVELT's book, *Stage-Struck*,¹ is a somewhat noticeable one, not as a work of art, but because it contains much new and interesting matter with regard to American music students abroad. Two prefaces explain that the purpose of the book is to dissuade American girls from going abroad to cultivate their voices, by an account of the trials and dangers and small chance of success; but, in fact, it would seem evident from the account she does give that any girl who has money enough and who knows enough not to marry interesting Englishmen without ascertaining whether they are already married, nor to allow equivocal attentions from titled Italians, may have a perfectly safe and pleasant time; and if she has a good voice, good health, intelligence and persistent industry, there seems, as far as this book shows, no reason why she should not succeed. To be counted out of society abroad, and looked upon as a somewhat questionable character, she must expect; but there seems to be in Milan an American society sufficient to make up for that; while the Bohemian life of the American and English musical colony here is not only very jolly, but—according to Miss Roosevelt's description—respectable and intelligent. The girls appear to be often accompanied by their mothers, and their relations with the young men, their compatriots, very frank and sisterly, something like those in a good co-educational college. It is from Europeans that their dangers come; but no danger appears to exist such as might not have been escaped by the exercise of the most ordinary discretion, such as any well-conducted girl expects to use even at home. The trap into which Annetta finally fell was one that might exactly as well have caught her in her native village; there is no place in the world where it is entirely safe to marry in secret, upon slight acquaintance and without guarantees. A much more real and formidable danger is that of going abroad with insufficient money. The American colony head-broke is indeed a spectacle to warn the rash. The distresses and difficulties of going to third-rate managers are results of not having means enough to wait for better things. The danger of falling into the hands of bad teachers, too, seems to be somewhat formidable to the entirely uninstructed. One of the most interesting things in the book is its description, evidently from life, of famous teachers

¹ *Stage-Struck*: or *She Would be an Opera-Singer*. By Blanche Roosevelt. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. 1884. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

and their teachings. Indeed, throughout, we find the descriptions from the experience of a student of opera abroad—the “shop-talk”—the thing that any intelligent person would care to read the novel for.

THE story reader will go through many dozens of volumes before coming upon one so fresh, ingenious, and pretty, as the little romance called *Miss Ludington's Sister*.² Although it fulfils in an almost unparalleled way the literal meaning of the word “novel,” it belongs technically rather to the class of romance. It depends, therefore, so much on narrative, that we should be anticipating to the reader if we gave any summary of it. Its central idea verges upon the supernatural, and is ingenious and attractive to the last degree; if at one point there is something a little uncanny, it is not offensive. Indeed, it might be made a criticism that, with so excellent an opportunity for producing a sense of the unearthly, as Poe or Hawthorne would have done, the author has kept consistently in cheerful broad daylight, and told the most supernatural occurrences in the most unterrifying way. The conception on which the story is based is as unique as that of *Frankenstein*, and would have been admirably fitted in the hands of another Mrs. Shelley to give rise to a work of equal uncanniness. But such a treatment would have been totally foreign to the sunny spirit that has inspired *Miss Ludington's Sister*; and, accordingly, it is appropriate, and quite what the reader desires, when the supernatural at the end changes easily into the natural. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the only machinery possible for the development of the “plot” is spiritualistic mediums and seances, for that introduces an impression of trickery from the first, and prevents any but a naïve reader surrendering his imagination to the supernatural part of the story. Yet this, perhaps, keeps the simple and real treatment from being incongruous. We should make a long list if we stopped to enumerate all the pleasant points in the book: people talk pleasingly and behave well; there is a pathetic picturesqueness about Miss Ludington and all her setting of circumstance; the English used is remarkably good—simple and graceful; the story does not seem to have been constructed with skillful fitting the parts together to bear each other out, but to have grown; especially good is Ida's letter—one rarely sees so delicately caught the turn, both of phrase and feeling, of a girl's letter under such circumstances.

WE descend some distance from the three books already noticed to *The Only One*—a romance to show that a true man can love one only and always, no matter how much lovelier ones appear. The machinery through which the hero proves this is most lavish, including mysterious disappearances and iden-

² *Miss Ludington's Sister: A Romance of Immortality*. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

³ *The Only One*. By Harry W. French. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1884.

tities; a very heavy villain who burns his wife up for her money, and has secret chambers and cages and paid assassins; innumerable rescues in disguise; flight and pursuit throughout Egypt and Syria, with narrow escapes from the villain through the eccentric interventions of the disguised angel; and altogether more Arabian Nights performances than we could enumerate in detail. Let us add, that in all this there is not an atom of even intellectual vulgarity, that it is well written, and—though the reader does not fail to penetrate the mystery very early among the transformation scenes—entertaining. There is, in conversations and asides, a good deal of thought and suggestiveness, and the Syrian episode is decidedly picturesque and romantic reading.

TOPELIUS's "Surgeon's Stories" are completed with the sixth "cycle," *Times of Alchemy*,¹ in whose two parts the family feud is finally satisfactorily healed; after so many generations the burgher step-mother, noble husband and step-children, and half-burgher, half-noble children all uniting in the most affectionate family union; the king's ring—or so it is implied—with its heritage of selfish success, is burned to powder; and the feud of nobles and people is extinguished by Gustav III.'s resumption of royal power and disestablishment of the estates, in the revolution of 1772. The story closes leaving Gustav at the height of his success. It is of all the series the most entertaining, as a story.

Briefer Notice.

As we close our reviews for this month, early copies arrive of *A Trip to Alaska*,² by George Wardman, the author of the leading article in this issue of the OVERLAND MONTHLY. Indeed, this article contains the substance of several chapters of the book, having been designed, according to the common custom, to appear first in the magazine, and to be afterwards included in the book; but by an infelicity of calculation, easily consequent upon the two being printed upon opposite sides of the continent, both appear at the same time. We shall, accordingly, instead of review, refer our readers to the article "About St. Michael's and the Yukon," as a sufficient sample of the quality of the book, which is made up of similar sketches, broken into short chapters. We will pause, however, for passing comment on the attractive appearance of the covers, with their silver icebergs, and on the felicity of one of the chapter-headings, "The Far West." Remembering that the seal islands are as far west of San Francisco as San Francisco is of New York, this strikes us as neat.—Colonel Higginson supplements the Life of Margaret Fuller with a book not exactly of his own recollec-

tions,³ but inspired by them. He knew her as a lad knows a woman, and an elder sister was her intimate friend. He writes as an admirer, yet without the bias to enthusiasm of her nearer personal friends. Moreover, he is able to introduce much new matter, letters, journals, incidents, and other contributions, to our knowledge. His book, therefore, even if no better than its predecessor, would be a desirable supplement. But we understand that Madame Ossoli's friends like this book better than any account of her hitherto published; and certainly it makes more comprehensible to the stranger than anything hitherto the contradictory opinions and feelings that this remarkable woman always roused. Conceited, it must certainly be granted Margaret was not; cold she was not, nor selfish. But it is quite possible to see how she might have easily have produced the impression of being all three. She took herself very seriously, and did not conceal the fact. She also took life seriously; and she was superior to most people that she met—qualities that are quite enough to make all men but a few generous spirits look shyly upon a plain woman. That Margaret Fuller was a favorite with women is a fact of much significance. It is harder to understand the secret of the fascination she often exercised, though her admirableness of heart and mind and character is evident enough in print. We cannot agree with Colonel Higginson in finding anything very profound in the epigrammatic bits he quotes; but, on the other hand, we rate the poetry much higher than he does. Her very shrewd judgment of men, of books, of affairs, seems to us her strongest point; and in her connection with "The Dial," she seems to have been the one person of good sense among her brilliant and transcendental contributors. Colonel Higginson brings out especially—makes it, in fact, his chief point—the turn of her character toward action for others, instead of, as is generally supposed, meditative self-culture. Certainly, her life was crammed with action, and her yearning seemed to be always to *accomplish* something.—Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi, an American lady, Italian by adoption, is known to the public by various pleasant magazine sketches and poems upon Italian subjects. She has now gathered a few sketches and a paper upon residence in Italy into a very readable volume. The most interesting part of it is the paper upon residence in Italy, whose title, a little altered, gives the book its title *At Home in Italy*. This paper, at once sensible and entertaining, is full of the most acceptable information about rooms, servants, villas, marketing, health and climate, and will be a real godsend to Americans intending to make a long sojourn in Italy.

¹ *Times of Alchemy*. By Z. Topelius. Translated from the original Swedish. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

² *A Trip to Alaska*. By George Wardman. San Francisco: S. Carson & Co. 1884.

³ *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

⁴ *At Home in Italy*. By Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

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THE

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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.



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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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VOL. IV. (SECOND SERIES.)—SEPTEMBER, 1884.—No. 21.

NINE DAYS' TRAVEL IN MEXICO.

To a beautiful morning in August—not such as would present itself to the imaginations of most American readers, but the August morning of the high tablelands of the interior of Mexico—to such a morning my memory turns. After a lapse of ten years, I feel again the fresh breeze blowing, and see the raindrops glistening on the scant vegetation, rapidly drying beneath an almost tropical sun. What a charming day to set out on such a journey as we anticipated, of more than two hundred leagues from the mountains to the sea!

We had lived so long in the rude, half-barbarous town, perched among the rocks, that we had learned to love it, and call it home; but we left it without heart-sinkings or repinings, for our nearest and dearest were with us. The traveling carriage—almost as large as a stage-coach, and much like one in build—had ample accommodations for the five grown people and the four little children, who, in the blithest humor, shouting good-byes to friends and servants, were after some trouble seated comfortably, with innumerable bags and boxes packed around and between them. On the roof of the coach were piled mattresses and bedding, cooking apparatus and provisions, and, in

fact, all sorts of camp equipage, over which a disciple of Soyer and Blot kept guard, occasionally—as Frenchmen will—exchanging remarks of questionable civility with the negro driver and his Mexican assistant, the *mozo*.

There was a long delay in arranging the arms and ammunition with which, to the horror of the two ladies, the coach was loaded. Rifles and shot-guns guarded the doors; pistols were slung in all available corners; cartouche boxes served as foot-stools, and made themselves uncomfortably prominent everywhere.

At last all was declared in order. The servants mounted their horses, each one armed with a rifle. At his waist cartouche box and pistol; dangling from the massive saddle a long *machete*, or straight sword; and wound round the pommel a lasso—not the least formidable weapon in the hand of a *ranchero*. Adieus were ended, the whip cracked, the impatient mules bounded forward, and in a few minutes the many turnings of the mountainous pass hid Zacatecas from our sight. Then came the discoveries usual at such times. Our most important trunk had been left behind; we had forgotten the coffee-pot! These were sent for, and tranquility restored.

We had not intended, as the roads were infested with bandits, to travel with merely our own private escort, but, following the advice of friends, to seek security in the companionship of a train of carts and wagons about to leave Zacatecas. Being loaded with silver coin, these would have an escort of soldiers. We had made a covenant of mutual help with the *conductor*, and in consideration of some favor on our part, he was to provide us with mules adequate to the journey. We wished them safe and quiet, we said; it was highly desirable that the ladies and children should not be frightened. We were delighted with the first relay—honest, reliable beasts, though the driver anathematized their steady habits; and so in great contentment we reached the plains where the second relay was feeding.

Here was our first picnic. At an hour too late for breakfast and too early for dinner, the first meal was eaten, as we sat on the short grass of the far-stretching *llanos*, with the mountain peaks that overshadowed what lately had been home fading blue in the distance, and towering Santiago lifting his mighty head to peer at us over the shoulders of the purple range that lay far onward on our coastward path. The *conducta* we were to join was filing slowly on, apparently at the very edge of the great plain; yet, never passing behind it. The heavily-laden wagons, each drawn by eight or ten straining mules, urged on by the driver's whip and the stentorian voices of the *mayordomo* and his assistants—the armed *rancheros* in their picturesque, if not cleanly, leather costumes, with jingling spurs and swords, following or starting off at breakneck pace to reconnoitre any ravine or suspicious pass—all formed a scene which, though not altogether new to us, was singularly attractive and full of interest.

Presently a wild excitement broke into the stillness, and effectually dispelled any sentimental reflections. There was a sudden stampede among the mules, caused by the *rancheros* trying to lasso the number required for the carriage. This was finally done after a chase of more than an hour's duration, and after a long struggle the wild,

quivering, bounding creatures were harnessed to the coach.

We were indignant! Were these distraught, plunging mustangs the well-broken, orderly animals we had been promised? Well, no better could be captured; and so, with sad misgivings, we took our places in the coach, which was soon wildly careering over the plain. The mules seemed to have an unconquerable aversion to the road, and with brute force took their own way, sometimes on one side, sometimes the other, throwing the loose earth and stones in clouds around them. Occasionally, by mutual consent, they paused to kick or jump; then again would set off at a breakneck pace, which could only be checked by turning them upon the long thorns of mesquites, or the still more effective prickly pear. I had always thought this last, the omnipresent *no-pal*, a hideous plant, but I was grateful for it now, as its pricks conquered even these otherwise unconquerable mules.

We had been delayed so long in capturing and harnessing our team, that we feared being left far behind by the *conducta*, and we particularly desired protection upon this part of the road, for it was noted for robberies. We reflected, however, that should any attempt be made so near Zacatecas, it would probably be upon the *conducta* rather than upon us; for, however private the matter may be kept, it is seldom that the *ladrones* fail to know how and when a *conducta* leaves.

However, much sooner than we expected we reached the train, and found that the wagons were so heavily laden, in addition to the silver, with provender for the horses and mules, that their progress must be extremely slow. Indeed, the *conductor* told us frankly that they could not hope to reach the *hacienda* where we intended to pass the night. To camp in the open air was not to be thought of in this, our first night of journeying: and the children were already showing many signs of uneasiness. Nothing was to be done but to push forward as rapidly as possible, with the hope that the *conducta* would be able to keep near enough for firing upon either party to be heard by the other.

As the night drew on, the road became exceedingly wild and lonely. The great mountains guarding the wide-stretching plain grew darker, and each moment more gigantic and terrible. The wild mules became weary, but not a jot more manageable. The children fretted—three little creatures from one to three years old, and a baby of two months, which cried, as even its mamma, I think, must admit, as only the shrillest of infants could. We were annoyed and distressed; we knew the tender little thing suffered. We were all weary and becoming hungry, and only comforted by thoughts of the promised hospitality of the *hacienda* of Bañon. Its princely owner, who usually lived in Zacatecas, had long been our nearest neighbor, and to him we were indebted for the half dozen reliable men who had served as our escort. He had sent instructions to the *administrador* of the *hacienda* to receive us as personal friends of his own; although the hospitality usually accorded to all travellers is of the most ample sort. In that great country, where one may travel for days without seeing a *meson* or inn of any description, it is to the *hacendados* that one must look for entertainment, and whether the wayfarer be rich or poor, it is seldom or never denied.

So we were not surprised, though much gratified, when we were received with the greatest courtesy; but in our wearied condition, our clothing covered with dust, the faces of the children begrimed with tears, it was somewhat appalling to be ushered into a large and handsome parlor, where all the ladies of the family were waiting to receive us. Our uneasiness became actual torture as the moments passed, and the ladies, politely ignoring the crying baby, as is usual in Mexico, where the rights of children are unquestioned, sat in a silent circle around us, apparently as unsuspecting of our weariness as if we had walked across the *plaza* for a morning call.

However, all things have an end; and at length the *Señor Administrador* rose solemnly, and informed his family that the parlor and an adjoining bedroom, both of enormous dimensions, were to be left to our use. We

protested against this, viewing with dismay the altar, with its highly decorated figure of the Virgin, placed at the end of the room; the jauntily attired "Good Shepherd," with his little flock of white sheep, upon the table, and a score of other dainty waxen things—probably the handiwork of the ladies—which might become the prey of the sacrilegious fingers of our young iconoclasts. But opposition was in vain; the best apartments of the mansion—palatial in its proportions—must perforce be ours. Unlike many of those vast piles, whose halls and chambers are often veritable solitudes, this had no lack of furniture; but it was assumed that as we had our own mattresses and linen with us, it would be more agreeable for us to use them, and servants presently removed those already placed, and brought in our own, which were soon spread invitingly.

Oh, how tired we were! How we longed for the hour of supper! How we reveled in the thought of hot meats, and the usual extravagances of hungry and belated travelers. After a long interval a servant inquired whether we would take chocolate. Chocolate! We groaned in spirit. Chocolate is considered by Mexicans to constitute a hearty meal. Nothing but a little bread, or perhaps a glass of milk, is ever offered with it, and he who should ask a second cup would be thought a glutton. We accepted humbly, and found it and the egg bread that accompanied delicious, but retired sadly to dream of steaks and rolls. These did not appear even in the morning, and after the usual *desayuno* of chocolate or coffee, we prepared to resume our journey. Then, to the relief of the still wearied ladies, it was discovered that the *conducta* had not appeared. A servant was hastily dispatched to seek news of it, and returned with the intelligence that it was on the way to us, but could not arrive till late. The *Señor Administrador*, who had just now come in, followed by a boy bearing a roasted lamb, as a contribution to our provisions for the road, said that as it was necessary for us to rejoin the train, without whose protection we should not be safe, we could not reach another *hacienda* that day, and must therefore remain

where we were; then gravely ordered the lamb to be removed, and another to be killed and prepared for the following day.

We protested against encroaching so long upon his kindness. The house, he said, and all that was in it, was ours. We were willing to be persuaded, and presuming upon the true welcome we perceived under the varnish of courtesy, prepared to enjoy our enforced rest. Accompanied by some of the ladies we wandered through the many courts and corridors, and glanced into the vast rooms. A few of these were used by the *administrador's* family; the rest were almost bare of furniture, the brick floors uncarpeted, the bareness of the walls unbroken save by the deep embrasures of the windows—which, heavily barred with iron, gave an imperfect view of the surrounding country, or of the heavily pillared corridors upon which they opened. In an inner court were squatted upon the stone paving, around immense fires of wood, a number of women, bare armed and bare necked, the black tresses of their hair falling over their bronzed shoulders, their short skirts of red *bayeta* disclosing their bare legs and feet, all busily engaged in the preparation of the mid-day meal. Some were grinding corn upon the *metate* (the Aztec mill, a slightly inclined flat stone, upon which the corn is reduced to pulp by means of a long, squarely cut stone used as a rolling pin), making the mass into *tortillas*, and baking them upon the *comal*, a plate of fire-proof clay, placed upon a shallow bed of coals. Others superintended the boiling and stewing of innumerable other viands, to most of which the piquant red or green *chile* formed an appetizing sauce. About twelve o'clock we were called to prove the excellence of this cookery, and found it truly admirable.

I have spoken at length of our reception at the *hacienda* to give, if possible, a clear idea of Mexican hospitality. The house was placed at our disposal; the best at their command was in due course placed before us; when we left, every facility was offered us. But it did not once occur to these simple people that travelers from a long distance would suffer from compliance with the ordi-

nary arrangements of domestic life. We were welcome to anything and everything they had, if we would but tell them what we wished, and in our further journeying we remembered this and profited by our early experience.

During the afternoon we visited the little church, whose two square towers rose conspicuously at one of the corners of the great adobewall that surrounded the fort-like buildings, and wandered delightedly through the lovely gardens, where the fruits and flowers of the tropic and temperate zones met and bloomed in almost equal luxuriance. Beyond the wall and under its shelter clustered the mud huts of the *peones* or laborers, the only dwellings we beheld for miles.

Very early next morning we left Bañon. All that day we speeded over the same far-stretching plain—the same, yet in aspect ever changing—as the clouds which floated across the deep blue sky were shadowed upon the sunlit expanse of bronzed and sparse vegetation, the dwarf *mesquite*—a species of acacia—and the pale green, thorn-encrusted, fleshy ovals of the *nopales* straggling uncouthly everywhere. The mules were as unruly as ever, and with the view of tiring and taming them, the driver did not spare their strength. So, quite early in the afternoon we reached the *hacienda* of *San Juan de Dios de la Olla Seca*, or, as it is called, Olla Seca—the dry pot.

The entrance, an immense gateway, was decorated on either side of its inner arch with a great number of the skins of rattlesnakes, dried and stuffed. Judging from their size, they must have reached great age before falling victims to the active vaqueros who had finally dispatched them. These specimens of one of the principal productions of the *hacienda* were afterwards exhibited to us, and their respective legends related with great pride by the kind-hearted and attentive *administrador*; and I am sure more than one of us dreamed fearful things that night.

At daybreak we left the hospitable gates of Olla Seca, and for miles and miles drove along the walls of the *potrero* or pasture

ground. As far as the eye could reach stretched the high and wide fencing of the mighty stones, laid roughly together just as they had been gathered from the plain; and thousands of horses, horned cattle, and sheep, guarded by mounted vaqueros and shepherds afoot, wandered within the vast enclosure. So extensive was it that the *administrador* informed us that in order to examine it in one day it was necessary for him to mount one of the best horses at sunrise and proceed at his swiftest pace and without pausing to eat, in order to be home again before dark. Such a journey, as *rancheros* ride, would be between fifteen and twenty leagues.

This will give some idea of the immense size of Mexican farms or *haciendas*. Many of them have from six hundred to a thousand square leagues, and have within them almost every variety of soil and climate—snow-topped mountains, sultry dales, and, unfortunately, thousands upon thousands of miles of waterless and treeless wastes. On the fourth day out we reached a cattle station, and upon inquiring to what *hacienda* it belonged, to our surprise were answered, “To Bañon.” For four days we had been traveling within or skirting the boundaries of a single *hacienda*.

In conversing with the herdsman, who, with his family, lived at this solitary station,—a tiny oasis in a mighty desert—we found that some faint ideas of justice and liberty were beginning to break vaguely upon the minds of the stolid *peones*, who have of late years been called upon so often to fight their masters' battles that they are beginning to inquire what interest they may have other than to die in them.

This was the first cattle station which we had had an opportunity of examining. It consisted merely of a few adobe huts clustered around a spring of water. A few cottonwood trees marked for a short distance the course of a shallow brook, that ere long was lost in the sands, and a few small fields of corn and *frijol* showed in pleasant contrast to the stunted *mesquites*, and the ragged *nopales* that bespread the short, brown-tinted

grass of the surrounding wild. The little village—if a collection of three or four huts is deserving of the name—was apparently inhabited by the several generations of one family. In the best habitation, which was hospitably placed at our disposal, we found an aged man with his great-great-grandchild upon his knee, and his great-grandchildren—a bright, good-looking set of young men and blooming wives—gathered around him. The little room in which we were glad to find refuge from the fierce noon-tide sun was half full of corn, which seemed for the present to form the nightly bed of the family, and was probably diminishing gradually from constant demands upon it for their supply of *tortillas* and *atole*. But, rough as the place was, we were made thoroughly welcome to it, and returned the courtesy, after our dinner—which we had, of course, brought with us—by a distribution of coffee and sugar to the delighted matrons, and of medicines to any who wished to test the supposed medicinal skill of all foreigners.

As our stay at this point was of some three hours' duration, we had, as I have remarked, an opportunity of conversing with the herdsmen, and found to our surprise that they were all well aware of the advantages they would gain by owning their own small share of lands. “But,” said one of the most intelligent, “the great *hacendados* will not sell us one foot of land. They say it is because if they did whole bands of robbers would settle within their borders in the guise of peaceful laborers. Bah! this is a pretext for keeping us as slaves. We must work for them or want bread; we must guard their flocks, we must till their fields, and when our master's enemy chooses to despoil him, it is for his interests we must suffer, perhaps even unto death!”

“But,” said one of the elder men, who, perhaps, felt some clannish affection for the proprietor of the soil upon which he and his forefathers had been born, and had passed their lives, “is it not true that if small farms were sold out of these vast estates, they would be useful to us only when there was wood and water? And if those were taken

out of this very estate of Bañon, all the rest of it would be made useless. What would become of the thousands of sheep, cattle, and horses, if even a small number of its scanty springs were closed against them? No, no, my children, you are wrong; it is only by concentrating the resources of a large tract of these arid wastes that either master or servant can exist."

It seems quite wonderful to us who remember the hesitating speech and unready thought of our own poorer class of farmers and drovers, to hear the fluency with which these soft-voiced Mexicans argue their rights and wrongs, and yet to know how slight an idea they really have of them; and however much they may grumble, how really natural they conceive to be the relation of the owner of enormous tracts, and that of the poor *peon* who may not dare to call even the meanest hut his own.

To return to our journey: as the day wore on, it seemed almost interminable. On, on, over the same endless stretch of deserts with here and there a new species of vegetation. One that struck us particularly as we neared the foothills of the Sierra Madre was a peculiar bush, growing in long, thin stems, perhaps from ten to fifteen feet in height, and some two inches round at the thickest part. These stems are three-sided, and from each angle spring oval green leaves, and a most formidable array of thorns. Indeed, the thorn and leaf are one, the thorn being but a continuation of the central vein of the leaf. At first we thought it a species of cactus, or perhaps the link between the cactus and leaved and wooded plants. At the very summit of some of the larger specimens we observed hanging a solitary scarlet flower; but we were unable to learn what class of fruit they bore, and probably it is very poor, as our guides could only inform us that the plant bore some unpronounceable Indian name, and that it was good for fuel. Probably its merits in this respect were great only in comparison with those of the stunted sage-brush, the mimosa-like *hüisatches* and *mesquites*, and the ragged date palms. Nothing can present a more desolate appearance

than these same palms—thick, rough, dwarfed trunks, spreading out into two or three uncouth limbs or tufts of green leaves, well named bayonets. These yearly die and turn a sickly brown, and instead of falling around the parent tree to enrich and strengthen it, cling to it dejectedly, presenting the most complete picture of poverty that can be conceived. But even a Mexican date palm has its beauties. From each of the green tufts hung a mighty bunch of fruit like an enormous cluster of grapes, and upon a few we saw a tall, white cone, which, upon examination, proved to contain hundreds of flowers encased in leaves like pearly kid. The blossoms escaped from their wrappings but to die, but during their brief life nothing could be more exquisitely beautiful: creamy lily bells, wax-like yet satiny, exhaling a faint yet penetrating perfume.

Our stay that night was made at a *hacienda*, which, perhaps on account of its nearness to the mountains, had been much ravaged by predatory bands. It was indeed desolated! Not only were stores of grain carried away or destroyed, the herds and flocks driven away or slaughtered, the mansion despoiled, but the *administrador* for a fancied delay in the production of some article which was called for was hung from a *mesquite*, which still stands before the door, a memorial of the cruelty of the rebel chief. We were made heartily welcome to the bare walls and empty corridors. Not even servants, who are usually so plentiful, were to be seen, and some of our own were sent in quest of chickens, eggs, and milk. Only the milk was to be found, but our cook took possession of the half-ruined kitchen, and building a huge fire of wood upon the crumbling *brasero*, soon set before us a most appetizing supper.

What a startling reminder was this of the insecurity of life in Mexico! The garden of the *patio* trampled into a solid bed, the flower pots broken, the furniture in fragments, the walls defaced, the immense stables entirely empty and falling to decay, the *corrales*, once filled with cattle and mules, now strewn with crumbling bricks and rotting

beams. We were glad to leave it quite early in the morning. Early departure, indeed, had been our rule upon the journey. We usually rose at half past three, and after packing the bedding and such baggage as had been opened, took *desayuno*, and were in the saddle or carriage at five.

To add to the desolation of Santa Marta, the water was scarce and brackish, and we were delighted to arrive about noon the following day at a beautiful *presa*. We tried to think the scant-leaved *mesquites* and *huitsaches* which skirted it beautiful, but at any rate they formed a frame-work of green for a lovely little sheet of water, reflecting the blue sky in its depths. Around and above it many birds were flying—or many they seemed to us, who, in the wide desert had beheld only a few solitary hawks or other birds of prey. Here the songsters were caroling merrily, and we hoped they found some choicer food than the small black caterpillar that almost covered the trunks and stems of the trees. They looked repulsive, but we supposed them harmless enough, until one fell upon the hand of a child, who instantly screamed in acute pain, and a large blister marked the trail of the venomous insect. This was our first acquaintance with the *quemador* or “burner.”

Our stay at the *presa* is one of our most pleasant remembrances in the journey. Our wayside noonings, however, were always delightful. That of the next day was in a mountain pass, where we found some lovely flowers—one a parasite with clinging yellow tendrils and tiny white flowers, all waxlike in texture, and perfect in its miniature beauty. There we found time to examine a cactus which we had often admired from a distance and knew to be the *visnaga*, of which one of the choicest of Mexican sweets is made. It grows in cone-like sections, one springing from the other. These vary in size from that of an ordinary barrel to that of a lemon, and each is divided into innumerable flutings from apex to base. In common with other species of cacti it is encrusted with thorns among which is embedded the small crimson fruit, in size and flavor somewhat resembling

an acid strawberry. These *visnagas*, uncouth as is their name, and as from my description they may appear, present a striking and beautiful appearance. Each fluted globe is adorned with shadings of red and green, from the deepest to the most delicate, and the bright scarlet fruit encrusts them like tiny globes of carved and polished coral.

The night after that spent at the ill-fated *hacienda* was the most wretched of our journey. We arrived late in the afternoon at a miserable cattle station, where the dust lay thick in glaring whiteness, and filled our parched throats. For an hour or more we were kept in the broiling sun opposite a row of wretched cabins, at the doors of which were collected motley groups of every age, and of every degree of filth and raggedness. After a long search the *caporal* was found, and we were admitted within the ponderous gate of the plaza, where we might, at any rate, make some defense should a night attack be made—a not impossible occurrence in that part of the country. While we were watching the arrival of the wagons and the unusual preparations made for security, the servants were sweeping two miserable little rooms with a species of brush that destroys all vermin, especially fleas, with which the walls and floors were black. Nothing but milk was to be procured here, but we had with us a piece of fresh meat, potatoes, and other vegetables, and having lighted a fire in the yard, the ever-to-be-eulogized Francisco soon set upon the rickety table a most appetizing supper. The brush had done its work well, and fatigue effected the rest. Though at first we thought somewhat nervously of the character of the place, and glanced uneasily at the heavy door, the small grated window, and the massive and gloomy walls, we said to each other that such things were common in northern Mexico, and that we must rise at three, and then—slept well.

Our exit was made in the early dawn, made chill by momentary showers, but these so light that even the ladies could mount their horses, as they frequently chose to do before the heat compelled them to seek the shelter of their carriage. When the sun rose,

we had left the miserable *ranchito* far behind, and had at a distance upon our left the beautiful chain of hills we were eventually to pass. Never can we forget the lovely peak of Sera, as we beheld it rising far above its neighbors, a wonderful mass of chasm-riven purple, fading into a tower-like pinnacle of gossamer whiteness. At its base were lesser hills, green with the fleeting verdure of the month of rain, and this picture we beheld arched over by a perfect rainbow. Such a scene may perhaps never be renewed. For us, the peak of Sera without its glorifying rainbow would spread its royalest purples in vain.

Our guide was one of the most grotesque that it had been our fate to encounter. He was mounted upon a wretched "plug," with an odd collection of leather straps and sheep-skin formed into a saddle; an old rusty sabre dangled at his side and jangled with his equally rusty spur. His pistol, he said, he had forgotten, but he declared in spite of a great amount of opposing testimony that the country was perfectly safe. And who knows? perhaps we had our best protection in this ragged shepherd, as he appeared—as was the case years ago, when travelers passed over the most bandit infested roads with the inoffensive Tio Pim for company. Poor Tio Pim! a heartless government ignored his gentle services, and his bones are bleaching upon the very tree where he had often met and conciliated the lawless band of Sones, to whom it is said he bore a remarkable resemblance. Was one the substance, the other the shadow? at least substance and shadow disappeared together.

Our guide, if forgetful of his arms, and singularly grotesque in manner and costume, was quaintly garrulous. As we rode for miles through the thickets of wild saffron and senna, he pointed out to us numbers of strange plants, giving us the name and use of each; and strange, indeed, did it seem to us to have at our hand so motley a collection of medicinal herbs. Within the radius of a mile, it seemed to us, could be found a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Early in the afternoon we reached the large and

rich hacienda of Pinos. Here we were fairly entered upon mountain rises, and found not only agricultural but also mineral wealth. We were glad to leave behind those weary wastes where we had beheld only herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and to spy occasionally, in sunny dells, waving corn fields or golden wheat.

The rooms to which we were admitted with the frankest hospitality were immensely large, and though half filled with old-fashioned furniture, had been allowed to become imbedded in dust. The glass doors opened upon a large garden and vineyard, which was overgrown with weeds, but where were hanging clusters of purple grapes that Bacchus might have rejoiced in. We had not time to visit the fine mineral baths, and there was but little temptation upon that sultry afternoon to leave the vine-embowered gardens to inspect the smelting works pertaining to the *hacienda*, where, annually, thousands of tons of silver ore yield up a part of their wealth, and hide the rest in the heaps of blackened slag which blot the landscape. We left this scene of activity with regret. It was the only one we had beheld upon our route; and even this had been almost paralyzed in the late revolutions, and the owners had found it impossible to live where interest called; they had fled for life—perhaps never to return.

Our ride was a lovely one that day. The sun was clouded, though there was no rain, and the ladies could not resist the temptation of going on horseback through the mountain pass. They were warned of the dangers of an ambush, but there were wonders to be seen that well repaid a strain of nerve. What convulsions of nature had been here! Gigantic masses of rock had been hurled into mockeries of huge cathedrals. Small hills had been hurriedly tossed together to form a jagged and craggy mountain. The sweetest of green vales nestled smilingly among dark reaches of gloomy pines, and close beside our way the mighty hands of mountain torrents had hewn out gaping, hideous tracks, where now great trees were growing scores of feet below. It was a wild

and impressive scene. Some of us who remembered certain parts of the old stage roads of the Sierra Nevada, recalled similar grandeur and desolation; and indeed, as we advanced, the outlines and general character of the mountains seemed to grow familiar to us.

We arrived early at a *ranchito*, where the view of glorious scenery and the hospitable welcome of the old Castilian, who had grown from youth to age in these solitudes, served somewhat to reconcile us to the one gloomy room he could offer us. Our next day's journey was to be a long one, but our fatigue prevented an early start, and at noon we were tempted to stay unnecessarily long at a little dairy farm, where we found the most delicious cheeses, milk, and *ojojies*, or curdled cream. What a scene of sylvan beauty! The green valley, with its yards at milking time filled with lowing cattle, while others drank pensively at the blue lake that laved the foot of the green mountain where hundreds of goats were feeding. The enjoyment of the scene was, perhaps, somewhat lessened by the reflection that our utmost vigilance was necessary to escape a similar fate to that of which several most picturesquely placed crosses were the reminders. During the afternoon we were obliged either to share the fate of the train and pass the night abroad, or to push onward alone. We preferred to push on, and the gentlemen, mounting their horses, formed for the carriage a formidable escort, as it dashed down the mountain paths. We occasionally caught glimpses of most exquisite scenery. In one beautiful valley the camp fires were lighted, and a merry crowd of wagoners were preparing their evening meal. We learned that they were soon after joined by the party we had left; while we, giving the horsemen a gallop of three hours, at last, long after night-fall, reached the little village at the *hacienda* of El Vino Puro.

There we found a *meson*, and were delighted at that late hour to escape the preparation of supper, and preferred even to eat the coarse *tortillas*, and look at the greasy chickens and garlicks which were set before us.

We were obliged early to vacate the *sala* as the innkeeper told us he had rented it for a fandango. This we soon had an opportunity to see, and the really graceful dancers, moving rapidly to the monotonous harping of *jarabes* through clouds of dust rising from the earthen floor, and lighted by a few tallow dips, and the red glare from the kitchen fires beyond, formed a scene not readily forgotten.

Here for the first time we saw a *banco*, or *meson* bed. It was simply a huge square bench of adobes, plastered with mud, and this was the only article of furniture—if furniture it may be called—that the windowless stone chambers contained. What dismal places they were when the iron grated doors were shut, and our flickering candles showed deep holes in the stone walls, where ribald soldiery had stuck flaming torches, and where the long streaks of smoke and smut gave us horrible recollections of sulphurous caverns.

We were surprised when morning came to find ourselves in a beautiful valley, and to be within thirty yards of one of the most picturesque spots it had been our lot to see. Passing through a half ruined gateway in a high and massive stone wall, we descended a short flight of stone steps, and stood beside a limpid spring, perhaps some twenty yards in circumference; then followed the brook, that flowed through thickets of fig and pomegranate, and watered a garden in which the fruits of the tropics and of temperate regions grew with equal facility. This place had been the pride of its wealthy owner, but for many years he had been prevented from visiting it by fears of *plagiaris*, or kidnappers.

This was within a morning's ride of Saltillo, which lay within the same green valley. The morning was like one in an English June, warm and smiling, with occasional clouds that threatened rain, and made more beautiful by momentary shadows the fair landscape through which we passed. We all exclaimed that here for the first time we beheld scenes that reminded us of home. There were frequent farm houses overshadowed by trees. Women were washing at the springs, cattle and fowls were feeding round them.

Occasionally a church spire pierced the clustering shrubbery, and once or twice we caught glimpses of factories built in the American style, and evidently affecting the villages in which they stood with the enterprise of their Yankee proprietors.

At last we crossed the narrow stream we had long been skirting, passing over the first bridge or river that we had encountered in our journey of nearly a hundred leagues. Shortly thereafter we came in sight of the green-embowered, snowy walls of Saltillo. This is a mountain town of considerable pretensions. As this was the market day, we had a good opportunity of contrasting the lower classes with those of some other cities of northern Mexico, and were surprised to find them infinitely superior in dress and manner. Saltillo was once famous for its silversmiths, but with the downfall of the clergy their occupation is almost gone, and the principal resource of the poor is in the cultivation of fruit, flowers, and vegetables. It is a curious place, with quaint, narrow streets, with frequent fountains, and limpid water running everywhere. There is a common-place cathedral, with a miraculous story to give an interest to it, and lying in front of it a public garden filled with exquisite flowers, and most carefully tended.

We were sorry to leave the large and well-kept hotel, even though we were to reach kind friends in Monterey two days later. We were warned that thereafter we should find ourselves within the burning limits of the *tierra caliente*, the descent of the mountains being extremely precipitate and the road atrocious. It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached the long and perilous descent of the mountains called *La Cuesta de los Muertos* (Dead Man's Hill), and beheld before us the battle-field of Angostura. This we walked down, recalling all we could of the generalship of Santa Anna, and laughing at the surprise with which Scott saw Santa Anna retire his forces just as he was on the eve, it is said, of doing the same by his own. We passed afoot over the dangerous road—if road it could be called, where the heaviest wagons passed leaving scarce an impress, and

bounded from rock to rock, sending showers of pebbles and splintered stones into the abyss at our side—and then in a ravine, which seemed nothing more terrible than a dry river bed, we remounted the carriage. The driver urged on the mules, hoping to reach a *ranchito* before night set in. Suddenly a wheel sank in the shifting sand, the carriage turned, and in an instant was upon its side. The leader of our party lay crushed beneath the heavy carriage. Within, the ladies and children were striving vainly to gain a footing, and fortunately in a few moments were lifted out with only the fright and a few bruises. Then the ropes which held the baggage were cut, and the carriage lifted; the bruised and bleeding man was extricated, and, unable to move though no bones were broken, was carried on a litter to the nearest *ranchito*.

The pleasure of our journey was ending. The next day we slowly accompanied the litter of our wounded friend over the twelve leagues of rough mountain road that separated us from Monterey.

The way lay over stretches of hills, rock bestrewn and arid, which formed the gradual ascent to the city. As we approached it, we drove occasionally through the rough paved streets of small villages, where around the fountains, trees of *agua cate* or lemons grew, and gradually we found ourselves skirting the walls of orchards and hedges of horse-chestnut overrun with wild convolvulus, and at last, amid the blue peaks of the mountains, ever receding, ever advancing, like a mirage, we saw the quaint outlines of the city of Monterey.

Late in the afternoon it took tangible form—the massive houses standing boldly forth against the olive groves, backed by the deep purples of the more distant mountains, *quin-tas*, and farmhouses in picturesque disorder, looked from the heights upon the compact streets through which we drove, happy to reach the hospitable dwelling of a friend, who had sent out a servant to intercept us, and bid us to his house. Our wounded friend was lifted from the ambulance, carried up the wide staircase through the flower

mbowered corridors, and laid in bed; and after four or five days was so far recovered as to be able to walk, and to let the rest of us cast aside our anxiety. Then came delightful drives about the suburbs of the city, and saunterings through its quaint streets. But most we enjoyed the view from the

housetop, when the moonlight turned to fairy marble the whitewash of the *adobe* palaces, and gave an air of enchantment to the narrow streets; and in this we nightly revelled, forgetting the burning heat of day in the refreshing coolness which came from the far-off sea.

Louise Palmer Heaven.

THE ROGUE RIVER INDIAN WAR OF 1855-'56.

THE winter of 1855-'56, and the spring and summer following, were seasons to be remembered by the settlers of southern Oregon. They had long been familiar with the ordinary hardships and dangers of a frontier life; had schooled themselves to dispense with all of the luxuries and many of the comforts of civilization, and to wrest from the situation such pleasures as are born of activity and hope. But this period brought to their doors the terrors of savage warfare, and merged all minor considerations in a struggle for life against a barbarous foe.

The Indians of the upper Rogue River Valley had been for some months in a state of open hostility, but those of the lower river and of the coast region generally made earnest protestations of friendliness, and begged the protection of the whites against the interior tribe, who, as they alleged, would seek revenge upon them for refusing to join in a campaign for the extermination of the pale-faced intruders. Though fully aware of the treachery of the Indian character, the settlers were encouraged to hope that by a cautious and conciliatory policy they would be able to avert the dreaded calamity that seemed pending, and had already befallen their friends of the interior settlements. Yet they did not neglect such precautions as ordinary prudence would suggest; they organized a company of volunteers, of which John Poland was chosen captain, and Ralph Bledsoe and E. H. Messervy, lieutenants; they carefully husbanded their stock of arms and ammunition, and proceeded to erect a kind of fort on an elevated part of the prairie,

immediately north of the mouth of Rogue River: and but for the protection afforded by this rude fortification, the outbreak and massacre that followed would probably have sealed the fate of every resident of that region.

The authority and beneficence of the Government of the United States, so far as they related to the management of the Indians of that locality, were then vested in an agent named Ben Wright; a man whose natural shrewdness, large experience, and consummate knowledge of Indian character well fitted him for that situation. It is said that he kept with him an intelligent squaw of the Rogue River tribe, who acted as his official interpreter, and for whom he drew a salary as such.

He had studied to impress the Indians with the idea that he was possessed of superior powers of self-protection, and that it would be not only useless, but altogether dangerous, for any of them to attempt to kill him—a delusion that the red warriors tragically dispelled.

The 22d day of February dawned upon the Rogue River settlements, and found the hardy pioneers full of that patriotic sentiment which prompts the observance of the anniversary of the birth of the "Father of his Country" by festivity and rejoicing. The day passed in rustic amusements, and in preparations for a night of revelry; and as it drew to a close, the only hotel of the place, kept by Warwick & Coburn, presented a scene of unusual life and gayety. The miners of the beach had laid aside their imple-

ments of labor, donned their holiday costumes, and with wives and sweethearts had met the stock-raisers and their households in a social dance. Though the occasion was not distinguished by the elegance that wealth and refinement gave to more favored assemblages on that same night, it was graced by true womanly worth, and by manhood as honorable and brave as ever courted the smiles of beauty.

Awake to the necessity for "eternal vigilance," which in those times was the only safeguard of life, the men had taken their trusty rifles with them to the dance; and so keen was the sense of impending danger that at the slightest unusual noise outside they seized their weapons, and only laid them aside on being satisfied that the time for action had not arrived. An Indian was there who appeared to observe with more than ordinary interest every movement of those present, and he was no less closely watched in turn. About midnight another Indian came, and the two went away together, making an excuse that a pappoose was sick. It was afterward learned that they were spies, and on their finding the settlers fully armed and on the alert, the work of death that was to have begun at midnight was postponed till morning. The party passed off quietly, and toward daylight the guests departed for their homes. Mr. Riley, having urgent business up the river, took his wife and child home, and made an early start in a boat. As he neared the Tootootna ranch, a short distance up the river, the report of firearms burst upon his ears, alternating with the yells of exulting savages. They had attacked the camp of the volunteers stationed there, and being in vastly superior numbers, achieved an easy victory, and the work of murder and plunder was still in progress. Silently and quickly the prow of Riley's boat was turned down stream, and filled with apprehensions for the safety of his family and friends below, he pulled rapidly homeward.

The blow had not yet fallen; there was still hope of escape. The alarm was quietly given and rapidly circulated, and in a short time all those who a few hours before were

whirling in the dance, were hurrying in terror to seek shelter in the fort. They reached that place of temporary refuge in safety, and at once took steps to place the structure on the best possible footing for defense against assault or siege.

With anxious hearts the occupants of that stronghold saw the smoke of burning dwellings, suggesting the terrible fate of any who had not sought timely refuge. It was evident that by a concerted plan, that morning had been fixed upon for a general massacre of the whites. The camp of volunteers, comprising ten or twelve men, were surprised while at breakfast, and after a gallant but brief struggle against overwhelming numbers, several were dead upon the field, and the survivors, mostly wounded, were fleeing through the surrounding forest in hope of escape. Among the latter was Charles Foster, a mountaineer of iron strength and indomitable energy, who took to the hills, and, keeping well back from the coast, worked his way northward through an unexplored and almost impassable region, and arrived at Port Orford some days afterward in an almost famished condition. He found nothing to eat on his journey except snails, some of which unpalatable diet he still carried in his pocket.

When Warwick and Coburn left their hotel to enter the fort, they were compelled to leave a quantity of pies and other delicacies, the remains of the festival of the previous night. Knowing that the savages would soon be feasting upon these provisions, they removed the crust of some of the pies and inserted strychnine. The Indians came and eagerly devoured the *Skookum Muck-a-Muck*, but the quantity of poison taken into their stomachs was so great that it caused immediate vomiting, and no fatal result followed.

On the prairie, some seven or eight miles north of Rogue River, a German named Geizel had located his land claim, and with his family had established a home, where, in the natural order of events, a few years would have found them in the enjoyment of that competence which is the sure reward of honest and well-directed industry. The family

consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Geizel, three bright boys, aged respectively nine, seven and five years, Mary, a comely girl of thirteen, and an infant daughter.

An Indian had been helping Mr. Geizel for a short time, and that evening, February 22d, he went out, as was supposed, to hunt some stray hogs. He did not return at evening; but this circumstance caused the family no uneasiness, and they retired as usual. Shortly after midnight a rap was heard at the door. A call at this unseasonable hour, at a time when reports from only across the line of coast mountains were rife with Indian murders, was calculated to arouse apprehension in the coolest breast, and the summons was answered with caution. The voice of the Indian who had been working there was recognized, and, as the door was partly opened, three stalwart Indians entered unbidden. The hearts of the anxious parents sunk as they looked upon their sleeping treasures, and then upon the dusky intruders, whose very presence was a well-defined shadow of evil; but before their fears could assume definite form, or suggest a hope of escape, the Indians, armed with knives, made a murderous assault upon Mr. Geizel. The brave wife flew to the assistance of her husband and received a severe cut. It was an unequal conflict, and Mr. Geizel fell an easy victim to his assailants. The mother and daughters were taken out of the house and tied; the boys were one after another killed by the incarnate fiends, and when the work of slaughter was complete the house was set on fire. Who shall tell that mother's anguish, as with reluctant step she moved away under the escort of her captors? One hour before she was a wife, the conscious center and idol of a happy household; now, a widow and a captive, lighted by the flames of her dwelling, as they consumed the scarcely lifeless bodies of those dearer to her than life. She could then have welcomed the fate of her husband, for the horror of the situation filled her with despair, and the future pointed only to a captivity worse than death.

It was supposed by the settlers who sought refuge in the fort that morning that

all the Geizel family were killed; but a short time afterward they learned from a squaw that the female part of the family were still alive, and were held as prisoners at the Toootna ranch. On learning this, a squaw who was a prisoner in the fort was sent out to propose an exchange. She faithfully performed the duty, and a day or two afterward the Indians came in sight in large numbers, bearing a flag of truce, and Charles Brown, now of Crescent City, was sent out to negotiate the exchange. The Indians agreed that if the whites would surrender the squaws that they held, and give them a certain number of blankets and a certain number of coins, they would return Mrs. Geizel and her daughters. The price was soon made up by subscription, and the next day the mother and babe were sent to the fort, and on the day following Mary, the girl, was also surrendered.

The remains of the murdered Geizels were afterward collected and buried where the house had stood, and a marble monument with appropriate inscription marks the place of their rest. The infant daughter, the unconscious witness of the awful tragedy, is now a comely woman, and the mother and elder daughter are esteemed members of society; but the horrors of that dreadful night are graven in their memory, not to be effaced till they shall be called to reunite with the lost ones "on the other side."

Having completed the work of destruction and death upon all that pertained to the white settlement outside the fort, the Indians laid siege to that stronghold, knowing that unless help came from abroad, starvation would soon compel the whites to surrender, or expose themselves to attack outside. The site of the fort had been wisely selected, so that no object could approach it from any quarter without coming in sight and range of the marksmen within.

One morning, in the early part of the siege, the Indians were seen assembling in large numbers on a small hill just out of rifle range. The leader, mounted on a white horse, rode back and forth, making gestures and talking apparently with great earnestness;

and all their movements seemed to indicate a determination to storm the fortress without further delay. This state of affairs lasted all day, while the noble women in the fort were busy moulding bullets, and the men, rifle in hand, impatiently waited for the expected attack. Toward evening the savages moved in a body down the hill toward the fort, but stopped before reaching a point within range. A young warrior, recognized by the settlers as "Tootootna Jack," a son of the chief, becoming impatient of the delay, rode out from the crowd and dashed past the fort at a gallop; leaning on the opposite side of his horse, he discharged his rifle, knocking splinters from the roof of the fort. Another advanced to set fire to a small building which the settlers had begun to move to the fort, but which was still a few hundred yards away. A volley from the fort reminded him that he had ventured too near, and he hurried away to a point where he supposed he was safe, when he again halted and made gestures expressive of defiance and contempt. One J. C. McClure made him a target, and at the crack of the rifle the daring savage fell dead.

At a very early hour one morning the sentinels were driven in under a shower of bullets. The alarm, of course, caused all the men to rush from their sleeping apartment to the post of duty and danger. There was an old lady in the fort named Irwin; full of the fire of youth, in spite of her age, she sprang from her bed upon the first alarm, and rushed, *en deshabille*, with the foremost of the men, for the narrow passage that led to the outer enclosure. Being less active than the others, she stumbled and fell in the gangway. It was a moment when etiquette as well as toilet was at a ruinous discount, and the crowd of excited and half-naked men hurried over her prostrate form. Notwithstanding this embarrassing accident, she rallied and showed a disposition to remain at the front, which the gallantry of the men, of course, would not permit.

The Indians were accustomed to go to the beach at the mouth of the river to catch the small eels that were to be found there in

great numbers. At an early hour one morning, Isaac Warwick, as daring a fellow as ever lived, stole out of the fort and cautiously crept within range of the Indian resort on the beach, where he succeeded in bringing down a prowling savage. He hastened back to the fort, and, finding his friend Riley still in bed, he raised the blankets and threw upon him the reeking scalp of his victim, with the remark: "See what I have been about while you were asleep." This on the part of a man of naturally humane instincts and tender sensibilities illustrates how much "a long communion tends to make us what we are."

Absolute uncertainty as to the duration of their imprisonment, suggested the necessity of adding to their meager stock of provisions as opportunity offered. About half a mile distant was the barn of one James Hunt, in which was stored a quantity of potatoes, and it was decided to send a strong party to bring the vegetables within the fort. Accordingly, sixteen men were detailed for the expedition, and a negro called Ned drove the ox team that was to furnish transportation. They drove on the beach as far as possible, and stopped with the wagon at a point not far from the barn, and the party was divided. Eight were sent forward to sack and bring out the potatoes, while an equal number remained to guard the team and wagon. An unusual absence of Indians was noticed in the distant surroundings; but with a keen sense of the peril of the situation, the party stationed a sentry—Henry Bouland—at an elevated point near by. All was going well, when suddenly, as by a bolt from the heavens, the stillness was broken, and the faithful sentry fell, riddled with bullets. Indians rose from ambush on every hand, and the doom of the entire party appeared to be sealed. The only hope was in instant flight. Some ran for the fort by a route different from that by which they came, and eight succeeded in reaching it. The rest were cut off. Several ran toward the beach, falling by the deadly bullets of the savages as they ran; and one, supposed to be Lewellin Oliver,

ran to the surf, threw his trusty rifle ahead of him, and, plunging into the ocean, quenched the spark of life in its waters, rather than fall a prey to his merciless pursuers. M. B. Gregory, since a respected citizen of Curry County, was the only man that escaped of the eight who remained with the wagon. He was struck, and slightly hurt by two bullets.

At Port Orford (a considerable settlement about thirty miles north), there was much anxiety for the safety of the Rogue River people. News of the massacre had been received, but no intelligence as to the names or number of the survivors had reached them. It was proposed to send a boat by sea to Rogue River, and, if possible, thus to open communication with the beleaguered settlers. A boat was equipped, and eight brave men volunteered to undertake the perilous voyage. The party consisted of Richard Say, Sylvester Long, H. DeFermery, H. C. Gerow, Captain Davis, and three others whose names the writer has forgotten. They left Port Orford with the blessings of anxious friends, and many ardently expressed hopes for their safe return. The passage was without incident. The arrival of the frail vessel off the mouth of the river brought to the occupants of the fort a ray of hope—a hope too soon to be lost in deeper gloom. The point for landing is selected, and the prow of the boat is turned toward the shore; the sturdy oarsmen bend to their work with a will, and the little craft darts forward like a thing of life. Suddenly, the steering oar is unshipped by a wave, the boat swings round into a trough of the sea, and the next breaker that comes combing over buries them for a moment from sight, and when it has passed, eight noble men are seen struggling in the drowning water. Earnestly, but hopelessly, they combat the waves, and one by one they disappear, till only two remain on the surface. Captain Davis was an old sailor; he clung to the keel of the capsized boat with the energy of despair, and, though repeatedly knocked loose by the breakers, by dint of superior endurance was able to regain his hold, and thus drifted near the shore

where he was rescued. DeFermery clung to the sail for a while, and after becoming chilled and exhausted, was so wrapped in the canvas that he was prevented from sinking, and was in that condition carried ashore by the waves, where he was picked up by friends, more dead than alive. He recovered, and now lives in San Francisco; but six of his companions on that perilous voyage are numbered among the dead of the Rogue River War.

For thirty-one weary days the settlers of Rogue River were thus imprisoned in their comfortless fortress, each day bringing its menace of death, only averted by unremitting vigilance. They hoped for deliverance, but when it would come was beyond rational conjecture. It was almost impossible for those active, daring men to submit to such a life of idleness and restraint, and many a reckless venture was made to find relief from monotony even at the risk of life. But there came a day when the welcome sight of an advancing column of soldiers greeted their vision, and a detachment of two companies of "regulars" halted near by. The Indians moved up the river to what they regarded as a stronghold. There, after an unimportant engagement, they agreed to lay down their arms. The terms of capitulation were arranged, and the majority of the Indians were soon removed to the Siletz reservation, about one hundred and fifty miles up the coast. But a considerable number of stragglers remained, including several of those who had been foremost in the treacherous murders of the late outbreak. One of these was seen, and instantly recognized by Mrs. Geizel as belonging to the party that murdered her husband and sons. He was seized by the citizens and taken to a point near the scene of his terrible crime, and there summarily hung to the limb of a tree. Capt. Wm. Tichenor was authorized to gather together these straggling savages, and take them to the reservation. He entered upon the difficult task, and succeeded in collecting some fifteen or twenty men, and a larger number of squaws and papposes, and with these he started north from Rogue River.

They had gone but a few miles when the Indians showed signs of insubordination, and, at a point where the road passes near the ruins of the home of the unfortunate Geizels, a halt was ordered, and a number of citizens were summoned to help in keeping the refractory prisoners under control. Other settlers flocked to the place, and, roused to frenzy by the near presence of those whose hands had been so recently dyed with the blood of their kindred and neighbors, they fell upon the savages, and a bloody massacre

followed. The squaws and children, in a melancholy train, moved on toward the reservation; but the soil of the prairie drank the blood of the warriors.

The conflict of which the incidents here narrated constituted a part, was the death struggle of the Rogue River Indians. The present survivors of the tribe are few and widely scattered, and the rugged country where they once held undisputed sway is dotted with prosperous homes of the race that has exterminated them.

G. Webster.

INFIRMITY.

WHAT is the truth to believe,
What is the right to be done?
Caught in the webs I weave
I halt from sun to sun.

The bright wind flows along,
Calm nature's streaming law,
And its stroke is soft and strong
As a leopard's velvet paw.

Free of the doubting mind,
Full of the olden power,
Are the tree, and the bee, and the wind,
And the wren, and the brave may-flower.

Man was the last to appear,
A glow at the close of day;
Slow clambering now in fear
He gropes his slackened way.

All the up-thrust is gone,
Force that came from of old,
Up through the fish, and the swan,
And the sea-king's mighty mold.

The youth of the world is fled,
There are omens in the sky,
Spheres that are chilled and dead,
And the close of an age is nigh.

The time is too short to grieve,
Or to choose, for the end is one:
And what is the truth to believe,
And what is the right to be done?

E. R. Sill

THE CAMPAIGN AT WIDDLETOWN.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

CHAPTER VI.

"GUESS Mike's got it about right. He's an odd genius as the Lord ever made, but he's nobody's fool," said the Colonel, stroking his beard.

"Indeed he is not. You don't often find one who strikes the nail any squarer on the head. As I look back, I can see I *was* kept a deal too strict when I was young, and I remember thinking that if I was ever a man and had children of my own, they should never wear such straight jackets; and they never did; and my grandchildren wear looser ones yet," said Mr. Orton.

" 'I think they've hear'n their fathers talk too much.' Zounds! that's just what I think. Mike made a point there. How can little Winn be expected to have any respect for his Sabbath school teacher, Dr. Tenney, after hearing his father berate him—as I've no doubt he has, for the two men are at sword's points on politics, and make it a duty to outgeneral each other on every possible occasion," and the Colonel cast his eyes to the floor meditatively.

"And yet, both are gentlemen of undoubted ability and character," observed Mr. Henderson, folding his paper and placing it in his pocket.

A sunbeam fell across his white beard as he spoke, enhancing its silvery beauty, and I thought him the finest looking man I had ever seen. Our formal meeting at the reception had ripened already into a friendship that had contributed not a little to my happiness.

"Yes, that's true," responded the Colonel without raising his eyes, "and more's the pity; and there's Squire Stone, a man equal to any of them—he's another political prize-fighter. He and Judge Bradley are pretty evenly matched; one beats about as often as the other. Blazes! how they will lay each

out. Why, to hear them talk, you wouldn't think there was man enough in either to have an accountable soul; in fact, I heard the Judge say one day that the Squire hadn't soul enough for the Almighty to get hold of. Fred and Winn were in hearing; 'twas in the Judge's office—and their eyes grew big as moons. In a moment Winn marched up to his father: 'Papa,' said he, 'are there any men that don't have souls? You said, when you told us the Sabbath school lesson, that everybody had a soul?' 'Hush, hush!' said the Judge, 'keep still when men are talking, else you'll have to go out of the office.' The child didn't say any more, but I'm sure it wasn't the last of it—in his mind, at least—for he eyed first one and then another, as though balancing the probabilities in the case. I thought then 'twould stand the Judge in hand to be cautious what he said before his boys—they're keen little fellows—that Winn has got a head that'll be heard from one of these days, if nothing happens to him."

"Yes, Winn's got a judicial head, as the lawyers say. The conclusions he draws from his premises are apt to be logical if not profound. His father's head, too, is level on everything but the subject of political expediency; and the same may be said of Squire Stone," responded Mr. Henderson, in a musing tone.

The Colonel and Mr. Orton both assented, and Mr. Henderson went on.

"Why, I am reduced to the pitiable extremity of believing that nearly all the leading men of Widdletown are either knaves or fools, if I take their own word for it. Of course, I've had my own mind on these matters. I must, indeed, be a fool—if not a knave—if, with my experience and opportunities for observation, I had not long ago learned not to think a man a rascal—or a saint either, for that matter—merely be-

cause somebody of known respectability pronounced him so, and proved his assertion. I think you'll agree with me when I say Squire Stone is as clear-headed, kind-hearted a man as one will often find, when he's himself."

"Yes, sir, that's true," responded the Colonel, bringing his hand down upon his knee with much force. Mr. Orton nodded assent, and Mr. Henderson continued: "It is also true that he has wronged his own manhood by his course in politics—not that he is more to blame than his followers; but he's shrewd and long-headed, and he's made these qualities tell in his political schemes, regardless of principle; and, as is apt to be the case he has sometimes carried matters to extremes that have not only brought down the other party on him, but made distrust and division in his own. This has made him bitter for he's proud and sensitive and jealous of his good name. These things have distorted his judgment and disturbed his peace of mind. But I believe he's candid enough to see the matter in its true light if only the right vein in his nature could be struck. Not that I have any evidence for that belief—on the contrary, if I were to judge by several late occurrences I should think differently; but nevertheless, I believe candor is in the man."

"I've no doubt of it. Naturally, he's a fair-minded man, but he's made a pack-horse of himself to carry politics," observed the Colonel musingly.

"There was a trifling incident lately that showed his state of mind," Mr. Henderson said after a pause. "The chance of a division in his own party seems to have made him unusually bitter of late, and he has been much in the way of making sweeping assertions quite disparaging to the men of Widdletown. One would think there was hardly a decent man in the town, nor a 'smart' one, either. The other evening at Miss Gould's (my wife and I were spending the evening, and he had dropped in) Miss Gould took occasion, a few minutes after he had been condemning all the voters of Widdletown most bitterly, to say innocently,

"It is singular that in a place like Widdle-

town there should be so few able men—few or none—when it has long been noted for its fine women. I have often heard strangers comment on the high grade of our women.'

"The Squire fell right into the trap. He answered, with some warmth, too, that it would be hard to find a more capable, self-poised, well-to-do lot of men, according to their number, anywhere in the country.

"Please point out your able men—I should like to know who they are,' Miss Gould went on sarcastically, thinking she could push it a little further, you know. But he did not see the point at all. And it shows the mental condition he is in, that—gentleman though he is in his normal state—he said,

"Perhaps if they had shown their appreciation of you more unmistakably, you would not ask such a question. I've often noticed that single women are apt to underrate men, inveigh against them, and all that sort of thing, but I thought you were an exception;" and he excused himself and went off. We had to laugh, though we were indignant at his rudeness. But Miss Gould took it very nicely:

"The Squire had been complimenting his fellow townsmen so highly that I could not refrain from joining in,' she said kindly. I really thought he would good-naturedly see the point, else I would not have spoken as I did.'

"I suggested that he had the political mania too severely to be accountable for any obtuseness.

"Of course,' she said. 'In his right mind he can always see a thing as it is, even when it's against himself. The Squire and I are old and good friends, and I should no more think of taking offense at his rudeness to-night than of being wounded by the wanderings of a fever-patient. Indeed,' she went on, in her candid way, 'if there is any fever more destructive of self-control than political fever, I have never met it.'"

"Zounds!" exploded the Colonel, as Mr. Henderson ended, "that was outrageous, to treat a woman like Miss Gould in that fashion!"

"Yes—but I take her view, that it is to be

regarded as delirium. But you can't conceive anything more ludicrous to one sitting by, than his sudden change of front," and Mr. Henderson laughed again as he recalled it.

"It was the depth of humiliation for a man like Squire Stone to come to that," he added, rising and going out. The Colonel and Mr. Orton followed, and the three walked away together.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was near tea-time when Fred and Winn came home. The Judge had just come in from his office and was chatting with his wife and Miss Gould. The boys had evidently put under foot any sense of humiliation they might have had in encountering Uncle Mike under such untoward circumstances, and had risen to the grandeur of the occasion.

An odd spectacle they presented, as, side by side, they marched into the yard with the air of two conquering heroes. Their hats were crushed and torn, their faces scratched and dirty, their blouses slit in various places and almost buttonless.

"Do look at those children; where can they have been, to come home in such plight," exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, hastening towards the door to meet them.

But they burst in before she reached it.

"Boys, what have you been doing?" said the Judge sternly.

"We've fought like mad—fought like dam-crats and 'publicans—we've breached the peace," said Winn with irrepressible gusto. Then, holding out the front of his blouse towards his father, he went on: "Papa, haven't we fought enough to breach the peace? we've fought as much as Pat and Jim did, and Stware Stone said they breached the peace"—and Winn looked much elated at his probable success in breaking the peace, though as to what that signified he probably had only the most vague conception.

"People that break the peace have to be punished. Do you want to be punished?" said the Judge, with some effort to preserve his gravity.

"Yes: and I'll have Stware Stone on my side, and he'll tell 'em I did no such a fmg, and the man on t'other side 'll tell 'em I did, and I shall carry my blouse, and all the fings to the court, and we'll have—O, a big time," and he exultingly displayed the tatters on his blouse with his dirty fingers. "Breach means to tear, break—the teacher said so—I've breached my blouse, anyway," he added, as though that was some comfort.

"Why, boys! don't you know that it's *very* wrong to do such things," said the Judge, with a look of severity.

"Yes, 'tis awful," said Fred; "we talked awful."

"Yes, I guess we did; we talked awfuller than you did 'bout Dr. Tenney; we talked dreadful—dam-crats, 'publicans and all," said Winn with enthusiasm.

"It isn't *dam*-crats, but *dem*-crats; *dam*'s a sweared word," chided Fred.

"Well, them-crats, then; but, Papa, this kind of a dam *isn't* a sweared dam, is it?" said Winn with an importunate face.

The Judge looked disturbed.

"Go to your room and be washed; let me hear no more of this stuff," he said sternly.

The boys hop-skipped along to their room, followed by Mrs. Bradley, with a suppressed smile on her lips, though she felt like anything but smiling at the effect such lessons would have upon their susceptible natures.

"Don't you know it's very wrong to do so?" asked Mrs. Bradley gravely, as she helped them take off their blouses.

"We don't care if 'tis wrong. Men do so; some fight, and some talk awful. Pat and Jim fight, and papa and Stware Stone talk awful, and lots of 'em talk awful; but we talk awful and fight, too," returned Winn unabashed.

Every word that was uttered could be heard distinctly in the sitting-room. The Judge looked uneasy, rose, and hustled over the papers as though searching for some particular number. He was evidently vexed that his sister should happen to be present. She, of all others, was the one he would not like to have witness such a scene. It was

sufficiently humiliating that certain predictions of his wife, as opposed to his own, should be so literally fulfilled, without having another female thinking in his very presence—"There, I told you so."

"There, see your face—all scratches—that's what you get by fighting. Didn't it hurt?" continued Mrs. Bradley.

"It hurted some, but it helped to breach the peace," responded Winn heroically.

"If you keep on fighting I shall have to shut you up in your room," persisted Mrs. Bradley.

"Why don't you shut papa up, then?"

"Your papa doesn't fight."

"Why, yes, mamma, papa does fight—fights big, too."

"Winn, it's very naughty for you to talk so. You know your papa doesn't fight."

"Why, yes, mamma; dressed up men like papa and Dr. Tenney fight with their tongues, and rag men, like Pat and Jim, fight with their hands; 'cause when Carley and me talked awful one day to each uvver, the teacher said we'd been fighting—fighting with our tongues—he said 't was the baddest kind o' fighting, too. Them-crats and 'publicans fight all kinds o' ways, and we fight all kinds o' ways, too—like dressed up men and like old rag men. We don't have to be big first," explained the ambitious Winn.

Mrs. Bradley discreetly dropped the subject, as her respected husband's example was indisputably against her precepts. The Judge's face grew unnaturally florid. Miss Gould read diligently in Prescott's "Conquest of Peru." She was so familiar, however, with the work, that its novelty did not distract her attention from passing events.

In a few moments the children returned with nimble footsteps, followed by their mother. By the aid of soap and water, the hair brush, and a few bits of court plaster, supplemented by a change of raiment, their appearance had been greatly improved. Winn was ahead, as usual. With a skip and a bound he mounted a chair behind his father, and clasping him tightly around the neck covered his face with kisses. The Judge drew him playfully over his shoulder into his lap.

"Papa, I love you a hundred—two hundred bushels," and he threw his plump arms around his father's neck, and gave him what he called a "big hug."

"There," he said, settling back on his father's knee. "Don't I love you a big heap—a world full—two worlds full?"

"Yes, you do: I've no doubt of it," answered his father, stroking the shining head.

"Papa, don't I look like a 'coundrel?" he said, stiffening up and opening his eyes as wide as possible.

"I can't say that I think you do," replied the Judge, wincing slightly, as though his anticipations were not wholly agreeable.

"How do 'coundrels look, papa?" Are they rag men, or dressed up men?"

"Some of them are ragged, and some of them are dressed up."

"Are they them-crats and 'publicans both?"

"Some of them are, I suspect."

"'Coundrels fights, don't they? Them-crats and 'publicans fights."

"Sometimes they do."

"I fight, so I'm a 'coundrel," and clapping his hands, he gave his father another "big hug."

The Judge looked relieved as tea was announced. Miss Gould left Prescott with no apparent reluctance, and Mrs. Bradley's face was the picture of gravity itself, with the exception of an occasional twitch about the corners of the mouth.

The conversation turned upon that ever available topic, the weather, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." 'Coundrels, them-crats, and 'publicans had, to all appearances, taken to themselves wings and flown away. But that appearances are delusive proved true in this instance, as in many others. In the midst of an interesting discussion on the merits of the signal service as applied to the weather, Winn broke in with startling abruptness: "Papa, are you a 'coundrel?"

After all that had passed, this was too much for human gravity to endure, and the three elder members of the family burst out laughing. Winn looked astonished.

"For heaven's sake, Winn, let us hear no

more about 'coundrels," the Judge at last found voice to say. "I would puzzle the archangel himself to tell what ails you."

"I don't see anything puzzling about it. It's a plain case of political fever," returned Miss Gould with assumed gravity. "The symptoms are fully developed."

"Have I got a p'litical fever?" asked Winn, looking a good deal troubled.

"I'm afraid you have," answered his mother, smiling.

"Do folks have to take old, mean, bitter stuff when they have p'litical fevers?" continued Winn, with a noticeable recoil, as he remembered certain bitter draughts administered to him by his mother when he had the measles.

"I don't know; ask your father," said Mrs. Bradley.

"Papa, do they?"

"I don't know, but if you don't keep still I shall have Jane bring you some boneset tea."

Winn shuddered. Of all the medicinal horrors with which he was acquainted, boneset tea was the chief.

"I think your mother gives nourishing soups, and nice puddings with bran smuggled into them, and good coffee, with plenty of sugar and cream, in political fevers," said Miss Gould.

"Who'd she give 'em to?"

"You must ask her."

"Mamma, who'd you give 'em to? Did papa ever have a p'litical fever?"

This was too much, and the three burst into convulsive laughter. Winn looked thoroughly astonished, as he had reason to be. When the laughter had subsided somewhat, he said in a reproachful tone:

"Do you laugh at fevers?"

"No, not very often," answered Mrs. Bradley.

"What did you laugh at, then?"

"I laughed at my thoughts."

"What did you fink?"

All laughed again.

Winn was the picture of puzzled indignation.

"If you don't stop your laughing, I shall

go away from the table," he said with offended dignity.

"That would be a misfortune, indeed," replied the Judge.

"What is a misfortune?"

"Child, why don't you eat your supper like Fred, and not talk so much," remonstrated the exasperated father.

"'Cause the teacher says Fred finks, and I talk."

Fred seemed to think this reference to his taciturnity a reflection upon his ability, and defended his reputation by saying, "If I don't talk, I fight—I fight better than Winn, too—I breach the peace twice as much. I fight dem-crats, 'publicans, and everything."

"No, you don't; I fight the best," asserted Winn.

"Now, children, don't you let me hear another word from either of you till after you've finished your supper," said the Judge, out of all patience.

Winn looked injured and Fred sullen. In about one moment Winn said exultingly, as he put the last crumb of his cake into his mouth, "There, papa, I've finished my supper."

"Then go and sit on the piazza till the rest of us have finished ours," answered the Judge sternly.

Winn obeyed, but looked as though he had fallen upon times of inexplicable mystery. As soon as tea was over, the Judge took his hat and started for town. His step was nervous and the expression of his countenance uncomfortable. It was evident that bright, susceptible children are not necessarily conducive to political happiness, however much they may add to domestic.

CHAPTER VIII.

One afternoon, not many days after Miss Gould's lively tea at her brother's, she returned from a short tour of call-making just as I came home from the academy.

As she entered the parlor, she dropped into an easy chair, as if too much overcome to lay aside her bonnet and cloak.

"I yearned, this afternoon," she said, "to

say words of comfort to Mrs. Jefferson Thompson, but delicacy forbade. She has been married scarcely a year yet, so this is her first marital experience with political fever—though I think her husband as little likely to have a serious run of it as any young man I know. I heard the Judge say not long since that he didn't remember ever having seen Thompson lose his self-possession, and they have been law partners for three or four years at least. But to-day his wife was in a state of worriment concerning his health, was afraid of typhoid or bilious developments; though, judging from her own statements, I think the symptoms—loss of appetite, absent-mindedness, irritability, sleeplessness, later hours than usual, a tendency to patronize a class of men wholly obnoxious to him, rancor towards personal friends, etc.—have an unmistakable political cast. Some of these symptoms may often mean other diseases, but I think I am safe in saying that they are found combined only in political fever. But from all that she said I've no doubt that the microscopic seed-germ has taken root, that the subtle poison has already begun its work; and if such is the case he's a doomed man for weeks and perhaps months."

"Women generally have an antidote at hand for all the ills flesh is heir to; I am surprised that you have none for this," I remarked.

"I have studied the disease carefully, and I confess that when once it has gained the possession of a man, I see no remedy outside of idiocy or annihilation. Preventatives there may be, but not cures. Like small-pox or yellow fever, when once seated it must have its run. The most that can be done is to keep up the vitality of the patient by judicious treatment and proper diet. Annie, the Judge's wife, is an expert at that; I told her to-day that she ought to write her experiences and experiments for the benefit of a suffering world."

"Then they are not a secret?" I asked suggestively.

"Quite the contrary," she said laughing. "I will tell you the story. By the way, An-

nie is not one of the foreboding sort," she continued, "but takes life with a good deal of candor and common sense; and my brother is, on the whole, a model of a husband. It was a love match, to start with, and has held its own admirably. A year passed away, and Annie said that she had had thirteen honeymoons instead of only one. The second year began as well, but before its first half was over the horizon began to cloud up. The bridegroom grew petulant. His business did not run smoothly; his friends were cool and his enemies warm. His food was less palatable; the dishes of which he had been most fond he loathed and would not touch. The clock ticked too loud and had to be stopped. The family horse, hitherto a paragon of perfection, suddenly lost his good reputation, and came near being sold because he was balky. Investigation proved that the harness had not been properly put on, and that a descending grade would have been dangerous to all concerned. This incident at ordinary times, would not only have exonerated him from blame, but covered him with honor; but as it was, his sagacity was allowed to remain a blot upon his fair fame. Then, shirt bosoms began to be too limpsey, and shirt collars too stiff; pocket handkerchiefs that had been satisfactory in every particular suddenly became dowdy and outlandish. His shoes pinched his toes, and his slippers were too loose at the heels. His dressing gown was too short, and his business coat too long. His hat rested too heavily upon his forehead, and his cap was too easily blown off. In fact, ruin and disintegration was the order of the day.

"But Annie, not being of the lachrymose sort, did not pine and weep as a weaker woman would have done; neither did she lose her faith in continuous honeymoons; but she knew that something was wrong, and resolutely set to work to find out what it was. Her investigation led her to the conclusion that her lord was suffering from a depletion of the nervous forces. The cause of this depletion she was not able to determine; in fact, she did not solve the problem till some years afterwards, when its periodical recurrence on election years roused her suspicions,

which were confirmed by subsequent observations. It was, doubtless, fortunate that she did not make this discovery earlier, for she might have been disheartened; but as it was, she set about righting the wrong with true womanly tact. She did not betray consciousness of any change in the drift of her domestic life, but silently added nerve food to his diet. Her common sense assured her this was the thing to be done. It was no easy task. There were no Health Food Companies then, which she could call to her aid, but with diligence she sought and searched all the dietetic works within her reach. The information thus obtained led her to the conclusion that wheat bran was her most available resource. Accordingly, wheat bran was summoned to the rescue. But how to use it without detection was the vexing problem. She was well aware that her husband would not eat bran pudding, or bran gems, or anything of the kind. He was fond, however, of brown bread, the huge old fashioned loaf made of rye and Indian corn meal. So into this she put a goodly quantity of the precious bran. Her first experience was a success—at least, the bread was palatable. She served it up in all possible ways, and congratulated herself upon the quantity of nerve food she was thus enabled to get into him. In her next batch she increased the proportion of bran, and with the same desirable result. Thus encouraged, she used a still larger quantity in the third, which when her lord had tasted, he paused, and then tasted again.

“‘Annie,’ said he, with an effort to be calm, ‘is the flour getting low?’

“No, my dear. Why?”

“‘Because this bread tastes just like *bran*; your brown bread for the last three weeks has tasted just like bran—pure bran—I don’t want any more of this stuff’; and he shoved his plate from him in disgust.

“This was a severe blow to her plans, but did not dishearten her. In her researches she had found that onions were considered excellent to give tone to the nerves. So she took to serving onions in all permissible forms—boiled, stewed, fried, roasted, chopped.

She made them the principal ingredient of vegetable soups, introduced them into gravies and stuffing for roasts—in fine, used them in every possible way, and on every possible occasion. She was so intent upon her experiments that she forgot to take note of their sanitary effect. Faithful to her prescriptions, she trusted for results. This went on unquestioned for two or three weeks, when one day at dinner, her husband surprised her by saying:

“‘Annie, were you ever a slave in Egypt?’

“‘I think not. Why?’

“‘Because I was thinking you would have no occasion to look back upon its *onions* and leeks’; and pushing his plate from him he said, ‘I don’t want to taste or smell another onion so long as I live.’

“But Annie was not to be thwarted. She set herself to conning recipes for puddings into which the precious bran might be surreptitiously introduced. For a while her experiments excited no suspicion. Her husband accepted her concoctions gratefully. But one day, cooking an article with which she was unfamiliar, she overestimated the amount of adulteration it would bear, and again the cry of ‘*bran, bran,*’ came up from the dinner table, and this time with such an emphasis that she was compelled to explain. This ended the bran cure, but not Annie’s hunt for nerve tonic. She now patronizes the “Health Food Company,” and is sure her husband would long ago have broken down, had it not been for her dietary ministrations. To-day, with a significant smile, she pointed to several boxes of “Brain Food,” and a large package of “White Wheat Gluten,” which had just arrived. These are her weapons for the campaign. The Judge likes these, and she manages so discreetly that he does not mistrust her motives in using them. If he did, results might not be so satisfactory. The prospects are, that she will have all she can manage before the campaign is ended. I reproach myself that I had not courage to initiate Mrs. Thompson.”

“But Mrs. Bradley has never succeeded in effecting a cure?” I said.

“O, the object is not to cure, but to sus-

tain the vitality of the patient during the progress of the disease, that he may be enabled finally to regain normal conditions of body and mind."

"You think there is no remedy, then?" I asked.

"No—I think there is," she said, dropping her light tone, and speaking earnestly. "But it lies in the realm of the moral. This morning I read something that I think struck the root of the matter—" She took a paper from the table at her side and unfolded it meditatively.

"Are you too tired to read it to me?"

"O, I am not in the least tired, only disturbed by my afternoon's experiences. It does seem as though every woman thought every man except her own husband a knave or a fool; whereas, in nine cases out of ten her own husband is just as deep in the mud as the others are in the mire. There are exceptions—but I did not happen to meet any of them this afternoon, and so have been particularly impressed with the childishness of the whole thing. Annie is one of the exceptions, and yet she really loves and honors her husband just as much as any of these good women."

"But would you have them dissatisfied, perhaps even disgusted, with their husbands, as they probably would be if they knew the truth?"

"No, I would not; but if they had more candor and justice, I think their influence would be better. That my brother has been too far into the depths of political necromancy for his own good is certain, yet Annie's common sense and knowledge of politics has been a wholesome restraint upon him. But I was going to read this to you," and she found the paragraph and read:

"Have not children been taught from infancy that to gain a high position, a great name, is the chief end of life? If this has not been literally inculcated in principle, it has been implied in practice. At a picnic or some public gathering, an enthusiastic speaker perhaps tells the children that for aught he knows he may be addressing a future President of the United States, or some other noted functionary, and expatiates upon this as a matter of great importance, till the impression left upon their minds is,

that it is the presidency, or some other high position, that should be the object of their aspiration, and not the *manhood* the position involves, or should involve. Why not show them that it is of little consequence whether they become famed or not, but that it is of incalculable importance that they become *men*? Put manhood as a principle, and place as subordinate. Impress upon their minds that it is the man that makes the place, and not the place the man. Show them that an individual may occupy a high position, and still not be worthy the name of man. . . . If the young were more deeply imbued with this principle, there would be less corruption in the official ranks of our country.

"But it may be said that the teaching whose tendency is toward place, position, will be likely to have no injurious effect except upon extremely ambitious natures, whose number is comparatively small; while the much larger proportion of the dull and sluggish need to have some dazzling goal set up before them in order to incite a proper ambition. The first, on account of their aspiring nature, are the very ones above all others in whom correct principles should be inculcated. Naturally impressible and irrepressible, they will be likely to become leaders, whom those of less mental acumen will follow. It is of importance that they should be prepared to lead in the right direction. . . . It is not wrong to cherish high aspirations, to desire a high position in political, literary, or social life, or in any other honorable sphere. . . . But it is the inordinate desire for these things, the morbid craving which by its intensity defeats its own end, which is wrong. It loses sight of the duties and responsibilities the position involves—nay, loses sight of everything but the position itself, and to attain this it sacrifices all, even the end for which the position was created.

"But what in regard to those who have a less active and ambitious mental organization? The holding up of a false ideal as an incentive to action can but be injurious to any grade of mind. The true is in itself more attractive than the false. It is the false dress put upon it that makes it appear repulsive. Hold up true ideals before the young, or none at all. They will be far more likely to find truth unaided, than they will to find it with all the helps in the world, after the mind has been drugged with false ideals. The common schools are at fault in this matter. Historical characters, who have filled the world's high places, are held up as examples; yet the character of these individuals is not analyzed. If one has honored his place, the reason is not pointed out, or at least is not made emphatic; or if another has dishonored it, the cause is passed by in comparative silence. Consequently, the child sees little else but the position. Yet the root of the evil is not there, but in the family. How many parents can be found who, in striving to incite a child to make efforts to stand at the head of his class or obtain the prize medal, will present any higher motive

than that of being above some little rival, or of having the honor of occupying the highest place? Their number certainly is not legion. So the child loses sight—or, rather, never obtains sight—of the higher and purer motives that should stimulate him to exertion, and sees little but the place and the honor that comes from occupying it. An idea of the good that follows from being fitted to fill the place never comes within the plane of his horizon. . . . Then all the little insincerities of life, in which the young are gradually initiated, have a tendency to exalt the glittering alloy that passes for truth, and not the truth itself; to exalt place instead of worth. Sincerity, the corner-stone in a noble character, is buried in rubbish, while insincerity mounts upon its bier and waves its wand with subtle grace.

"The present system of education has a tendency to cause the learner to take for granted as true, or not true, as the case may be, whatever is presented, without the trouble of an investigation. There can be no continued mental growth without thought, and the number who really think to any purpose without having first been taught to think is small; and the number taught is scarcely larger."

Miss Gould paused.

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

"I think it is true. Please read on."

She continued:

"There is also a false idea abroad in regard to the masses of the people being able to comprehend truth unalloyed, which adds yet another pillar to the superficial structure modern life seems unconsciously rearing in the Occident, if not in the Orient. Many public teachers who instruct, either by the spoken or written word, seem to think it must be diluted, if nothing worse be done, or the people will not be able to receive it. Instead of dealing out inspiration, they deal out 'inspiration and water.' Others bring forth the subordinate as principal, and *vice versa*, or else do not bring forth the principal at all. If a political campaign is to be conducted, they seize upon the lower qualifications of their candidate, and parade them forth in tawdry robes, seeming to think the higher will not be appreciated. Instead of trying to correct a false taste, they pander to it in all possible ways. When a man becomes a candidate for office, why not place him on the highest level his character will warrant? If he is a benevolent man, and also a horse jockey, why try to thrust his benevolence out of sight and hold up to view his jockeyism? In a republic, manhood is of especial importance. The tendency is toward place, position, office, endowment. The individual thinks not so much whether he is qualified to fill the place, as whether he can obtain it. In selecting candidates for office, too little attention is paid to their fitness for it. Availability is often the axle upon which the wheels turn. But if the principles which should govern a self-gov-

erning people were rightly understood and appreciated, manhood and availability would be inseparable. Yet how shall they be understood if those who teach bring not forth the truth in its simplicity? . . .

"There is yet another class who weaken the force of truth for selfish or mercenary ends. They wish to please the ear and tickle the fancy of the populace in order to gain their own object, whether it be applause, wealth, or power. Principle is too much subordinated to policy. The real want of the people is more truth, more principle, and less policy.

"But there are public teachers who, in all sincerity, present the truth in its purity, and many of these are constrained to say: 'All day long have I stretched forth my hands unto a gainsaying people.' He who seeks out truth and propagates it is raised above the dusty level of common ideas and vulgar prejudices into the broad realm of God's clear atmosphere; and no wonder that such an one sometimes feels, and most acutely too, the ignorance, bigotry, and narrowness of those for whom he labors, and who, puffed up with vain conceits, sit on their dusty thrones to judge him. But such discouragements do not long deter, for truth ever leads its votary on to purer airs and clearer skies. And not unfrequently he discovers that he has been at fault himself, by placing that before them they were not prepared to appreciate. It is folly to place the highest scientific or mathematical truth before an illiterate man; but set before him a rudimentary principle which he can grasp, and nine times out of ten he will grasp it with avidity. This will prepare his mind for the reception of the next higher, and so on up the scale. Thus he who breathes the pure air of truth, learns how to draw others by degrees from the murky atmosphere below upwards into purer regions."

CHAPTER IX.

A few evenings afterwards I sat with Mr. Henderson, copying real estate documents, in Squire Stone's private office. The Squire was Town Recorder, and, after kindly furnishing us with the public records and other papers necessary to our purpose, and assuring himself that we were comfortable, he retired to the front office. My eye followed him as he went out, and I thought: "What an agreeable, fine-looking man you are."

There was a narrow hall between the two offices, but the doors were open, and ordinary conversation could be heard distinctly from one to the other. For some time the silence was only broken by an occasional remark, from which I inferred the Squire was examining briefs made out by his young

partner, Hal Pine, who was reading the daily papers.

In the course of an hour, Dr. Tenney entered so familiarly that it was evident he was a frequent visitor at the office.

"Well, Squire, what's the news to-night?" he said, taking off his hat and throwing himself into a lounging chair.

"O, nothing in particular, only this infernal routine of the office is a bore when a man has his hands full and running over with other business."

"When a man's got his trumpery scoured up for the auction block, and is waiting for the circulation of bills, he's apt to be nervous," said Hal with a lugubrious laugh.

"Confound it! the chicken-heartedness I've seen within the last few days has put me out of conceit with mankind in general, and with the men of Widdletown in particular—the dummies! I believe in foreordination—nothing else will account for recent facts; 'twas foreordained that a pack of fools should be born and brought up in Widdletown, and should take full possession of the polls this current year"—and the Squire brought his hand down upon his writing desk with an impatient thump.

"I don't look upon it as a gone case yet," responded the Doctor, in what he intended should be a hopeful voice, though it lacked the prime element—heartiness.

"Your courage is buoyed up by faith in the *principles* at stake," said Hal with ingenuous simplicity.

The Doctor and the Squire laughed outright at this, but Hal was gravity itself.

"I've done what I could this afternoon to attest my faith in the *principles*," he continued. "I tried to bargain with black Sam to vote the straight ticket, but he was stiff on the price. He said the other side would give him a barrel of flour and a pound of tobacco, and that he wouldn't change—seeing he'd been on that side more than half the time—unless we would give him a good deal more. I told him we shouldn't think of offering so little as that. He said he wouldn't come over unless we'd agree first what we'd give. I told him I'd guarantee a

barrel of flour and five pounds of tobacco. He seemed surprised that I'd offered so much, and said he'd come. I asked him if he had promised the other side certain, sure, he would vote for them, and he said he had. I told him to keep dark, but to tell them they'd got to bring the flour and tobacco the night beforehand, else he wouldn't stir a step, and then to go to town meeting, take their vote and slip it into his pocket, and that I should contrive to slip the *right* one into his hand unknown to them; and if he put it into the box instead of theirs, he should have another barrel of flour and another lot of tobacco that very night. I told him that there would be no chance to cheat; that I should see him put the *right* vote in myself, and that he might be sure he wouldn't get any flour or tobacco from us, unless he was *honest*, for we didn't want any but *honest* votes on our side. He went off grinning like a monkey. I shall depend upon him. I have the most implicit confidence in his honor. If he fails me, I don't know but I shall be as misanthropic as the Squire here"—and Hal threw his feet over the back of a chair with a countenance indicative of full faith in mankind.

Both men laughed.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Hal gravely. "I believe in the future of the race—and a great many other things, besides," he added in an undertone. "And this isn't, by any means, all I've done to-day for *principle's* sake, either," he went on after a solemn pause. "Not long before the last train north was due, I saw that imp of ugliness, Jack Wade, hanging round Judge Bradley's office. He looked so mighty anxious that I smelt a rat—my sympathy was roused, I should have said—so I happened along, and shook hands with him as though he'd been my eldest brother. I found out he'd been in town about an hour, and was obliged to go back on the next train, so I was pretty certain he'd come down to sell his vote to the Judge, and I said carelessly:

"'Coming down to vote, ain't you?'

"'Wal, I think a leetle on't—'spose I've got a right tew.'

“‘O, yes,’ said I, ‘of course you have; you haven’t been gone six months yet. But it’ll cost you a little something.’

“‘Yas, but I ’spose they’ll pay a fellar’s ’spenses, won’t they?’

“‘Certainly, and more, too. Do you want to see Judge Bradley?’

“‘Wal, I was thinkin’ on’t.’

“‘Going to vote on his side, I suppose? Of course you want to vote on the right side, and the Judge is pretty generally on the right side,’ I said. You see, I happened to know the Judge helped him out of a scrape once, and I was sure he wouldn’t dare to vote any other way.

“‘Yas, I allus votes the Judge’s way.’

“‘If you want to see him I can go in with you,’ I said, ‘but he’s so busy—his office is running over full—that as likely as any way you can’t get a chance to speak to him for an hour or more, and that’ll make you late for the train; but if you have anything particular to say, you can say it to me just as well—it won’t make any difference.’

“‘Be you the Judge’s way?’ he asked.

“‘It sounds queer enough to me to hear you ask that. I guess you don’t know me very well. The Judge and I are the best of friends,’ I answered.

“‘Wal, I ’spose it’s all right. What do you think it’s wuth?’

“‘Five dollars,’ I said.

“‘I saw by his looks ’twas more than he expected. ‘Five dollars is cheap enough and you shall have the money that very night. I will pay you myself.’

“‘Wal, I’ll come. You can depend on me.’

“‘Now,’ said I, ‘if you’ll promise not to tell, I’ll put you up to making a spec.’

“‘May my hand come off ef I tell!’ he solemnly ejaculated.

“‘If the Judge,’ I went on to say, ‘or any of his kind offers you any money, take it, but don’t say a word; don’t let them know we’ve had any talk; for if you do they’ll say you’ve been paid twice, and you won’t get a cent out of them; and if they give you a vote, take it and say nothing, but put it into your pocket, and I’ll give you one, and I’ll

see you put it into the box—else I shan’t know whether you deserve your five dollars; but if you do as I tell you, I’ll pay the money down that very night.’ He promised, and started for the train; but I was bound to keep my eye on him till he left town, so I followed after. As luck would have it the train was late, and I came near losing my supper. But I saw the spalpeen off, and may the devil take him if he fails me after contriving for him to make all the money possible out of the job. If the miserable cusses are bound to sell themselves, it’s a pity they shouldn’t do it as dearly as possible. So here’s another honest vote for our sacred principles,” and Hal clasped his hands and closed his eyes, as though ready at any moment to be sacrificed, if need be, for his sacred principles.

The Doctor and Squire both laughed again, and then the Squire said:

“Hal, what a cold-blooded shark you are! You haven’t any more heart in what you do than there is in a hollow log.”

“Good heavens! I’d like to know what heart any of you fellows have in your political scheming. I haven’t any, and I don’t pretend to have, while you fellows pretend to have and haven’t—that’s the difference. All this ado about political *principles*! You may have had something of the kind to start with, but you lost sight of it long ago, as the fashionable woman did of her baby in the paraphernalia of its wardrobe. You are no more fighting for the sake of principle than you are fighting for the honor of the Persian Shah; you are fighting for the sake of your own cursed wills. You are willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of having your own way, and you don’t care whether it’s right or wrong, provided you have it. I’ve no doubt there are men of principle, men above corruption in every party—if it weren’t for them the parties would fall to pieces of their own rottenness—but *they* are not the politicians who would let hell loose for the sake of carrying their point. I wouldn’t have you suppose for a moment that I am such a deuced fool as to think any of you fellows have a single principle at stake. You know

you haven't. The one that carries the day, no matter whether by fair means or foul, is the best fellow. If one party in this town does any more contemptible things than the other, it is because it has sharper men in its ranks. It's a trial of wits, not *principles*"—and Hal brought his feet from the top of the chair to the floor with an emphatic thump.

The Doctor and the Squire both looked vexed, but were politic enough not to manifest it either by word or deed. Hal would have his say, and there was no use trying to hinder it.

"Why, Hal, you had better take holy orders. You would preach Satan himself out of hell in less than a fortnight," said the Squire jocosely.

"He's out already, and has entered into the whole herd of politicians, the same as the devils of old entered into the swine, and they are running violently down a steep place, and, thank heaven, they'll soon be in the bottom of the sea. Curse it! if there's anything that makes a decent fellow feel like swearing, it is to hear *principle* mentioned in connection with politicians. I've no doubt I *should* swear like a pirate this very minute if I hadn't promised Miss Gould more than a year ago that I'd swear off on it—not that I ever meant any disrespect to the Almighty by profanity; it was merely a habit, and I'll be blamed if I don't believe Miss Gould herself has felt more than once this season that it would be a mighty convenient one—she's a woman that knows what's what."

"You didn't know that Hal had fallen in love with Miss Gould, did you, Doctor?" said the Squire, with an attempt to be facetious.

"No; but I think it would be pardonable if he had. I've seen the time myself when I should have been glad of the privilege," responded the Doctor, smiling.

"She's quite a politician, Hal, so take courage," continued the Squire.

"It's a shame to mention her name on the same day with politicians," rejoined Hal, with spirit.

"I have always had a high opinion of Miss Gould myself," the Squire said a little coldly,

"but some things of late have made me think that she is getting into the disagreeable way of denouncing men in a sort of narrow, cynical spirit. I have often seen something of this kind in single women, but I had thought she was an exception. I'm afraid, however, that she will not prove to be. I don't know but it's inevitable with unmarried women," he added tolerantly.

"Well, if she judges men by what they say of each other, she must think them a parcel of angels," returned Hal sarcastically. "I *can* see, though," he continued after a moment's pause, "how it is possible for a single woman to get into the way of speaking cynically of men—poor things, they don't know any better than to believe what men say of each other. Married women know better—know, by experience, they are all saints, you know."

"You spoke of something you had seen of late in Miss Gould; what was that?" asked the Doctor, as though willing Hal should be excused from immediate conversation.

"Well, what I was thinking of in particular was a little encounter I had with her the other evening. She gave the men of Widdletown a setting down generally; hinted they were greatly inferior to the women; that the difference was very noticeable to strangers. It was not what she said so much as the way she said it. There was a dreadfully narrow, one-sided cant to it some way," answered the Judge with some severity.

"That seems very unlike Miss Gould. She has always seemed as free from cant and prejudice as a mortal can be. Perhaps single life has begun to tell on her at last," responded the Doctor musingly.

Hal burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. As soon as it had subsided sufficiently for him to speak, he said, though with manifest effort to prevent himself from going off into convulsions again:

"How under heavens a sane woman could ever have any such idea as that, after hearing the reliable men of Widdletown compliment each other as she undoubtedly has, is beyond my comprehension. Prob-

bly you'd just told her 'twas foreordained that a pack of fools should be born and brought up in Widdletown, and that they should take possession of the polls this current year, and she, in her simplicity, was trying to let you know she was capable of understanding and appreciating your broad and unprejudiced statement, your masculine insight into the purposes of the Almighty; but how, in the name of common sense, she could draw any conclusions derogatory to the male sex of Widdletown from your premises is beyond my depth; the logical deduction is that the male images of God in Widdletown are a set of superior beings, akin to angels in purity. I'll give up on Miss Gould. She's given over to cant and one-sidedness as completely as Christ on the mountain was given over to hypocrisy," and Hal went off into convulsions again.

The Squire was nettled almost beyond endurance, but so long as Hal had set out "to free his mind" there was no help for it, and all there was to be done was to take it as lightly as possible. It was not, however, what Hal said, so much as the conviction of its truth, that annoyed and angered him. The Squire was too clear-sighted not to see the point by this time.

"You can see, Doctor, that love will set even so cool-headed a fellow as Hal beside himself," he said with an effort at pleasantry.

"Well, so long as we've been through the ordeal, 'twill stand us in hand to exercise charity," returned the Doctor.

"O, yes, yes. Charity, you know, will hide a multitude of sins," replied the Squire a little vaguely.

"Hide a multitude of sins!" repeated Hal, catching up the phrase contemptuously. "There's call for all the charity the Lord has to spare, then, to cover up the doings of modern politics. Why, my tactics with black Sam and Jack Wade this afternoon were beneath the morality of a Fejee Islander. The 'pizunest pizun' of it, as Uncle Mike says, is that you fellows try to satisfy your conscience under the plea of expediency; that, 'after all, as things are, 'tis right—the best that can be done,' and all that sort of

thing. So, after a while, you get so lathered over that I'll be blamed if you can tell black from white. If 'twould end with politics, it wouldn't matter so much; but, curse it, the 'pizun' creeps into everything. If you would do all these dirty jobs yourselves and realize what they are, 'twould help you keep the 'pizun' out of other things. 'May my right hand come off,' as Jack said, if ever I try to make myself believe that all this devilish trickery is right. The whole country's crying out against corruption in high places—and with reason enough, too—but we all know it's fed by corruption in low places, and we're doing all we can to increase the feed. Little Winn Bradley's taking his first lessons. But I'll wager he'll be enough for the whole kit of them one of these days."

"It is perfectly awful how that child will talk," interjected the Doctor, with something like horror in his voice.

"Awful! Of course 'tis. He's a looking-glass we can see ourselves in, if we'll but look. He's only trying to imitate us, and his crude successes and partial failures show what adepts we've got to be in deviltry, the same as a boy's first attempts at chopping show off by contrast the dexterity of a skilled woodman. It's an amazing pity if Miss Gould, or any other woman, for that matter, is losing her faculties to such an extent she can't see the perfections of us men. Why, Squire, I've no doubt you gave her to understand that the reason why she was so undiscerning was because she is an old maid—that's the last resort of a man to inspire proper respect in a woman for his superiority. Good heavens! if all the political trickery and dishonesty that's been carried on in Widdletown for the last ten years could be unveiled, it would be a spectacle for women—and angels—to admire. Jove! if I don't believe Miss Gould took you on your own ground, just to show what ridiculous fools the political magnates of Widdletown are making of themselves, and you weren't bright enough to see it—not but that, if 'twasn't for the political colic, you're as bright as common folks, but I've never seen a fellow yet

that wasn't more than half muddled when the fit was on."

"Well, Hal, is that all?" thrust in the Squire, resolutely good-natured.

"No, not by any means."

"Hal, how would it work to have women in politics?" asked the Doctor, evidently willing Hal should have an opportunity to finish his disclosures.

"That's more than I can tell. One thing's certain, though, and that is, there wouldn't be any likelihood of making matters worse—the devil himself couldn't do that. There was an old deacon in our town who was mortally against women's taking any part in church business. 'Let your women keep silence in the churches,' was ever on his tongue's end. But the majority went against him at last. After a while some one asked him how the new system worked. 'Wal,' he said, 'not exactly as I expected. Women see a danger and get out of it afore men see it at all, and by the time men get to it, women have got it so bridged over that men doubt whether there really was any danger to start with. On the whole, we've had the smoothest year since I jined the church.' I don't know whether women would make politics any smoother or not, but most of the croaking you hear about it is rubbish. All there is to it, if the time comes for them to vote, they'll vote; you can't stop things when their time comes. But whether woman, at her present stage of development, is capable of comprehending the *principles* of politics, I am unable to say. I tell you, *they* are intricate—the archangel himself couldn't unravel them."

The town clock struck eight.

"There," exclaimed Hal, jumping up, "it's time for the caucus. 'When the sons of God came together, Satan also came with them,' so I must go," and, putting on his hat, he went out, followed by the Doctor and the Squire.

CHAPTER X.

"There," said Mr. Henderson, as they went out. "Hal has made a clean breast of it, I should judge."

It is hardly necessary to say that for some little time the copying had not progressed rapidly. Neither Mr. Henderson nor I had uttered a word, but we had exchanged a great many glances, and laughed silently.

Mr. Henderson rose and went to the window. "It's a glorious evening," he said, "as light as day. It has been so cloudy for several evenings past, that I had forgotten 'twas full moon to-night. Come, put aside the copying—we can finish that any time—and let's take a walk. It's wicked for a man to shut himself up such an evening as this if he can help it."

I was only too glad to comply, and closing the books and putting them in their places, we left the office. As we stepped out of doors, it did, indeed, seem wicked for one voluntarily to shut himself away from so much loveliness. It was one of those balmy, moonlit evenings, which make earth and heaven seem near of kin, and which have a tendency to render mortals friendly and communicative. We strolled along silently for a little while, taking in the glory of the scene according to the capacity of our respective natures.

"Hal's a clean shot," at last said Mr. Henderson abruptly, as though his mind had not been wholly occupied with the beauties of Nature. "The tone of morals in everything *is* lowered by the political trickery that has become rampant. There's no doubt about it. It is but natural that those who have succeeded in playing shrewd political games of questionable honesty should try the same in business transactions, and that those who have caught each other playing questionable games in politics should have mutual distrust in other matters. Yet there are, no doubt, many men who are fair and honorable in their business relations, who take it for granted that 'All's fair in politics,' and act accordingly. I know many such in my own business acquaintance, and their influence goes far towards giving an air of respectability to genuine rascality. But according to Uncle Mike's theory, when things get to their 'wust,' they have to turn and go the

other way, and there's some consolation in that; but then there's no denying it's 'orful hard on the folks that live when things are at their wust'; and it does seem as though they must be pretty near culmination, if they have not already passed that point."

"Are you one of those who believe the world is growing worse and worse—is going backward instead of forward," I asked.

"No, I am not. Without going back to ancient times, I think that even the casual student of history can but see there has been genuine progress in these later times; progress since the days of the Crusades, since the persecutions in the Netherlands and the assassination of the Prince of Orange. But there come in politics, as in religion, times of great declension, and to those whose observations are made wholly from local stand-points, it seems as though everything is going to wreck and ruin—and sometimes, to all appearances, it does come to this. But phenix-like from the ruins arise other issues, which serve their purpose and go down to give place to yet others, and so the world jogs on. It is when old issues are passing away, and new ones are arising, that the point of greatest obscurity is reached. Then it is that the short-ranged telescopes discover nothing but shadows and darkness. Uncle Mike compares it to the frog's getting out of the well—although he fell back every night, yet he did not reach so low a point as that from which he started the previous morning. No doubt this slow process was discouraging to his frogship. But, nevertheless, he did progress. That is the point to be considered."

"And is there no remedy for this falling back process?" I asked.

"Perhaps there might be, if, as Mike says, 'people would only use the common sense the Lord has gi'n 'em'! But judging from the past, it is also pretty true that 'they won't use it till they're obleeged ter, an' if now and then a fellar does try it, he's pitched inter, till he don't know which way ter turn.' Whether mankind on earth will ever reach a point beyond which they will go on without falling back, it would be hard to

guess; or whether they will ever learn better than to 'pitch inter' their advanced minds. They used to 'pitch inter' discoverers and inventors, you know; but now that there have been so many discoveries and inventions which have proved of great practical utility, the civilized world has come to believe scarcely anything impossible in that line, and is cautious about prematurely pronouncing its judgments, and volunteering its ridicule—perhaps it may in time learn similar respect for other applications of common sense. What is that I hear? I should think Bedlam had let loose somewhere in this vicinity," and he paused to listen.

It was a strange confusion of voices that greeted our ears, broken by an occasional ringing hurrah.

"Oh," said I, after listening a moment, "it's the caucus—there's a caucus over there," and I pointed round the corner to a cross street.

"Where," he asked.

"At the Town Hall."

"Oh, yes, I remember seeing the notice in this evening's paper; and the embryonic politicians are having theirs on the outside. If some of their seniors would give a peep out, I've no doubt they would have an opportunity of seeing themselves as successfully, as, according to Hal, they would by using little Winn as a looking glass. I wonder if Pat and Jim honored the old town hall with their presence. They ought to be there, and in the highest seats, too, for they have risked their noses and sacred honors, if not their lives, in the sacred cause. One day last week, as I was walking down town, I ran across these worthies belaboring each other with a zeal suggestive of the crusaders.

"Pat," said I, 'what's the matter?'

"Matther," said he, pausing to take breath, but not losing his grip. 'There's matther anuff.'

"Well, what is it? Stop, both of you, and let's hear," I said.

"Both relaxed their hold, and stood eyeing each other like two ferocious bull dogs.

"Well, Pat, what is it?" I asked.

"'Jim said I didn't know what I belaved,' he answered in a surly tone.

"'And what do you believe?'

"'Belave—why I belave I'm a dimmycrat!'

"'And what does a democrat believe?'

"'An' faith, a dimmycrat belaves just what I belave.'

"'And, Jim, are you a democrat, too?'

"'An' faith I am.'

"'And what do you believe?'

"'I belave that Pat don't know what he belaves, an' faith I dew.'

"'Well,' said I, 'this is a free country and both of you have a right to believe as you please; do you think it'll pay to fight over your beliefs? If you carry it too far, the courts will have hold of you before you know it, and then may the blessed Virgin help you.'

"'Indade, this is a frae counthry, where there's frae liberty of spache,' said Jim with unction.

"'But ye're not frae to abuse a body with yer frae spache,' returned Pat, and upon that they fell on each other like a couple of panthers.

"They kept it up till Jim knocked Pat down, and by this time the affray had reached the ears of the constable, who arrested them both for breaking the peace, or 'breaching the peace,' as Miss Gould says Winn calls it, and the result was, they were fined twenty dollars apiece and costs. 'A quare frae counthry this,' muttered Jim, as he left the court-room. I've no doubt there are thousands of politicians who have just about as clear a conception of their political creeds as Pat and Jim had of theirs—politicians who are in the thick of the fight, too. I have often been astonished at the ignorance of so-called intelligent men in regard to the cardinal doctrines of their own party, and of their much greater ignorance of those of the party opposing. I think we should be greatly surprised if we knew how many accept a given platform or vote a given ticket merely because their fathers do, or some distinguished man does, without knowing or caring what principles are accepted in so doing. I say this with all deference to the reputed

intelligence and common sense of the average American. Only two or three years ago I had occasion to investigate this phase of politics, and I confess I became both astonished and disgusted with the facts elicited. It is altogether too true of political leaders, generally, although there are honorable exceptions, that the most they care for, as Hal says, is to have their own way; and there are plenty of others, who, by harangues, mass meetings, and bribes, are made more than ready to help them on towards this absorbing end. This tends to a rigid adherence to party issues, regardless of reason or relevancy. I remember Judge Bradley once carrying this to ridiculous extremes. The license of an auctioneer had expired, and he wished to have it renewed, so he went to Judge Bradley to inquire the conditions, as there had been some new legislation on the subject which he did not understand. The Judge was intensely occupied at the time, but politely gave him the information desired and dismissed him. The auctioneer set about complying with the instructions he had received; but the person whose business it was to grant the license told him the preliminaries were wrong. Of course, the auctioneer fell back upon the Judge. The Judge and the man who demurred about granting the license belonged to opposite political parties, and a spirit of combativeness was aroused which soon ripened into dogged bitterness. The Judge adhered to what he had said with the utmost tenacity, although he must have known he was doing so in the very face and eyes of the law, for he is no bungler in judicial matters. Had he not been preoccupied, he probably would not have given the instructions he did, which seemed to have been based upon a curious compound of the old law and the new. But he would not yield, and as Hal said, heaven and earth were ransacked to find precedents to enable him to carry his point. A bitter quarrel ensued, the matter was taken into the courts, and the Judge finally lost his case, as he deserved to. But he is a man really above such petty adherence to an erroneous opinion, and it would have been in

accordance with his real self to have rectified the mistake in his instructions. Partisanship in politics has a tendency to narrow the base of life in everything else. It is a cord that draws closer, till all healthy vitality in the victim is strangled."

The confusion of sounds increased, and shouts and hurrahs grew more and more frequent.

"The crisis must be at hand, if increased noise is an indication," I said.

"Yes, but what a parody on those fellows in the hall."

"In the midst of all this political trickery and dishonesty, what's an honest man to do?" I asked—"quit politics or stick to them?"

"Stick to them, and stick to his honesty, too. If honest men had done this in the past, political corruption would never have come to its present pass. But many of our best men, becoming disgusted and disheartened, have kept aloof from politics as they would from pestilence. This is a mistake. If politics are ever redeemed, it will be by the exertions of honest men. The country abounds in them, but they keep in the background. They must come to the front. Not until then will men be elected to fill responsible positions simply because they are fit for them. But when the honest men do come to the front, they must come expecting to be 'pitched inter.'"

The noise increased.

"Hurrah for Macon! hurrah for Macon!" soon became distinguishable in the Babel of sounds.

"The caucus has evidently nominated Macon," I said.

"Yes, I suppose that was a foregone conclusion. He's about the only man the party can run, and that simply because he's mind-

ed his own business," responded Mr. Henderson.

"Let's go round by the town hall," I suggested.

He assented, and we started. We had proceeded but a little way when we met from fifty to a hundred boys, their ages probably ranging from six to sixteen, surging along the street, yelping, screeching, hurrahing, and making all sorts of frantic gestures. Behind them came the honorable body of men who had just finished their caucus labors in the hall, evidently congratulating themselves upon the successful issue of those labors. I heard Hal's voice in the throng.

"Hear the little devils—see them—if they aren't a perfect *fac simile* of our honorables, the devil has lost his power of taking on whatever form suits his purpose best."

"Hal's at it again," said Mr. Henderson when we had passed the crowd, or rather when it had passed us, for we had been obliged to stand still.

"Liberty of speech is evidently having free course to-night," I responded.

"Yes, yes, and it's likely to have till this nuisance of an election is over," he answered.

We walked on in silence till we reached his door.

As he bade me good-night, he said, "It has been remarked that he is the most successful in conversation who has the art of listening the most attentively, and if that be the true criterion, I feel constrained to say that you are a master of conversation."

With this kindly speech he left me, and I went immediately home, for I had seen and heard enough of politics for one day.

L. E. W.

THREE DAYS' QUARANTINE AT MARSEILLES.

ON leaving Colombo the P. & O. agent told us that the quarantine had not been removed from any of the European ports, and probably we should be detained five days at Marseilles, and ten days at every Italian port. What were we to do! Our baggage was all marked for Brindisi. Every arrangement had been made for us to push on as quickly as possible to Rome. I had never been there; it had been one of my dreams ever since I learned as a child about Romulus and Remus—how well I remember the funny little picture of them with the wolf.

Plans were discussed; every day new ones were made, and quarantine seemed to be stamped on everybody's brain.

"Shall you go to Venice?"

"I believe you are fairly comfortable on the Lido."

"Oh, no; you are treated like prisoners, and food given to you through iron gratings."

"Do you mean to go through the Bay of Biscay, and escape all quarantine?"

Quarantine, quarantine! this was the one subject, until we were so wearied that we felt utterly indifferent to it.

None of the passengers had ever been in quarantine. The captain had not been to Marseilles for many years, and it was to this port that the steamer was bound.

We went into Suez with the yellow flag flying, and waited for the health officer to come off. A cold, wintry wind was blowing across the desert, and we had a combined sand and rain storm. After the heat of the tropics, it was bitterly cold. In two days there was a change of forty degrees in the temperature, in consequence of which there was a general transformation scene, and people whom you had seen dressed in white on the Friday, appeared on the Sunday wrapped in furs and ulsters, so that it was difficult to recognize any one.

The agent soon arrived, and to our dismay told us that there was still quarantine at all

European ports. A clean bill of health was given to us, and we trusted to this, our last straw, unless we were obliged to take on board passengers from Bombay, where we heard there was cholera.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we entered the canal. At first it is very narrow—not more than one hundred and seventy-five feet wide. What a marvelous work this is—eighty-eight miles through the burning desert! Twice it crosses the Bitter Lakes, where, in some places, the water is so deep that no buoys are necessary to indicate the channel, and the steamers go at six or eight knots. In the canal itself the steamers are obliged to crawl along, only making four miles an hour. If they went any faster the wash would be so great that the banks of the canal would soon be destroyed.

In two days we were at Port Said, a dreary looking place which has grown into existence since the canal was made, and which apparently has become a harbor and refuge for all the destitute from the Levant. Crowded in a small space there are now 14,000 inhabitants. We waited impatiently for news, and at last heard the same thing: five days at Venice, and three days' quarantine at Marseilles.

If we left the steamer we should be obliged to go to a very wretched hotel, and wait for the "Lombardy," from Bombay. She was due that evening, but might be detained in the canal. She was not to stop at Brindisi, but go direct to Venice. We had to make our plans at once, as our steamer only waited a few hours, we were told. Reluctantly, we decided to go to Marseilles.

We were nearly seven days crossing the Mediterranean. Very beautiful it was coming through the Straits of Messina, with Calabria on one side and Sicily on the other. As we passed Messina there was a small whirlpool, the dreaded Charybdis of old, and on the Calabrian coast a picturesque, scraggy

rock, with an old castle on it, was pointed out to us as Scylla. It certainly did not appall us, nor was there the faintest suggestion of danger as we went past it.

Mount Etna was covered with snow; from the top a little smoke was issuing forth, looking more like a dark cloud across it than the entrance to the crater. The lower part was enveloped in clouds and mist. We watched it all day, and it seemed more and more lovely. Mount Etna is over 10,000 feet high, and consequently can be seen from a great distance. After the sun went down, by the evening glow, we could still see it faint and hazy, like a silvery cloud high in the heavens.

Before the afternoon had passed, we were approaching Stromboli, rising out suddenly from the waves, apparently upheaved by some volcanic disturbance from below. It is always smoking, but it is many years since there has been an eruption. There are two little villages or settlements at either end of the island—dreary looking places for human beings, so utterly isolated from the rest of mankind. The sides of the mountains are intersected by ravines and fissures made by the running down of the lava. After this cools, the grasses grown in the scoræ are said to be wonderfully fine.

Soon after passing Stromboli the wind rose, but the steamer was so steady I thought little of it. This continued all night. At twelve the next day there was a hard gale, shipping seas continually over the bows, and several times even over the stern. When the full force of the storm came upon us, the first and only very heavy sea that we shipped injured nine men, one of whom died five minutes afterwards. The steamer was immediately slowed down, and kept head on to the sea, in consequence of which we took very little more water on board. By six o'clock the wind was abating. I had stood for three hours in the companion way, awe-struck and silenced, watching the waves as they lashed themselves to such a fury—they looked so cruel, so revengeful and cold. The spindrift was blown wildly from one wave to another, till it became a confused mass. The sun was shining all the while, occasionally

making rainbows through the crest of a wave just as it was breaking. We seemed to be plunging over mountains of water. As the sun went down the wind fell, and with this there came a peaceful sense of relief after all the excitement.

The crew on the P. & O. steamers are chiefly composed of Lascars from the coast of India. They are all Mahometans, and no one of another creed is allowed to touch one of them after death. In the evening one of these Lascars, who was a Hadji, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca, anointed the dead Mahometan with oil, burned incense, and made all the preparations for his burial. The next morning at eight o'clock the body was brought on deck, wrapped in a white sheet, placed on a board, and quietly dropped over the side. The ship was not stopped, only slowed down. I believe it is customary to stop for a Christian burial at sea; if so, it seemed very strange that it should not have been done for one of another creed.

On the sixth morning out from Port Said we were passing Toulon, the coast line sharply defined against the sky, with the brilliant early morning glow behind. The harbor of Marseilles is certainly one of the most picturesque in the world. Steep, bold rocks, hills rising in the distance, Château d'If where Monte Cristo died, and behind this Marseilles itself. On the extreme left is Nôtre Dame de la Grâce, with its peaceful outlines strongly defined against the sky. Three miles across the harbor is Frioul, a pretty island with forts crowning the highest eminences. The islands and hills about Marseilles are of a lime stone formation, and utterly destitute of vegetation; but their picturesque outlines make them beautiful. In the summer the heat and glare must be frightful. The quarantine ground is on the island of Frioul.

We took a pilot on board, who said: "You must have three days' quarantine, at least." We anchored in a quiet little harbor, and literally tied to the shore. There is a natural dock. A breakwater of fine hammered stones has been built between two islands,

making a perfectly safe and sheltered anchorage. Quarantine buildings are scattered over the island, each one surrounded by a wall. These buildings are used as dormitories. In the first class every one has a separate room or cell, tiled floors, clean and cold in winter, iron bedsteads with comfortable spring beds and mattresses, small tables, with infantine-looking bowls and pitchers, the inevitable gilt mirrors; on a marble mantel piece, an empty brass candlestick.

"Must we go into quarantine?"

"Three days, Madame; it makes no difference if every passenger be well, or if there be no cholera in Egypt now. It is the rule."

I suppose this is a kind, paternal, republican government watching over the interests of its people. But it really seemed humiliating to us to be forced to undergo this imprisonment when it was utterly useless. At last the news was brought that the steamer's manifest had been sent to the Bureau Central at Marseilles—at two o'clock we would receive our orders. Finally we were told that the ship's boats were to take us to the pier with all our luggage; that we were in quarantine from seven o'clock that morning until seven o'clock Saturday morning.

The twenty-five passengers, with their innumerable boxes, bags, wraps, etc., were landed in three or four boats. It was amusing to see the expression of the different luggage, and to wonder who was the possessor of this much-traveled trunk, of that very smart-looking bag, or of that bursting shawl-strap; pig-skin trunks suggested owners from China. The good nature of every one was extraordinary. Very few of the twenty-five could speak French, and it was most amusing to see the officials appealing to any one who possessed a few French words, begging him to act as interpreter. A very uncertain and small *charette* was the only object on wheels. Everything was to be taken to our place of imprisonment on this.

I was so enchanted to be once more on shore, that for the moment I was utterly indifferent to quarantine or to any of its accompanying evils. The day was lovely, and it seemed as if I were drinking in a strong

tonic. We were told, however, that it was *un jour exceptionnel*—if the wind came over the land from the north it would be bleak and cold.

I asked if we went to a hotel.

"Oh, yes, Madame; but you must go to the restaurant to breakfast and to dine; if Madame wishes, early breakfast can be served in her room."

After much waiting and talking we started off. As we were the first to land, our luggage was put into the little *charette*, and with ours and another passenger's, it was full. So there were many journeys to make before everything was brought to the hotel. We were greeted by the *concierge*—a strong, good-natured looking peasant woman, who came clumping down the corridor with her great thick boots. We were shown into many little cells, some of them communicating, but most of them single cells, and most simply furnished. The linen sheets were of the coarsest, rough and cold, but the blankets were clean and looked most comfortable.

We made a raid into the kitchen, and were quite reassured by what we saw. A dinner was being prepared for us, and was to be served at six o'clock. Monsieur and Madame L—— kept the restaurant. They, with their two daughters, attended to everything. Madame cooked, her husband helped her, the daughters—both very pretty girls, one of them a young bride—waited at breakfast and dinner, and made a delightful contrast to the dirty stewards we had left on the steamer.

We had a very amusing dinner. It seemed more as if every one were out for a holiday, than mercilessly detained in quarantine. The *concierge* was always appearing in the corridors, followed by her daughter, anxiously waiting for new orders.

"Can I have a fire?" I asked.

"Certainly; how much wood does Madame desire?"

How did I know? I only knew that I wanted a fire. Very soon the husband of the *concierge* appeared, and helped me out of my difficulties.

"Oh, Madame must have twenty-five kilos of wood."

I was no wiser, but when six small pieces of wood were brought, I wondered how long they would keep me warm.

The next morning I asked for a bath, and after much conversation a gigantic bowl of coarse pottery was produced, and I was forced to content myself with it. There was a *salle du bain* next to the telegraph office, but when one of the gentlemen ordered a bath, he was told that it required two or three hours to prepare it; would he kindly give the order for the following day? When the next morning came he went to the bath-room, and was received with many apologies. "We are very sorry, but it is quite impossible for Monsieur to have a bath; but the boiler is broken. We regret this extremely." Our inference was that the bath-room was not often used.

We were the only passengers in quarantine, therefore we were at first allowed to wander about the island within certain limits. A Dutch steamer came into the harbor, and then we were suddenly put into very small quarters, and were told that if we went beyond them our time of quarantine would be doubled. It was ridiculous, for the Dutch passengers came to dine at the same restaurant, in an adjoining room, and were allowed to enter by the kitchen, as we were at times.

The *concierge* came to me and said: "Madame, it is a rule that all the clothing should be washed, not ironed. Will you have everything ready for the washwoman to-morrow?" As we were in prison, there was nothing to do but submit to the rule.

In the afternoon we sent a telegram to Marseilles, fearing that the P. & O. agent might forget to send the tug-boat at the earliest hour after our quarantine had expired. Soon the answer was received:

"The tug-boat will be at Frioul at nine o'clock Saturday morning."

We struggled through the day, and were anxiously counting the hours that we must remain incarcerated. In the evening some one came to me and said:

"It will be impossible to leave at nine o'clock to-morrow morning; many of the passengers have not received the clothes that were sent to the wash."

I immediately went to the *concierge*, and found her weary and flushed, seated in front of a small table. This was covered with bits of paper (our bills), francs, and sous. The daughter, with a half frightened, half surly look, retired into one corner of the room as I entered. Opposite the *concierge* was her husband, comfortably smoking a long clay pipe. Evidently, he had been drinking; he was surly, good-natured, and rude by turns.

"Where are the clothes belonging to the passengers?" I asked.

"To-morrow they will be delivered," was the reply.

"What are in those baskets?"—and this time I addressed the daughter.

"The clothing that Madame is inquiring about." This was said timidly, almost under her breath.

At this the father was very angry. It was not for him to sort the clothes, he said. Everything would be ready in the morning. Well did he know the dilatoriness of people. "Madame will not be coiffed"—with this he gave a furtive look into the mirror and smoothed his tumbled locks—"the boots of Monsieur will not be blacked; Madame C. must have her chocolate; and all this time the tug-boat will be waiting. Always it is thus, always; how well I know."

I paid no attention to this tirade—which amused me very much, and was more like a scene from a French play than a conversation over a clothes-basket in a so-called prison. I quietly waited for a moment, then ordered the daughter to show me certain initials on clothes near by, sent for the owner to claim them, and in three quarters of an hour every one was packed and peacefully waiting for the morning and the tug-boat.

Punctually to the minute we heard the whistle on the tug-boat that was to give us our freedom. The same shaky *charette* was brought, and after much remonstrance at the exorbitant prices demanded for taking the luggage about twenty yards, everything was ready and we were once more *en route*, busily saying our good-byes, before landing at Marseilles and going into the clutches of the custom-house officers.

THE HERMIT OF THE CLIFF.

WE were stopping (my sister and I) at the little village of Twiddlecombe, on the coast of North Devon. I had been up at day-break this bright summer morning, and was down on the narrow strip of smooth sand, beneath the tall, white cliffs, just as the sun had shown its red, jolly face above the mass of dark, heaving waters. Before he was fairly above the horizon I was battling with the great, green, white-crested waves, which came rolling in from the Atlantic, and which beat me and battered me and knocked me down and sucked me under and threw me upon the beach again till I was tired out with such rough play, and sat down upon a rock with a skin as red as a lobster, panting and gasping like a fish out of water, but with a fresh stock of health coursing through every vein.

Breakfast was now over. The mutton chops had been beautifully tender and juicy, the eggs fresh as it was possible for eggs to be, and the prawns delicious. I was now sitting at the open window of our lodging on Marine Parade, in an easy chair, with my legs luxuriously extended upon another chair at a convenient distance in front of me, and was inhaling the first few whiffs of a cigarette, while I gazed thoughtfully at my sister, who was still seated behind the tea-pot intent upon a novel.

I was pleased this morning to notice more than I had done before, returning freshness to her cheek and brightness to her eye. I had not seen her looking so well since that great blow, two years ago, which had ruined her health and peace of mind and well nigh destroyed her life itself. Poor John Askew! He was much to blame, but still more to be pitied. Strange that such a noble nature, one so full of lofty aspirations and generous impulses, should have been a prey to the foul fiend of jealousy! Surely, never was man of such commanding intellect so blinded and besotted as he; surely, never had a fancy

so unreal led to such disastrous consequences. Upon mere suspicion, without the shade of the shadow of a proof (to use the forcible expression of the Greek poet), he had given the rein to his unreasoning passion, and had cast aside the girl who loved him dearer than her own life; had broken her heart and nearly caused her death; and had himself disappeared from the society in which he had shone so brightly, and had gone—whither? No one knew—perhaps to an early and self-sought grave.

I was musing thus when I heard my name pronounced, and looking down into the garden beneath my window I saw my friend, George Fairfield, standing there.

"The top of the morning to you," he said. "May I come up?"

"By all means," I replied; and without further parley he crossed the little lawn at two strides, and in another moment was in my room. I noticed that in shaking hands with Clara he held her hand in his a little longer than I thought absolutely necessary; and this led me to ask myself a question I had often asked myself before. Whom did George Fairfield come to see—me or my sister? He had, I am certain, and still has, a great affection for me; but it was only of late that it had blossomed forth in such an exuberant, and, I must add, surprising manner. He had always been tolerably fond of my society, but he must recently have discovered some fresh attractions in me which proved irresistible—for he could not tear himself away. He usually came while I was at breakfast and stayed until supper was over and I had smoked my last pipe, before he said good night; indeed, on one occasion (a fine moonlight night), when I opened my window to shy the soap at the head of an absurd organ-grinder, who had chosen the somewhat unreasonable hour of eleven P. M. to grind out the "Power of Love" beneath my bed-room window, I discovered

my friend sitting on the garden railing, smoking his pipe, and with an air of quietude and repose about him, as if he rather intended to stop there all night.

This set me thinking, and the conclusion I arrived at was to let matters take their course. If poor Clara could be brought to look upon my friend with a favorable eye, why there was no man in the world to whom I would sooner entrust the keeping of her heart and happiness.

"Well, old boy," said George, addressing me, but glancing out of the corners of his eyes at Clara, "What are you going to do to-day?"

"Well, we haven't settled upon anything in particular," I answered, giving my legs a lazy stretch. "We shall loaf about the beach, I suppose, till lunch time, and then go for a drive or a walk or something of that kind in the afternoon. That's about the programme, I think, isn't it, Clara?"

My sister smiled assent.

"I'll tell you what, then," said George, "If you've nothing better to do, come and see the Hermit of the Cliff. It's an easy walk and he's worth seeing—quite a curiosity, I assure you."

"A hermit?" cried Clara. "What! a real live hermit such as you read about, with a beautiful long beard and a bald head; and does he dress in sackcloth and wear sandals, and live in a cell, and all that kind of thing?"

"Yes, he's a real live hermit," returned George, "and lives in a cell—at least in a hut; it's all the same, you know—and I think he's dressed in sackcloth, or something of that sort (uncommon good dodge that, Dick—no tailors' bills—eh?), and altogether he's a great curiosity, and well worth a visit."

"How delightful," said my sister. "We *must* go and see him, Dick. I wonder we never heard of him before."

"Better late than never," returned George sententiously. "When will it please you to start?"

"Oh, let us go at once. I'll go and put my things on, and will be back in five minutes."

"Which means," said George, as my sister left the room, "that I shall have time to smoke a pipe, and have half an hour's chat with you, Dick, before we go."

My friend was wrong on this occasion, however, in his calculations as to the time required by a lady to arrange her toilet. He had scarcely filled his pipe and thrown himself on the sofa preparatory to its full enjoyment, before my sister made her appearance, fully arrayed for walking.

The day was delightful. The sun shone brilliantly in an unclouded sky; but as our walk lay principally along the cliffs we enjoyed the full benefit of a cool, steady breeze, which blew from the sea, and we consequently suffered no inconvenience from the heat.

The path we pursued was in some places so narrow as not to admit of two abreast, and we were obliged to pick our way over the rough stones in Indian file, occasioning an immense amount of laughter and good-humored banter, and not a few slips and falls; but we at length emerged upon a wide common, thickly covered with gorse bushes and tall ferns, and here the path ceased entirely, and we had to commit ourselves wholly to the direction of our guide. He seemed to know what he was about, so following in his steps we threaded our way among the bushes, not without secret qualms (at least, I can speak for myself) on the score of snakes, especially as George laughingly assured us the place was full of them.

I ought to mention that although we were so near the sea that a good thrower could have flung a stone into it from where we were, it was quite invisible to us on account of a high bank of rock and earth, overgrown with gorse and sloe bushes, which ran along the edge of the cliff, looking exactly as if it had been thrown up for the purposes of fortification against an invading army. Perhaps in some remote period it had been;—perhaps it was an existing and substantial proof of the terror which the Armada, surnamed the Invincible, had caused to thrill through the land from Lizard Point to Dungeness. We presently came to an opening in this natural

wall—an opening so narrow that only one of us at a time could pass through it.

"Why, where are you going, George?" I called out, as we plunged into this cleft in the rocks (it was nothing more). "Are you going to walk over the cliffs into the sea?"

"Come and *see*," replied George, among whose faults a bad habit of punning is conspicuous, and we followed in silence.

We presently emerged upon a level plateau nearly square, and measuring some fifteen or twenty yards either way. On the east and west sides it was surrounded by a natural wall of rock as regular and even as if cut by the mason's chisel. On the south side also extended this rocky wall, though on this side it was rather more irregular, and had a slight break in it caused by the narrow path by which we had entered; but on the fourth or north side this natural chamber was unwallled and entirely open to the broad, heaving ocean, which rolled its waters to the very foot of the cliff—so near, indeed, that a stone dropped from the edge of the plateau would have fallen plumb into the breakers.

"Is this where he lives," inquired Clara in a low voice, for perched thus midway, as it were, between sea and sky, a feeling of awe came upon us, as if we had entered a cathedral.

"Yes," replied George, "look!"

We followed with our eyes the direction in which he pointed, and saw in the corner formed by the junction of the northern with the eastern wall, an object which had not before attracted our attention—a rude hut, or hovel, built of the branches of trees and of heather and gorse; but these simple materials had been so skillfully woven together as to promise a tolerably effectual protection against wind and weather. In the center of this rude hut was a door, formed out of rough, unplaned planks, and by the side of the door a window, consisting of a single pane of glass, and here our observations ended.

"But where's the hermit," asked Clara presently.

"Perhaps he's out foraging for his grub—toads and snails and that sort of thing"—

replied George (Clara gave a little shudder), "or may be he's fishing—he's great on fish—or perhaps he's inside saying his prayers; I'll go and see."

"No, no, don't," said my sister, "you'll make him angry if he sees you."

"Not a bit of it. He rather likes being looked at. Come, Dick, let's go and have a peep."

And with an absurd affectation of caution (treading on the extreme tips of his toes, after the fashion of the midnight assassins in transpontine theaters), my friend advanced towards the hut, and I followed closely at his heels, anxious, I must confess, to see what was going on inside. There was not much to gratify our curiosity—a large trunk in the middle of the floor, which seemed to serve the purpose of a table; a smaller box placed beside it apparently for a chair, and a rude couch of heather branches and straw, with a blanket or two rolled up on it, constituted the visible goods, chattels, and effects of our friend, the hermit. Having noted thus much, as the owner of the mansion still continued invisible, we determined to suspend further explorations for that day.

On our road home we stopped at a farm house (a picturesque old building nearly buried beneath a superb mass of ivy), to get a glass of new milk for Clara, who began to feel a little tired. We were entertained by a pleasant, chatty old dame, with cheeks as rosy and as wrinkled as a winter apple, and wearing a cap of snowy whiteness with most elaborate frills; this old lady brought us each a mug of new milk, and then seating herself at a respectful distance, seemed disposed for a chat.

"Can you tell us anything about the hermit," I asked, after having listened to the catalogue of her troubles with the cows, the pigs, and the poultry, to say nothing of a family of nine grandchildren, whom, from her account, I should judge to be as troublesome a set of young rascals as any in Devonshire. "Do you know anything about the hermit yonder?"

"No," said the old lady, shaking her head decidedly.

"What! not about the hermit, who lives in the cliffs yonder?"

"Oh! you mean the crazy man. Law sakes, what cur'ous names gentlefolks ha' gotten for things, to be sure."

"You know him, then, do you?"

"Yes, I knows *he* well enow. He often comes here to buy a bit of bread and such. A nice, civil-spoken mon he is, too. He fust come here about two years ago, and folks used to stare at 'un a good 'un; but they got used to 'un. He's a little cracky, but as harmless as a babe."

"What does he do with himself? How does he occupy his time?"

"Well, he walks about a good deal, peering round like; and if he sees a weed more uncommon nor usual, he picks 'un up and puts 'un into a little tin box he carries on his back; and when I axed 'un one day what he were a doing that for, he said he were a bottomizing. At any rate, he don't do nobody no harm. And then he's very fond of fishing, and they say he swims beautiful; and when the big ship were wrecked at Clewly last winter, and they couldn't get nobody to venture out in the life boat, because they said it was just a tempting of Providence, he up and offered to go, if so be as any body would go wi' 'un; and so Jim Sprague and Joe Miller and two or three more were shamed into it, and they went and saved all the crew. They got a deal of praise for the job, and a big silver medal were sent to each of 'em all the way from Lunnon town."

"And what's the hermit's name?"

"Well, I never rightly heerd. Some calls un the 'crazy mon,' and some calls un the 'mon in petticoats'—some calls un one thing and some calls un another; but 'yarmit'! I never heerd un called *thot*."

It was about a week after our visit to the "yarmit" when we found ourselves at a small village about four miles from Twiddlecombe. There had been a regatta there that day, and we had enjoyed to the full the spectacles of the deck hands climbing greased poles, and the pig in the sack, and were

now reposing at the village inn after our fatigues.

Strictly speaking, there was only one of our number indulging in absolute repose—my sister, to wit, who was comfortably seated in an arm chair on the little lawn at the back of the inn, beneath the shade of a venerable apple tree. George and I were merely enjoying that refreshment which may be supposed to arise from a change of occupation—we were playing a game at quoits. I had just won the eleventh and deciding game in a canter, when George pulled out his watch.

"I say, old boy," he exclaimed, "it's time to make a move; it's past five o'clock, and we've a four-mile walk before us."

I assented to the wisdom of this suggestion, and, draining the last half pint which remained in the tankard to my own health and fortune, while George went into the inn to pay the score, I called to my sister, and we turned our faces homeward.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like a carriage, Miss Milwood," asked George of my sister, as we were toiling painfully along the dusty road. "I'm afraid you'll be terribly tired before you reach home."

I was afraid so myself, and began to wish that I had insisted more peremptorily upon having a carriage; I had urged the point, but my sister had declared so decidedly her ability and wish to walk that I gave way—especially as I knew that she had frequently walked much longer distances without inconvenience.

"Oh, no, I shan't be tired," said my sister, in answer to George's inquiry. "I shan't mind the walk in the least; in fact, I should enjoy it, if it wasn't for this provoking dust."

The dust certainly was very disagreeable. There had been no rain for a long time, and it lay in the road nearly ankle deep—and as the soil thereabouts was of a chalky nature, and a tolerably strong wind was blowing in our faces, we were soon as white as so many millers.

"There's a road a little further on," said George, "by which we can get down to the beach, if you would like that better. It's a mile shorter that way, too."

"Oh, that will be delightful," said my sister. "I should enjoy going by the beach of all things." And so it was settled that we should go by the beach.

We soon came to the little by-walk George had spoken of, and turning into it we found ourselves at the distance of a quarter of a mile emerging on the beach. The tide was out, and for more than a furlong from the highwater mark extended broad, smooth sands, as firm and as hard as a high-road, and as level as a bowling green. The change from the suffocating dust and heat of the highway was delightful. We walked down close to the water's edge, and thought it capital fun, when a wave, bigger than his fellows, leaped up at us, as it were, as if eager to punish our presumption, and we had to run with more haste than dignity, not always escaping dry-footed.

Every now and then we came to a broad, shallow pool, extending from the water's edge right to the foot of the cliff, and there being no help for it, we had on that occasion to turn up our trousers and wade boldly through—that is, George and I had to; Clara putting an arm around each of our necks we carried her; and I thought George seemed to enjoy these occasions a great deal more than I did, and he did not seem to mind wetting his feet in the least.

I noticed that as we advanced these pools seemed to grow broader and broader, and the space between the water's edge and the foot of the cliffs narrower and narrower. At length I called George's attention to this fact.

"The last pool we passed," said I, "was quite a miniature lake, and it was deep, too. Look here." And I showed him my trousers, which were wet almost half way up to the knee.

"You are right," he answered, looking, as I thought, rather uneasy. "I—I rather think the tide's coming in."

"Good God!" I said. And then I checked myself. I was afraid of alarming Clara.

Our position was far from a pleasant one. On the one hand was the sea, fast advancing toward us with an angry roar, as if eager to

swallow us up; on the other side of us were the cliffs, which were no longer the low, irregular mounds they had been at the beginning of our journey, but tall, perpendicular walls of granite, almost as smooth and apparently as slippery as glass—a cat could not have climbed them. Behind us was the point which we had passed about a quarter of an hour ago, and on looking back I saw that the incoming tide had already reached it, and that the impatient waves were leaping and surging around the rocks at its foot; and about a mile in our front I knew there was another point of land jutting out for a considerable distance. Once around that, and we were safe, for Twiddlecombe lay in the bay beyond. The question was, could we reach it in time.

While these thoughts thronged through my brain we had been pressing forward at the top of our speed; for although no hint of danger had been uttered by any of us, we seemed intuitively to understand the strait we were in, and the need there was for haste.

The foremost waves were still a hundred yards or more from the cliffs, when we arrived near enough to the point I have mentioned to judge of the possibility of rounding it. The waves were at least a hundred yards from the cliffs, but then, unfortunately, the point tended outwards for about an equal distance, and when we came near we saw that the rocks at its foot were already under water. I still had hopes that we should be able to pass, and pressed steadily onward. I rushed into the water. At my first step it rose to my knee, at my second it reached my middle, and I should have been carried off my feet, had not George caught and sustained me in his strong grasp.

"It's of no use," he shouted hoarsely in my ear, for the breakers made such an uproar as they dashed themselves to pieces against the rocks, that his ordinary tones would have been inaudible. "The point is impassible—are you mad?" For I struggled to free myself from his grasp, in order again to rush among the breakers.

By this time poor Clara was fully alive to

the horrors of our situation. She behaved nobly, however; not a word of fear passed her lips, though she turned ashy pale, and her lips quivered.

There was nothing for it but to retrace our steps. The beach between the two points I have described, (which might be about a mile and a half apart), made a considerable curve, almost a segment of a circle, of which the line of cliffs formed the arc, and the advancing tide the chord, and of course a spot about equally distant from the two points was the farthest removed from the water; so far removed, indeed, that I began to have hopes that the tide would not reach so high. I noticed that the sand near the base of the cliffs was dug for the space of two or three feet, and I pointed this out to George. "After all," said I, "a few hours' imprisonment will be the worst of our adventure."

I saw a gleam of hope sparkle in his eyes for an instant, but it immediately faded away again, and he turned his gaze to the horizon.

"Generally speaking, high water mark is several feet distant from where we are," he muttered huskily, with his lips close to my ear, "but—I believe I heard the fishermen say it was spring tide to-night."

Spring tide! I started back as if I had received a blow, and then my eyes followed his to the eastern horizon. There was a brightness in that direction in the sky, a halo in the atmosphere, which betokened the speedy advent of the queen of night. We awaited her coming in silence.

It was now growing dark rapidly, and the heaving waste of waters in front of us had assumed a hue of inky blackness, save where large waves of white foam gleamed fitfully in the fading light for an instant, like sheeted ghosts. There had been a tolerably stiff breeze blowing all day, but within the last hour or two it had increased to half a gale, and unfortunately it blew towards shore, and we were already drenched with the showers of spray it carried toward us. This was a small matter, but it added to the discomforts of our situation, and acted as a forcible re-

minder of the more thorough wetting which we feared was in store for us.

We had seated ourselves upon a rock (the only one thereabouts) which lay close to the base of the cliff; we placed Clara between us on the highest point, and wrapped her up carefully in a thick woollen shawl she had brought with her, talking all the time as cheerfully as we could, in order to disguise from her, if possible, the terror we experienced. I am certain she saw through the shallow pretence, but she bore up bravely.

Presently the moon arose—the large, full moon. Close beside her, like an attendant satellite, was a large, clear star, and as they shone so calmly and peacefully above that wild waste of waters, and amid that flying rack of clouds, I really think they sent a ray of hope and comfort to our hearts—I am sure they did to mine. They brought to my remembrance that old garden at Richmond where I had so often wandered just at this hour by the side of Emily, while just such a star as the bright planet yonder looked down upon us lovingly through the branches of the dark old cedar on the lawn—ah—where was Emily now?

Perhaps at this very moment she was walking in the shady, moss-grown path down by the banks of the river, thinking of me; or was she in the drawing room, where the lamps are lit, seated at her harp, and murmuring to herself the words of that song we used to sing together? Perhaps—"Hallo, are you going to sleep," exclaimed George, as he shook me by the arm roughly. "I have spoken to you twice and you've taken no notice."

"What is it," I asked, looking at him rather vacantly, I am afraid.

"Why, look there; we shan't be able to stay here much longer."

The beach was very level, and the tide advanced with fearful rapidity. It was already splashing and fretting at the base of the rock we were seated on.

Clara was seated between us, as I have said above, and we carried on our conversation behind her back, bawling into each other's ears so that she might not hear us.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," shouted George. "You know I'm a good swimmer. It's a poor chance; but I shall try to swim round yonder point. If I succeed, I will bring you assistance within the hour, if you can hold on as long. If I fail"—he left his sentence incomplete, but the hiatus was full of meaning.

I had begun to dissuade him from his rash attempt, though I believe I should have met with but indifferent success, for George is very obstinate when he takes a thing into his head, when amid the roar of the wind and the waves, I thought I heard a human voice. I looked round, I looked both east and west, and I looked seawards, but not discovering the owner of the voice, at last I looked above my head, and there, at the height, perhaps, of a hundred feet, I saw what appeared to be a human head, peering down upon us from the edge of the cliff.

More from his gestures than from anything I could hear, I understood him to bid us be of good cheer, and remain where we were, for that assistance was near at hand; then, with a final wave of his hand to enforce this seasonable advice, our unexpected friend withdrew.

Nearly half an hour elapsed before he reappeared, and every minute had added vastly to the dangers and discomforts of our situation. By this time the water had reached nearly as high as our waists, and every wave almost lifted us from our feet—in fact, it was with great difficulty that George and I, bracing ourselves firmly for an effort every time we saw a wave advancing against us, succeeded in holding Clara in her place, and I verily believe that we could not have done so five minutes longer. It was with speechless ecstasy and gratitude, therefore, that we once more heard the shout of him whom we now looked upon as our deliverer. It was dark now, save for the light afforded by the moon, but on looking up, we could see his head distinctly defined against the clear blue sky. This time he was not alone, for several other heads were visible peering over the edge of the cliff.

In a short time they had lowered a stout

rope to us, and George and I immediately proceeded to make it fast beneath my sister's arms. Poor girl, she was now nearly inanimate with fright, and seemed scarcely to understand our instructions to clasp the rope tightly above her head, in order to lessen the pressure across her chest. However, it was no time for delay, and having fastened the end securely, we gave the order to "haul away." A hoarse shout, "Aye, aye, sir," responded, and immediately my poor sister began her perilous ascent. Luckily the cliff projected outward considerably at the top, so that there was the less danger of her being dragged against the side during her terrible progress upwards; but on the other hand the wind was blowing strongly landwards, and we expected every minute to see her dashed against those rugged rocks.

Call it Providence, or call it chance—call it what you will—but it is certain that for a few moments there was a decided and perceivable lull in the gale—from the moment the ascent commenced there was a dead calm—and it lasted until she reached the top. Afterwards the storm raged again with renewed fury.

After what seemed an age of suspense, we saw friendly hands stretched forth to grasp her and lift her into safety. The sight was too much for me; my head turned dizzy, and I was near falling into the waves.

The rope was soon lowered again, and now arose a friendly contention as to who should mount next—George or I; how long it might have lasted I know not, but George cut it short by declaring, with an oath, that if I did not go next he would cast himself into the water and take his chance of reaching land. I knew him well enough to know that he would be as good as his word, so I reluctantly yielded the point. The rope was made fast, and the ascent began; up, up, I went—higher and higher, swinging in the air like an enormous pendulum—several times I was nearly dashed against the face of the cliff by the force of the wind, but I warded myself off with my feet—and, looking up, I saw that cluster of black heads, which came between me and the stars, grow-

ing larger and larger, and the roar of the breakers beneath sounded less audibly in my ears; at last I was close to the top; I could hear a clamor of voices, I could almost grasp their hands, and then I knew no more—I fainted.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my back on the coarse, arid grass, which grew upon the plateau in front of the hermit's hut: the hermit himself was invisible, but my head was supported by my friend, George Fairfield, and as I clasped his hand I felt his warm tears fall upon my face.

"It's all right, old fellow," he said, in answer to the anxious look I cast around, "your sister's gone along to the farm-house."

I rose to my feet without help, and proceeded in that direction, accompanied by George. My head still was dizzy, and I remember as we walked along that the dark fields and the tall hedgerows by which we passed appeared indistinct and unreal, as if seen in a dream.

We presently saw the lights of the farmhouse gleaming in the hollow; we were welcomed by the same chatty old dame we had seen a few days before. She had lit a fire in her best parlor, and there I found Clara seated in an arm-chair, and comfortably

wrapped in blankets. Close beside her stood the hermit.

I checked the impulse to run up to her and clasp her to my bosom, and gazed upon her companion with wonder. Even in that indistinct light, and concealed as it was by a tangled growth of hair, his face seemed familiar to me.

"Richard," said my sister turning towards me, and her face wore an expression of calm contentment which I had not seen there for many a day, "this is the gentleman to whom we owe our lives. His name is John Askew."

What more remains to be told? Seated in our own comfortable parlors at Twiddlecombe the following evening, while John and I smoked our after-dinner cigars, and Clara sat near by plying her needle, the hermit related how he had seen our perilous position on the previous evening as he returned home along the cliffs, and the rest the reader knows. It remains only to be added that I found Clara would blush and laugh and threaten to leave the room if I asked when the happy day was to be; and that John would only smile with serene content when asked how much the barber charged to cut his hair off.

A. D. W. Wood.

OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA.

THE mission bell is tolling slow
In the still summer afternoon,
And from the stuccoed front of snow
Reflected sunbeams glare and glow,
While through the cloisters broad and low
A strayed bee drones his sleepy tune.

The provence roses' attar scent
Comes from the garden's crumbling walls,
And with their heavy breath is blent
Odor of flowers on boughs still bent
With yellow limes, and warm content
Upon the drowsy spirit falls.

A faith outworn, a work decayed,
 Show here their ample fortune's trace,
 And the brown-featured band arrayed
 In worship where their fathers prayed,
 Express in tones that fall and fade
 The pathos of a dying race.

An old Franciscan wanders by
 With sandalled feet and long gray gown.
 His head is drooping pensively,
 But in his dark and steady eye
 There lies a slumbering energy
 Which, waked, could win a world's renown.

Why should this Cæsar's vital eyes
 Guard a few stolid Indians' fate?
 Surely his spirit in him cries
 To burst its chafing bonds and rise,—
 Pants for the struggle and the prize
 That crowns the strong and patient great.

Why moulder 'mid the living dead
 To snatch from fire one worthless brand?
 Does the kind sky above him spread
 Pour down such peace on that gray head
 That he finds sweet the bitter bread
 Of strangers in a foreign land?

It must be that he reads the thought.
 He stops his walk and with a smile
 He speaks: "My son, our fight is fought
 With many arms. If good be wrought
 To the great cause it matters nought
 Where we must post the rank and file.

"In Orient old; in states yet new,
 Whose broad foundations scarce are planned;
 In crowded towns; where far and few
 The settlers' rough-hewn cabins stand;
 On Arctic ice or tropic sand;
 Where Holy Church has work to do
 God's servants find their native land."

H. G. Dulong.

THE PYRAMIDS.

IN early youth I became convinced that the production of an original theory of the Pyramids was not to be regarded as the culmination of intellectual power and culture in a nation or community, but as a sure prophecy of future breadth and depth of thought. A long study of history has taught me that intellectual greatness has never been achieved by any people that did not concoct in its early days at least one entirely new theory of the Pyramids. In expressing this belief to a friend, who is inclined to ridicule what he calls my measureless possibilities of Berkeley, he begged, in a tone of irony, for Berkeley's theory of the Pyramids. In this paper I wish to assure my friend, and all other disbelievers in the measureless possibilities of Berkeley, that this seat of the Muses has at least two entirely new theories of the Pyramids; that she has rejoiced in the possession of these for several months; that she is firmly convinced of the truth of both; and that she has hesitated to give them to the world only because of their profundity, which, she fears, the lay members of society are not yet prepared to fathom. The first of these theories may be called

THE RELIGIOUS THEORY OF THE
PYRAMIDS.

Once upon a time a chicken-pox of a most malignant type appeared in Egypt. It entered the first families; indeed, it seemed to prefer the first families. It did not even regard primogeniture, and cut off the first born of Egyptian aristocracy with almost as little mercy as it had been done in the time of Exodus. Consternation reigned. Prayers, incantations, exorcisms, were of no avail. The limestone hills bounding the Nile valley were opened every day to receive the little mummies. At length a good priest, who had already lost three babies and feared a still farther reduction of his household, set

himself to pray with all the fervor of a father's heart to the sacred crocodile at whose shrine he offered the rites of daily worship. The crocodile remained unmoved for a long time; then he gave a series of solemn winks with his left eye, raised his head, and slowly executed with his tail the hieroglyphic for spider upon the calm waters of the sacred pool.

The priest was filled with joy. He had no doubts. The spider was the sovereign remedy for chicken-pox. He hastened home, assembled his servants, and dispatched them in every direction for spiders. He sent bulletins to his friends and neighbors, who handed on the good news. The Egyptian children made faces, but it was of no use. Spiders—raw, baked, stewed, fried, on the half-shell, with sauces, without sauces, with their legs on, with their legs off—were administered. A few children recovered—only a few. It became evident that the spider was a "hum" bug. The good priest, however, had the firmest faith in his crocodile. There must be some vital connection between the spider and the chicken-pox, and he considered it a sacred duty to discover this connection. He dwelt upon the spider, its structure, its habits, its instincts. Then, as now, any serious and protracted contemplation of living forms filled man with wonder and reverence. The priest soon came to see that the spider was more delicate in structure, more subtle in instinct, more ingenious in action than his crocodile. He did not cease to worship the crocodile, but he began to worship the spider, believing that it was the incarnation of a god far superior to the one that dwelt in the crocodile. He prayed that the spider would remove the chicken-pox, and as it disappeared soon after, there was no shadow of doubt as to the divinity of the spider. The connection between the chicken-pox and the spider had been found. That disease was the spider god's special province in therapeutics.

A priesthood was soon formed for the worship and study of the new god. It was proper that man should get all possible knowledge of his god. The web was not neglected. It was naturally supposed to have great significance. Diverse explanations of it were attempted, but none were universally satisfactory to the worshippers, until Alesis, a venerable priest of sensitive organization and rare powers of imagination, brought out the theory that the web contained the biography and genealogy of the gods. He declared that he had found the key to it, and could read it as readily as he could the hieroglyphics; that no web he had found extended over one hundred thousand years in its records, because they were sure to be prematurely destroyed; that the god wanted a safe and suitable place wherein to make a web large enough to contain this most interesting of all knowledge; and that it was the duty of the priesthood to provide such a place.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Every priestly brain was rife with plans. All agreed that the upper air alone would afford the calmness, the silence, and the freedom from human interference necessary for the great web. No web could be made without points of attachment. There were things that could not be expected even of a spider god. How could points of attachment be secured in the upper air beyond the reach of man! Poles were at once rejected. The ordinary Egyptian gamin was equal to everything in the shape of poles. There was no lack of apparently feasible plans, but on examination each and all were found to have some weak point, and despair was beginning to settle upon the priesthood, when Alesis had a vision, in which a group of pyramids figured as the desired structures. No defect could be discovered in these. They could be so massive and so firmly set that they would last forever; their smooth sides could not be climbed; their apices in the still air would afford all that could be desired for points of attachment. The building of the pyramids would take generations, but that was no objection. The priesthood was a permanent body intended to

last as long as the gods themselves. There were millions of men in Egypt whose communistic views were very offensive to the higher orders, and who accused even the priesthood of indolence and luxury. These men could be employed upon the pyramids. As soon as it was decided to build them, the spider god testified his approbation by appearing in such numbers that every Egyptian child became a little Miss Muffet, whenever, with bowl and spoon, it sat down to regale its inner man.

This is the true theory of the pyramids which Berkeley has originated, which she believes with all her might, and for which she is prepared to fight with pen and sword.

THE MORAL THEORY OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Egypt was, above all things, religious, but she was also moral. Stealing, among other things, was looked upon as highly immoral, not only when pure and simple, as in the purloining of spoons and jewelry, but even when disguised in the business forms of mining and other watered stocks, and corners on wheat and sausages. Among the moral lines engraved upon the mind of every well-ordered English-speaking child are the following:

It is a sin to steal a pin,
Much more to steal a greater thing.

These lines are a literal translation from the Egyptian. Then, these people did not believe in killing people, except in cases of strictest self-defense, as when offered a glass of whisky, or when interviewed by a book agent. Lying, even to women, was not considered gentlemanly; and the very calcium lights of Egyptian morality even went so far as to say that one had no right to make unlimited profit out of a government contract, and that the army-blanket man, of whom it was said that

He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,

mistook the state of things, and had not really, in the light of the highest morals, the least ground for self-congratulation. It is true that they did deal in necromancy, but it wa

of the most legitimate sort; and the burial of even the most dilapidated pair of stockings was strictly forbidden; and we are led to believe that they would have rejected it altogether if they had possessed the spectro-scope, which reveals so surely the presence of gas anywhere.

This surpassing elevation in the ethics of the Egyptians was the work of the pyramids. We may say, indeed, that but for the constant preaching of the pyramids, through many ages, the Egyptians would have been quite as likely to have had a Grant and Ward affair as any Christian people. Before the building of the pyramids the people were fearfully wicked. The children made faces at the sacred crocodiles, pulled the tails of the sacred cats, and threw stones at their kittens. The grown-up people painted their wooden houses so as to look like stone, thereby deceiving the blameless Ethiopians who came to visit them. They also bleached their hair, and hatched out chickens by an incubator, to the destruction of all filial affection in their poultry; and they—but as I do not wish to exert as immoral an influence as the daily papers, I will just add, in a general way, that they were extremely naughty folks. The priests were greatly grieved. They said something *must* be done. It was no use to write Sunday school books, for the Egyptians at that time could not read, and even with the nobility the usual form of signature was John X (his mark) Smith. Still, the priests said that a people could not be profoundly religious without at least a smattering of morality; and they were beginning to talk of a descent of fire and brimstone, when Lumis, a priest of pure Cushite blood and all the stone-building instinct of his race, came to the rescue.

"The moral lessons must be addressed to the eye," he said. "In this way alone could they become a part of the mental furniture of so rude a people."

The other priests said "Amen; but how can you do it?"

"We must," he replied, "make some great and permanent structures embodying the mor-

al symbolism of lines. The vertical line—what does it mean, as it ascends directly from earth to heaven? It is the line of aspiration. If one should travel on that line at the rate of fifty miles a minute, which we all know is very slow for a genuine aspirant, in ten years he would be quite out of sight of earth, and when it was time for him to hoe the corn he would be making poems in the thin ether near the moons of Jupiter. Now, this might be a very desirable thing for a few persons, but it would not do for the mass of the people."

Again the priests said: "Amen; but can a building be made without vertical lines?"

"Let us consider the horizontal line," said Lumis. "This is the groveling line. One who never leaves this line will be confined to earth; he will never see the stars; he will be contented with sausages and leaks."

"Alas!" said the priests, "we must not use the horizontal line."

"It is evident," continued Lumis, "that the vertical and the horizontal lines do not symbolize the proper path for man; one takes him wholly away from the earth, the other confines him to it. But we need not despair; there is a third line—the oblique, which combines the symbolisms of both, and duly modifies them for the use of man. Man should aspire, but never in a strictly vertical direction. He should not be confined to earth, but he should never lose sight of it. Fortunately, even the great wickedness of the people has not wholly perverted their minds; they can still readily recognize the symbols of nature. We have only to keep the proper symbol constantly before their eyes, and gradually their lives will be conformed to its teachings."

Lumis then presented a plan of the pyramids, and all the priests saw that it was a divine inspiration, and simultaneously they exclaimed: "Great and beloved of the gods is Lumis of the Egyptians!"

This is Berkeley's second original Theory of the Pyramids, which she believes with all her might, and for which she is willing to fight with pen and sword.

Harriet F. Stevens.

AN HOUR WITH MAUM CALAMITY.

"MAUM CALAMITY! Maum Calamity!! where are you?"

"Dat you, Miss Kate? I'se up yer in de loft, cl'arin' up; but I'll be down right away 'rectly. Des you sit down on de po'ch a spell, honey, an' cool yo'se'f. You'll fin' de ol' tu'key-tail fan lyin' roun' dar some-whars."

"No, indeed. I'm coming up there, Maum Mitty."

"Lor, Miss Kate, don' t'ink of sech p'e-ceedin's. You couldn't get your bref up yer. I'se des ready to light in my clo'es myse'f, I is, it's dat mazin' hot, to say nuffin' of dust an' cobwebs—shoo! shoo! dar you come, spite of me, chile. Of all de Taliaferros I'se ever know'd—an' I'se know'd th'ee gen'rations of 'em—you's de pushinest. Wha' you t'ink all dem pink an' white furbelows look like a'ter you been up yer a spell in all dis mustiness? Now, it do 'pear like you might hev staid down below, like I done tol' you, twel I got th'oo rummidgin' up yer—don' it, honey?"

"No, mauma; not in view of the fact that this loft has always been forbidden ground to me, and the opportunity for trespass was so favorable just now. Open that other window, please. Stop! your lap is so full of trumpery, I'll do it myself. Now, see what a refreshing breeze sweeps through!"

"Gre't Master! you's gone an done it sho' nuff dis time! I know'd well 'twa'n't fo' nuffin' I tuk a chill when I seed you climbin' up th'oo dat trap do'. Des tu'n yo'se'f 'bout, will you, an' look at my goose fedders flirtin' away outen dat window 'long with yo' fresh-'nin' breezes!"

"But, mauma, whoever heard of feathers being left around in this loose, shiftless way? You should keep them in a bag or chest. Faugh! my throat and nostrils are full of down, and you—oh, you are irresistibly funny, mauma! Your head looks like a mammoth cotton boll."

"Never min' 'bout me, but des scat yo'se'f outen yere fo' yo' cuts up any mo' bobbery. 'Taint wuf w'ile fo' to pull dat dah long face, honey, kase I knows 'tis all 'ceitfulness. 'Twas des proned inter me de minnit I sot eyes on you dat you was come fo' mischief—dat you was spilin' full un it. An' lo an' beholes! Not an hour ago I emptied out dem fedders fo' an airin', w'iles I made some new ticks fo' 'em; an' now whar am dey—de heft un 'em—you contumacious pesterance?"

"Ask of these 'winged winds'—"

"Winged fiddlesticks! I tell you, Miss Kate, I hain't no soul fo' po'try in face of all dis trib'lation!"

"Then be practical, mauma. Don't fret, but take off your apron and whisk out these few flying remnants of your trouble; and I promise you, by way of amend for the mischief I have wrought—unawares, I protest—that the next time papa goes into town he shall bring you two lovely new pillows, which shall be twice as big and soft as Aunt Chlo's. That has always been a sore point with you, you know—Aunt Chlo's pillows!"

"Humph! Wonner ef you know, chile, dat fedders am wuf a dollar a pound, an' dar was nigh onto seven pounds in dat heap; an' I ez many years mo' a savin' of 'em, a pinch at a time offen eve'y stray goose and tu'key I kem across?—wonner ef you car's now you does know!"

"Indeed, I do, Maum Mitty. But tell me where you got that beautiful lace cape you are so vigorously whisking about. It looks as if it might be worth a king's ransom. How did you come to possess a thing sorare?"

"Dar, now, I t'ought sho' I'se floppin' at dem fedders wif my ole apu'n, like you done tol' me. It des shows how frustrated you's got me wif yo' breezy chipperin', an' yo' rustlin' 'bout.—Dat cape, honey? Why dat cape am precious ez a fedder outen de wing of Gabriail hese'f; it am a fambly relic, dat ar cape."

"A family relic! Why, that is what papa calls you! Did it ever belong to my own mamma?—the cape, I mean."

"Oh, lor, no, chile. It belonged to yo' fader's sister, yo' Aunt Helen, and was bequeathed to me long befo' you was bo'n. Miss Helen was allus mighty free-handed, honey. 'Twan't in her to count de cost of a 'ting no time; much less ef she had a pin't to carry wha' she done sot her heart on."

"Don't you think, mauma, it would be like bringing back the good old times to have a story together—say the story of this cape—out on the porch, in the gloaming; just as we used so often before my convent days?"

"Co'se 'twould, honey. But I make sho' I done tol' you de story of dat cape millions ago. Ef I didn't, mus' be kase of der not being so bery much of nuffin fo' to tell 'bout it."

"The best comes in small parcels you know, dear mauma. But let us go below at once; my watch already says half past seven."

"Humph! ol' C'lamity wa'n't bo'n in a whirlwind, nor you nudder, chile. But to be bo'n a Peyton am kin to it; an' dat's wha's de matter wif you, I 'lows—shoo! shoo! chile, 'tain't wuf w'ile reskin' yo' neck flyin' down dem rickety ol' steps dat fashion!"

"Then take time and heed yourself. I'll ask papa to send Bob down here to-morrow to fix them for you. Where will you have your rocker put?—in this corner, under the vines?"

"Dear suz! 'pears, chile, like chain-lightnin' ain't quicker on de move'n what you is. But I mus' hev my pipe, honey, fo' to sort of cl'ar de cobwebs outen my 'membrance."

"Well, here it is. Now, are you quite comfortable?"

"Pe'fec'ly."

"Then begin, please; I'll sit here on the steps and watch for papa, who will be coming this way presently."

"Some folks, honey, kin allus tell you de year, de monf, de day, and mebbe de hour an' minnit when a 'ting happened. But I never could pa'tic'larize dat clus fashion, so I'll des say 'twas nigh onto thirty years ago,

or, leastways, quite a spell befo' de wah, when ol' Marse an' Missty—yo' gran'fader an' granmudder, honey—made deir las' trip to Saratoga.

"Fum de earliest of my rec'lection, eve'y summer dey was off wif de fus' robin an' home wif de fus' frost. And des so mammy sed it had allus been sence dey was fus' married; fo' yo' gran'mudder Taliaferro was a Peyton, ez you know, befo' she married, an' de Peytons am, all un 'em, full of high sperits, and restless an' onhappy, 'thout dey kin make life one eberlas'in' merry-go-round."

"'Twas up Norf, at de Springs, yo' gran-fader fus' met her, and fell in love wif her; an' from de day he fotch her home yer to Mississip' twel de day she died, she was des de high-steppin' piece of 'stocracy round yer. Dem Virginny Peytons—an' I knows 'em well, honey, kase I'se bo'n up dar 'mongst 'em—am a masterful proud lot; but ol' Misty I allus reckoned a leetle de toppin' un 'em all. You' fader, honey, am Taliaferro clean thoo, an' don' semblance de Peytons 'tall; but he sister, yo' Aunt Helen, was des Missty all ober 'gin."

"Hansome? Lor, chile, dar hain't no words fo' to tell. 'Tis des my 'pinion, Miss Kate, in dat respec', on dat drefful day when heaben's do' opened so onexpected sudden fo' to let her in, dar was nuffin' wantin'—nuffin' on'y but de wings, honey."

"Why, what happened, mauma?"

"Lor, chile, don' you know? Hain't yo' fader never done tol' you? But tain't 'tall s'prisin' ez he shouldn't. Why, honey, yo' Aunt Helen was killed in a dreffle railway axdent on her weddin' day—she an' her husband, bofe un 'em, in less'n two hours a'ter dey druv away from de do'; an' dey was bofe fatched back yer dead, befo' de comp'ny was all outen de house."

"Me'ciful sakes! what a day dat was. Nobody ever seed Missty smile a'terwards. She des shet herse'f up in her room, and 'twant long twel she was gone a'ter Miss Helen."

"Oh, how sad, mauma."

"Yes, honey, pe'fec'ly dreffle. De very air on dis yer place smelled of mis'ry dem days."

"But I was saying, dat was de las' year de fambly went Norf. Marse Harry was des home from Europe, where he been sont de year ol' Marse died, fo' to top off he edification; an' Miss Helen, like yo'se'f, was des home fo' good 'n all fum de convent. Dey was a merry lot dem days, sho.

"Mammy, she went 'long, ez she allers done, fo' to wait on Missty; an' dey tuk me fo' to wait on Miss Helen. Ol' Chlo's yaller gal, Lorena, had allus been Miss Helen's partic'lar maid, but she been got married de Chris'mas afore to a triflin' no-'count house niggah, offen Col. Preston's place, an' she was sulky an' contrary 'bout gwine 'way fum home—reckon she misdoubted, honey, but her smart Alec' mout tek hese'f nudder wife fo' she get back, fo' he hadn't no morals to speak of. Anyhow, de upshot of it all was, I went in her place.

"Fus'ly, Miss Helen she sot herse'f 'g'in de 'rangement kase of my color. She 'lowed I was a likely gal 'nough, an' heap mo' mannerly 'n Lorena—who was des ez full of sassiness as any low-down white trash you eber seed—"but C'lamity, mudder," so Miss Helen said, 'am so conspic'ously brack, it smacks of affectation fo' to take her.' But dat same brackness served her pu'pus, in de end, 'nough sight better 'n any off color could, ez you'll see fo' I'se done.

"'Twas a leetle later in the season 'n common when we fotched up at de Springs on 'count of hevin' made a longer stop 'n we 'lotted on at Missty's ol' home in Virginny. Her fader, ol' Jedge Peyton, was too po'ly dat year wif de gout fo' to trabel, and he temper was so uncommon mis'ble, dat he swear he cut 'em all off 'thout a shilling ef dey lef twel he say de word 'go.' So dey dilly-dallied on, day a'ter day, frettin' and fumin'. Ef dey talk 'bout gwine, de ol' Jedge he tek hese'f into bed, an' say he gwine fo' to die de nex' twenty-four hours. 'Peared like we was gwine fo' to spend de whole summer des dat ar way—settin' on de fence like. But one day der come urgen' letters from some of Marse Harry's furrin fr'en's, who done 'xpected him fo' to jine 'em at de Springs, an' 'troduce 'em to 'Merican quality

dar, and a'terwa'ds tower about wif 'em a leetle. Den, honey, Marse Harry begun fo' to get outrageous, an' make no eend of a 'ruction 'bout wha' he called de toadyin' gwine on; and he des tuk de bit 'tween he own teef, he did, an' dar was a gre't rumpus 'tween he an' he gran'fader. But we lef de nex' day, min'; though I year'd Missty say ez we druv away: 'I fear, my boy, you's paid dearly fo' dis priv'lige wif de loss of a heritage.' But lor, de ol' gen'l'm lived nigh onto ten years a'ter dat, an' saw ol' Missty herse'f dead an' buried: an' mo'n dat, honey, he lef mighty nigh eve'y dollar he hed to Marse Harry a'ter all. So, you see, 't aint wuf w'ile to prognosticate on de contrariety of a gouty toe; an' ef I membunce rightly, Marse Harry 'spress hese'f dat away den an' dar.

"When we reached de Springs, eve'y place was full, an' mo', too—allus was, mammy said—all 'cept our departments, which had been p'eserved 'cordin' to orders. Goodness! Miss Kate, you hain't no idee how de peoples does swarm up Norf dar. I'se boun' to say I never seed so many folks befo' nor sence 'cumulated togedder fo' de sole pu'pus of eatin', drinkin', dancin', dressin' an' idlin' 'bout—eve'yt'ing triflin' gwine on in fac'—ez we summered wifin dat hotel at de Springs.

"De fus' day of our 'rival mammy an' me was kep' pooty busy onpackin' an' 'rangin' t'ings, sati'fac'ry to Missty. An' mammy, she kep' givin' me 'structions of behavior, 'thout let nor hendrance, twel de gong sounded fo' dinner—wonner, Miss Kate, did you ever hear one of dem heavenish t'ings?—de mo' mis'bles', onearfies' intervention of soun' 'magineable. It ar des de Lord's own truf, honey, I t'ought 'twas de call to jedgment. Mammy said dar wa'n't a kink lef in my ha'r, it rez so pe'pendic'lar.

"But dar wa'n't no time den fo' 'xplanations, fo' mammy she clattered away down sta'rs, beckonin' me a'ter, an' we took our stan' by de do' of one of de pa'lors, outen which de ladies an' gen'l'm came dronin' an' buzzin', like bees outen a hive. Missty an' de res' of de fambly came las', an' mammy an' me fotched up de rear.

"Dar was a little halt at de do' of de din-

in' room, whar mammy tuk time to whisper: 'Now, C'lamity, min' wha' I'se tol' yo. Des tek yo' stan' behime Miss Helen's cha'r, an' p'tend like you don' see nor year nuffin' but her. An' fo' me'cy sake, don' go fo' to gapin' roun', des like you's some or'nary cornfield trash, to de disgracement of all un us. We's Peyton niggahs, min' you, an' hain't no call fo' to notice no free cullud trash wha' may be scuttlin' roun' de' tables. Good lor, chile, yo' eyes am big ez sa'cers a'ready; squinch 'em up a leetle, fo' you looks scar't e'enamos' to def'.

"Now, mammy mout ez well tol' me not to eat when I'se hungry, ez not to make observations roun' dat room; an' once de family was settled in der places at de table, I observed dey was objec's of specification, ez well as mammy and myse'f; an' 'twa'n't many days fo' 'twas a conspic'ous fac' Miss Helen was de belle of dat 'semblage. 'Peared like she drew all eyes a'ter her, young an' old, men an' women, wharever she went. 'Twas her beauty and high manners wha' de gen'l'm mos'ly raved 'bout. Ez fo' de ladies, I tuk nitice dey gen'lly looked over her gowns an' her ha'r, which las' was 'mazin' b'u'ful. An' dem gowns, too, was well wuf lookin' over, honey. Dey mos'ly come fum Paris. Marse Harry fotch 'em home to her; and he say ev'ey one of 'em was made 'cordin' to de orders of one of he fr'en's, a gre't artist—de same one wha' she a'terwards married, honey.

"In dem days, p'raps you know, Miss Kate, 'twas bery much de fashion fo' to cut all gowns fo' full 'casions offen de shoulders. Now, dat was de on'y t'ings 'bout dem gowns Marse Harry hese'f didn't 'prove un; and he des know'd Miss Helen wouldn't nudder. So he tell he fr'en, Marse Geoffrey, how 'twas proned inter him dat he sister Helen would never in de worl' assent fo' to bar' her b'u'ful shoulders in de shameless way dem gowns called fo', to de gaze of a promiscu's watering-place crowd.

"'Oh, 'twill be easy 'nough fo' to remedy dat,' Marse Geoffrey say, 'an' at de same time add to der grace an' munif'cunce.'

"Den, honey, de two un 'em sot out on a rummidge th'oo de shops twel dey laid

holt on dat cape—fisher, dey called it. I reckon Marse Harry mus' ha' paid nigh a 'mint of money fo't, kase I yeared Missty an' Miss Helen, bofe, scotchin' him fo' he 'xtravagance; which wa'n't 'cordin' to der custom.

"So you see how it was, honey, dat when all the res' of de ladies, young an' ol', stood roun' wif der shoulders all naked an' brazen like—an' some on 'em, honey, were dat on-beautiful, ez 'twould been a me'cy to people's eyesight fo' to cover 'em—Miss Helen, wif her lubly shoulders des showin' th'oo dem meshes like a satin linin', looked mo'n ever de true, fine lady she was, eve'y inch on her.

"Well, fus' an' las', dat cape made consid'ble talk. De husbands talked to der wives, an' de brudders to der sisters, twel ev'ey woman was conjurin' herse'f up a fisher of some kind or nudder for to cover her bar' neck an' buzzom.

"An' now comes a part of my story which may seem like pe'warication, de likes bein' no part or pa'cel of yo' spe'unce; howsom-ever, it ar des ez true ez de res'.

"At de same table wif Miss Helen an' her mudder, an' right opposite, sot a young miss very han'som, I mus' 'low, so fur ez color an' shape go—an', I heard say, rich beyond all guessin'. But I could see wif half an eye, honey, her bringin' up wan't wuf mention; in fac', dat she was ig'nant and shameless 'ez a Hottentot, and hed done set herse'f up fo' quality on de stren't' of her money an' good looks. She had a bold way of usin' her big, brack eyes on Marse Harry I didn't 'tall 'prove on, an' was continerously shockin' de proprieties in one way an' nudder. But she put de las' sheaf on de pile of her audacious doin's, one day, when she sent word to Miss Helen, would she please lend her lace cape to her, twel she done cut de pattern of de same.

"Missty was out drivin' dat mornin' wif Marse Harry—mercy she was, I t'ought, she'd be dat hot at sech imperence. But Miss Helen 'peared like she didn't take no exception to de bequest, fo' she des looked up fum her book a minnit, an' said; 'Get de cape, C'lamity, an' give it to de messenger.'

"Den mammy des got fractious, she did,

an' she up an' spoke her mind, bein' Missty wan't dar fo' to speak hers; but Miss Helen she on'y des laugh hearty back at her, do' I tuk notice de Peyton sparkle was oncommon bright in her eyes.

"Now, min,' dis am de truf wha' I tells you, honey. When we went down to dinner dat day, sho's I lib, dar sot dot imperent ign'ramus, in full dress, *wif Miss Helen's cape 'bout her shoulders!* I 'clar, dat room des spun roun' befo' my eyes fo' a minnit, an' I reckon I should hev screeched outright ef mammy hadn't trod hard on my toes, and said onder her bref: "Sho yo' breedin' gal; don' see nuffin! Don' you see Missty, herse'f, an' Miss Helen don' 'parently see nuffin uncommon?"

"An' 'twas a fac'. Dar sot Miss Helen an' her mudder, smilin' peaceful like, an' talkin' merry wif de fr'en's on bofe sides un'em, quite 'blivious, 'parently, dat eve'ry one else was in a pe'fec' spasm of 'stonishment and cur'osity. You kin des 'magine, of co'se, de looks of 'sprise and 'terrogation wha' flew roun' dat table. But Miss Helen an' her mudder, like I done tol' you, never show'd no sign of annoyance. Dey des chattered on, car'less ez could be, twel dinner was over, an' den withdrew dersel's, followed by mammy an' me.

"Well, honey, ef dat day had brought a mystery, de nex' fotched a revelation. Our folks was pu'posely late to dinner, an' when

we entered de dinin'-room, 'peared like eve'y eye was watchin' fo' us.

"Co'se, Marse Harry, Missty, an' Miss Helen, 'long wif Marse Geoffrey, was de fus' of our party to enter.

"Missty, she wore a soft, gray silk, 'thout any laces or jewels to speak un, but a gre't bunch of red roses tucked in her belt, an' one or two in her brack ha'r.

"Miss Helen, she was all in white—some kind of gauzy, fluffy stuff—wif de waist all puffs and shirrin' clus up to de chin, an' some water-lilies, wha' Marse Geoffrey done sont her in de mo'nin', was in her belt an' on her breas'.

"I never seed Miss Helen look mo' soft n' lubsome in my life, nor ol' Missty mo' 'ristocratical; but ez fo' dress, honey, I reckon dar wan't one in dat party of six—in fac', in de whole 'semblage dar congregated—*quite* so 'xpensively dressed ez C'lamity Peyton!"

"What are you saying, mauma?"

"Why, don' you onderstan', chile? Miss Helen done bequested dat cape to me 'metjetly it come home, wif orders fo' to w'ar it to dinner dat very day, which you may be 'xpressly sho' I did; likewise, dat my brack shoulders 'lucidated de pattern mos' pe'fec'ly.

"Reckon you mus' be gwine now, honey, yender comes yo' fader. Don' you hear him callin'? Min' you don' fo'get de pillers, honey!"

Sara D. Halsted.

LIFE AND DEATH.

O MOTHER, living in such changeless bliss
As mocks earth's changes which no bliss do bring,
Bend from the upper realm! give me one kiss!
Help thy dead son whom cruel grief doth sting!

Thy life is perfect; it is hid with God.
My death seems utter; for no taste of rest
Comes with this sad, slow death above the sod.
I die; but nothing stills my aching breast.

And yet my good, blind friends (I would not rail;
I oft am blind) all ask me how I thrive.
And they who mourned thy loss with bitter wail,
Still, heedless, call thee dead and me alive.

A. H. Tolman.

A NATURALIST IN THE DESERT.

THIS trip is to be into one of California's depressed, hot, sandy wastes, lying below the level of the ocean. From the general lack of water and the fierce heats of summer, so many miners and emigrants have lost their teams and often their lives in these, that each may well be called by the grim name of "Death Valley." Given a level, sandy plain surrounded by high mountains whose rocky, treeless sides reflect down the sun's rays and shut out the cooling winds, and a torrid temperature may be expected. Either a hot, stifling calm prevails, or furious local whirlwinds sweep roaring across the desert, or perhaps cat's paws of solid wind drop without warning down the mountain sides, with force enough to overturn exposed wagons. Sometimes, it is true, the trade winds blow more or less in certain portions, but they are dry, and give no moisture. Usually they take the form of dust winds or sand storms, and being always from one direction, form sand dunes and sand hills of extraordinary extent. Smaller hills or dunes are caused by some obstruction, as a bush. In such cases the top branches will appear, alive and green, above the top of the dune, looking like a bush on a hilltop, when in reality it is the topmost branches of a tree that, like the dune, is continually growing, while its base and trunk are deeply covered in sand. And as the tree grows, an obstruction is formed by the twigs that stops the sand.

As must inevitably be the case, these hidden valleys are insufferably hot. The mercury rises often to 120° , and sometimes to 124° . Higher figures are frequently mentioned, but I will write only what I see and believe. The evaporation of water is excessive, and the differences between the indications of wet and dry bulb thermometers are extreme. Curious practical effects are seen; as that a horse never gets wet with sweat amid all this heat, because it evaporates so rapidly. A man exposed, and deprived of

water to drink, speedily becomes light-headed, and, losing his mental balance, wanders off and is lost. People sometimes wonder why early emigrants so often broke down and died upon these deserts; it is because the heat and dryness cause extreme expansion of the wagon tires, and the sand getting in soon wears out the wooden felloes, and the wheels fall to pieces.

No green grass or shady trees or blossoming flowers do we expect to find in the valley. But on its borders, in cañons worn deep into the rocky mountains, are plants and flowers and palm trees and copious streams of dashing water, birds, butterflies, insects, and bugs.

The shape of this particular valley is like a cornucopia; from a point, extending, curving, and broadening, two hundred miles long, and five to thirty miles wide. It is, in one place, two hundred and seventy-eight feet below the level of the sea. Formerly a lake or arm of the sea occupied a part of it, and the water-mark of its old level is plainly seen along the rocky mountain sides for many miles. The bottom is in places white with shells, and the rocks and stones along the old water level are covered with the workings of aquatic worms and bugs.

We enter the valley at its upper and smaller end—the tip of the cornucopia. A huge, snow-bearing mountain, ten thousand feet high, stands close upon our right hand, and another nearly twelve thousand feet high on our left. Looking ahead, we see a descending slope that curves broadening to the right, and away down there, a day's journey ahead, the white sand and the white, misty, quivering air, give hint of the fervid heat that awaits us. To us who know of the terrors of this hot valley—of its heat and thirst and stifling dust, its drifting sands that obliterate the road, its infernal cactus and deadly snakes, and that it leads straight down under the sea, it looks like the mouth of hell; and the

two mountain peaks upon our right and left like fit standing points for the giant guardian angels. We go on, but at a walk only, for the sand and rocks make but a poor road. It may be easy to descend in some cases, but not in this. At noon a whisk of the trade wind follows us, and pushes us onward, as with increasing power it raises clouds of dust and rushes onward to cool, if it may, the Inferno below. Every mile that we go brings us to a drier atmosphere. The change is obvious and palpable. To some people, this dry air causes great distress, as of iron clamps about the head, while to others the change is salutary.

New plants begin to appear, acacia, *Isomeris*, *Chilopsis*, and several cacti. An odd white butterfly flits rapidly about. Queer shaped bugs and beetles we see running along the sand. Presently the pungent, resinous odor of an odd Mexican plant, *Larrea*, is noticeable. This is locally known as creosote bush, and from it a resin or lac is obtained, which the Indians use for cement.

Toward night we come to a ranch. The water of a mountain stream has been led to a level place, and by its aid a field of alfalfa is established; there are also some large cottonwood trees and some dilapidated ranch buildings. Another strange bush greets us with its sharp thorns—the screw bean, *Prosopis*. We see the large, copper-colored *Danaï* flying about the trees; also, sheltered from the wind behind a mesquite hedge, a cloud of little speckled butterflies—*Pyrgus*. A few mockers, swallows, and shrikes are seen. Out on the sands a large land tortoise lies in distress; it has been stepped on by a horse and disabled. We kill it, and keep the shell for a curiosity.

Here, under these large cottonwoods, we are to pass the night. The wind ought to subside at sunset, but rather it increases. All night long how it blows, roaring through the tree-tops! In the darkness it seems as if some of the large branches must come down and crush us, and we almost regret our proclivity to go about and pounce down upon little bugs and birds and butterflies after a similar fashion. The wind roaring in

the tree-tops keeps us awake so much that the sun is shining when we get up in the morning. Getting breakfast in the strong, dusty wind is a difficult and sandy operation, but at length it is over and we go on. The road this day is wholly of deep sand. How deep and dragging it is, and how it glares and reflects the light and heat up into our faces! And with the growing day increases the wind and dust, till at length the road is obscured as by snow-drifts, and for short spaces we go astray and lose the track. But a knowledge of the general direction saves us, and at length, through the sand clouds, we round the point or shoulder of the mountain, and getting into the lee of it gradually find quieter air, and can see our road and are able to breathe with comfort. Here, where the valley suddenly broadens, the strong current of wind is less confined, and it spreads out, losing its hold upon its load of sand, and allows it to settle, so that now a sand hill several hundred feet high and miles long is deposited. Behind the shoulder of the mountain we find a few clumps of flowering desert willow, with its queer, snap-dragon shaped blossoms, and flitting about these are a few little *Lycæna* and *Pyrameis*.

As the hours wear away, we get around further into a nook or angle where the desert pushes into the mountain; and as we get more under the shelter of the mountains we find the temperature materially rising, till it gets up to 105°. In here, in this nook or elbow, is a hot place—a fertile spot inhabited by a few Indians. There is here a hot spring which comes up in the bottom of a large pool. The pool is used as a reservoir for irrigating water by the Indians, but at night, when the water is drawn off, the spring is accessible. The Indians are very fond of bathing in the pool, the hot waters of the spring being believed by them to be a remedy for the diseases that much afflict them. Often white men, when ill, come here to stay awhile and get benefited.

We have brought a thermometer to keep the weather from getting too hot, and to test the water of the hot spring. Toward evening we go to the pool to get the temperature.

Three little Indian girls are having a frolic, splashing about in the shallow places. We call to them in Spanish "Come here!" and tempt them with oranges; but fear of strange Americans, and not modesty, prevents them. We go around the pool to that part where the spring bubbles up in the bottom. A dusky damsel of some twenty hot summers has possession of the spring, and is sticking her toes down into the mud vigorously. She stays in the pool as we come up, for without clothes she can neither fly nor hide; but she does not care. One of the two resident sick men calls her "Isabel," and tells her to plunge the thermometer down into the hot mud. She tries, and tries again, manifesting no anxiety to shorten the interview. The best she can do is to get the mercury up to 106°. Not satisfied, he fastens the thermometer to the end of his cane and plunges it down into the mud again, but it has no effect. This cane of his was once painted red with the pollen or a secretion of the red flowers of *Belepherone*, but as the color was not fixed by a mordant it has faded to a fustic yellow. The same coloring material is used by these young squaws to paint their faces, when they wish to get themselves up without regard to expense.

As it is not yet quite sundown, and very warm, we take a circle about the place. Some little butterflies and birds are met, but nothing of much interest, except a large *Colias Cæsonia*, which is here taken for the first time in California. It is a rare capture, and with this good thing the day ends. We go along back to the camp, but stop on the way to see a young Indian with whom I had dealings years ago. Then he was strong and hearty, and I hired him as guide into the mountains; while on the trip he stole some things from me, and when I threatened to take him before the alcalde, he resented it vigorously, and muttering swear words in his own tongue, pulled off his coat and made ready to fight. Now he lies on his back, panting in the last stages of consumption. He remembers me, and piteously asks for "*una remedio*," adding that he is "*muy, muy mala*"—very, very sick; and he pats his

chest and tries to have us understand how hard it is for him to get his breath. Poor Chino! there is no remedy for him. But we bring him some oranges and white man's food from the wagon, and bid him *adios*, knowing that when we next see the place a burnt spot on the ground will show where the cabin had stood. When a buck dies all his trinkets and his cabin are burned; when a squaw dies, nobody cares.

The night is very still and very warm. The air has a languor that, with its soft fanings, would make an energetic man lazy in a week. If Italy has anything more enervating and languid than this, I do not want to go there. After dark we light a candle, and put up the various things taken during the day. Magnificent *Cæsonia*! but how the gnats and punkies and midgits and infinitesimal flying things do come swarming in! filling our eyes, our mouths, and our nostrils, and nearly extinguishing the candle! So we hurry up, and put out the light, and, as there are no mosquitos or other biting pests, we rest in peace and comfort.

Next morning we start for a large cañon. Passing over a mile of hard ground, we at length espy some little brown things flitting with gentle flight about their larval food-plant. These prove to be *Militæa Charis*, a new species for California. Good! Close by we see another little butterfly; it, also, proves to be an Arizona species hitherto unknown in this State—*Lemonias Palmeri*. Good, again! In a few moments more we get, after a sharp chase, the male of *Colias Cæsonia*! Truly a fine morning's work! But we have to hasten on, for we look for finer and better things in the great cañon, and have but this one day to attend to them in. So we drive on ten miles, and at the end of the road tie the horse, and begin the rough climb over huge rocks, working our toilsome way along beside the stream as best we can. Willows, sycamores, and other deciduous trees give shade, and afford fine nesting places for hundreds of birds, which fly about and cry in distress at our appearance, fearing for their young. Tall palm trees—*Washingtonia*—line the stream

and find foothold in damp, springy spots, and give a foreign and tropical aspect to the strange place. The gorge in sharp zigzags cuts deep into the mountain. At one grassy place we stop to rest, for it is close and hot in there; and sitting still, count one hundred and seventy-four palms in view, most of them within a stone's throw. In this secluded retreat, filled with strange plants, we hope to find other forms of life equally strange and foreign, but are disappointed, and we come away with lengthened faces, tired feet, and empty packets.

Retracing our steps, therefore, we drive back through a temperature of 108° to the camping place of the previous night, and prepare for a severe drive on the morrow—a long stretch of deep sand, and throughout the whole day no water for man or beast, except such as we carry with us. Of such a day's journey, though at the time seeming endless, the less said the better. Suffice it to say, that as the start was an early one, the halting place was reached in good season; I cannot call it a camping place, for it has none of the comforts or attractions of a camp. It is only a forced stopping place, because it is a day's journey on either hand to water or grass. A few scraggy bunches of mesquite, half covered in mounds of drifted sand, mark the spot on one hand, and on the other a ridge of sharp, serrated rocks, black and forbidding, jutting out into the plain. Around this point of rocks the wind sweeps almost continuously, and sometimes with terrific force. The violent whirlwinds—young cyclones—occasionally touch this projecting point, and carry up its sides pebbles and stones whose size I dare not mention, for the truth should not be spoken at all times.

In days gone by, a well has been dug here to get water for emigrants and others. It is pretty deep, but there are only a few inches of water in it. By the aid of our harness lines and lariats a scanty supply of sandy water is drawn up; a sandy fire is made of sandy sticks; a sandy supper is eaten in sandy haste, and we sit on the sand listening to the sound of the wind as it sifts more sand through the bushes upon us—yes, all

night long we breathe the hot, sandy air, and sigh for running brooks and trees planted by the water-side. Many have been my camping places—on mountain top, on plain, by seaside, and in bear trails; but of all places, this is the worst and most comfortless. Not a house, or a man—even an Indian—within a day's journey, unless, indeed, one be even now lurking near, hoping to steal a horse. But if desolate and comfortless be the camp, what of it? Do we expect all camps to be as beds of roses? Shall we always go to sleep lulled by rustling leaves or babbling waters? By no means. Then why growl when the heat and the sand and the desolation torment us? And we grow poetic, and recite:

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

And we moralize—if various, then not all of them agreeable, probably; but we will stay with them, all the same. And we roll over and puff the sand out of our mouth and nostrils, and try to doze; but all the while we have a shuddering fear of a treacherous little white horned rattlesnake that habitually travels over these sandy wastes by night, and likes to get inside the blankets of the sleeper. Yet, after all, is not this vicious little thing simply one of Nature's visible forms? Nevertheless, the rattle of its tail is a variety of language that we don't care to hear by night, surely. These little pests do not glide along like ordinary serpents; they go with a screwing, sideways motion, from which they are locally called "side winders." Only fifteen or sixteen inches long, their bodies are not large enough to hold fear, and so they do not run away when surprised, but with head and tail erect they "go for" the intruder, be he man or beast. Yet the greatest danger from them lies in the fact that they are of a sandy color and not readily seen.

But we are stopping too long at this comfortable place. Let us hasten to rise early and continue our journey. Soon we begin to go below the level of the ancient lake. The line of water-mark on the rocky hillside is very plain and unmistakable. Shells, ma-

rine and fresh, cover the ground. Most of them are small. A few clam shells, three or four inches long, are the largest that we see. They are very brittle, and crumble so easily that they cannot be kept whole. We gather up a number of little ones to keep as curiosities. We see a lizard by the side of the road, disemboweled, yet still kicking. It must have been done quite recently, but nothing living is in sight. In a moment we turn a point and come in sight of an Indian going away. Horrible! He did it. Instinctively we feel for our revolvers and have them "handy" as we pass him. For if he would eviscerate a lizard to get a drop of moisture, would he not do murder to get the few pints of water in our canteens? He looks up at us in surly silence as we pass him. He has a villainous countenance, indeed. We watch him through the crevices of our covered wagon, to see that he keeps the peace; for he is more to be dreaded than rattlesnakes. A little further on we meet a buck and his squaw. The buck has a bushel of something heavy in a bag slung over his shoulder, and as the squaw is still more heavily laden with a pappoose and a variety of other impedimenta, they can but heavily waddle through the hot sand. We hail the buck in Spanish (for while these Indians have numerous dialects of their own, in which, however, distant members of the same tribe cannot understand each other, no white man knows much of any of them; so Spanish is used as a universal tongue which they all understand more or less); we hail him, for we think he has in his bag some seeds that we would like to buy. "*Buenas dias, cara por compra siesma*—I want to buy your seeds." "*No, no siesma; no venda*—No, I have no seeds, nothing to sell." We will not take no for an answer, but take from his passive hand the bag, and open it: "Visible forms of Nature," indeed! What have we here? Dried caterpillars! Speechless we drive along.

In an hour we come to the caterpillar pasture. The sand is dotted with mats and patches of a procumbent plant, much resembling in flower the common garden verbena, *Abronia*, on which vast armies

of caterpillars—the larvæ of *D. Linearis*—are feeding; they are huge worms three and four inches long. Another smaller army of Indians—bucks, squaws, and papposes—are out gathering them as though they were huckleberries, for use as food. The Indians do not notice us, but go on with their gathering. Seizing a fat worm, they pull off its head, and by a dexterous jerk the viscera are ejected, and the wriggling carcass is put into a small basket or a bag, or strung upon strings and hung upon the arm or about the neck, till occasion is found to put them into a large receptacle. I got three of these gathering baskets. One is funnel-shaped, holding a quart or two; another is like a large, flat saucer, and the third is similar, but with a deep rim. At night these Indians carry their prey home, where they have a great feast. Indians from a long distance come to these worm feasts, and it is a time of great rejoicing among them. I asked one of the young men if these worms made good food; he replied, "Yes, very good indeed, in stew." Of another old fellow we asked where these worms all came from, and he replied: "From the good God." The larvæ that are not consumed at the time (and they eat incredible quantities), are put upon ground previously heated by a fire, and thoroughly dried, when they are packed away whole, or pulverized into a meal.

The oasis which we hasten to reach as the sun declines is the home of these Indians. There are fifty or sixty cabins. Most of them are mere wattlework of twigs and coarse grasses, and they are generally open on one side or more. It appears that the wind never blows much in this little place; nor is it ever cold enough to require a fire for warmth. The oasis is at the opening of a large cañon. There is no visible water coming down the cañon, but it runs underground, and is brought up by bed-rocks, so that it keeps perennially green a few acres of fine land. Here the Indians raise a little alfalfa and corn and beans and peppers, but evidently under mental protest, preferring to live on mesquite beans and seeds of weeds, and other unknown quantities.

There is here an adobe house of two separate rooms, and the intervening space roofed in with thatch. Here two white men are living; one a dull Dutchman, and the other a villainous American. It is a matter of doubtful conjecture what they are living here for. The American said that he had fallen out with the Indians, and that he should have to leave before long. They say that in the open airy passage between the two rooms the thermometer often goes up to 130° in July and August.

The well here is a curious one—a deep pit twelve feet across, and one side sloping down, with rude steps to the water. To give fresh water a deep trench is dug, so that the top of the water in the pit is continually running off, thus furnishing a constant supply of pure water as it bubbles up from the bottom. I have personal knowledge that this cool well is a good place to get into, upon returning

famished for water from a dry trip up the hot cañon. It is like Paradise.

We thoroughly beat about and explore the green oasis and the neighboring country in search of novel things, and having exhausted the place, at length begin to consider the expedition as brought to a close, for I never try to catch fish on the way home, but strike a bee line for my own kingdom with all practicable speed; and as a toilsome four days' dragging through sand is not a pleasant journey, either in the relation or the actuality, I will even take counsel of a former guide into the high mountains, when, having reached the top, he said: "Well, I agreed to bring you here, and I've done it; but I didn't agree to take you down again. You can go down just whichever way you please; better take that ridge, though." So the reader may better yawn, and say: "I wish I were at home"—and there you are.

W. G. Wright.

ABOUT CHARLES LAMB.

SEVENTY or eighty years ago, at no particular time of the year, there might have been seen moving quietly along one of the busiest, most crowded thoroughfares in London, a small, brown-suited, thin-featured, sad-eyed man. It was in the fogginess of the morning or the dusk of evening that he might be discovered, if you were very observant, for so modest and unobtrusive was the figure, so downlooking and immobile the face, so unpretending the whole demeanor, as to escape any but the keenest sighted, unless search were being made for this very person; yet here would be found the quaintest, most delightful genius in Christendom. Follow him, and you will come to one of the commonplace structures of England's greatness—so unattractive that not even the presence of this genius's works has been able to lift it above the useful level of ordinary commercial buildings. This is the India House, in Mincing Lane; and the works, upon close inspection, would be found to contain nothing

more edifying than long rows of figures and various records connected with dull business. These bulky tomes the "good genius that turned everything into gold," as our strange gentleman may be termed, could do nothing with in the way of alchemy, although he fondly named them his "works," and piously bade them rest, "not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller," "but on the massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful." He who thus wrote, and whom we are now following, has left a charming autobiographical essay, entitled, "The Superannuated Man," in which the locality we have reached receives most honorable mention, and the residents themselves exceedingly affectionate treatment.

Some years before this, at no particular date, but at the same hours, the same drab-colored, large-eyed little gentleman, no younger in appearance, though perhaps sprightlier, would lead to a fine but melan-

choly-looking "brick and stone edifice to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate; there are stately porticoes, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces"; it is a place of trade, a center of busy interests—the famous South Sea House by name; and here our genial guide passed a few valuable years, one result being delicious fruitage in the shape of the initiatory Essay of Elia.

Still a few years earlier you may see a demure little body picking its way restlessly along, the grave, dark eyes scanning you furtively but not suspiciously; a little trip in the walk, a little trip in the speech—if you are so fortunate as to get speech of him, who turns out to be one of the subtlest of keen wits, one of the boonest of companions. This time he will bring us to Christ's Hospital, a celebrated and most excellent school for boys—a spot none was fonder of all his life long than the young probationer who now pursues his way thither. The devoted chronicler has not failed to make known the merits of this worthy institution, thus adding another to the goodly list of names that have glorified the scenes of their schoolboy days. The song is not altogether a pæan that the writer sings in the essay "Christ Hospital Thirty-five Years Ago," for there were many roughnesses to surmount in a journey through the great schools of England a half century since, and these have not been left unmentioned in the narrative; but that there was a rare charm in the "Recollections," let the following extract from a paper under this heading prove: "Let me have leave to remember our hymns and anthems and well-toned organ; the doleful tune of the burial anthem chanted in the solemn cloisters upon the seldom-occurring funeral of some school-fellow; the festivities of Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs, and the penniless, and he that could contribute nothing, partook in all the mirth, and in some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake to

hear from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the elder boys and monitors; and have listened to it in their rude chanting till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds."

"The Christ's Hospital boy is a religious character. His school is eminently a religious foundation. It has its peculiar prayers, its services at set times, its graces, hymns, and anthems, following each other in an almost monastic closeness of succession." Every one who has been much in London knows the blue-coat boy. With his quaint, old-time garb, his cassock encircled about his waist by a yellow belt, his yellow stockings, low shoes—big-buckled—his capless head, his antiquated deportment, he seems the very anachronism of boyhood; but become acquainted with him, and he is real enough, true to the present, instinct with fresh, buoyant, exultant spirits. A blue-coat boy, then, was this writer, part and portion of his school, out of place anywhere else than in London, peculiar to England.

Another few years back, and the same little being, only smaller, might be discovered somewhere about the Inner Temple. Here he was born. The whole life, therefore, was passed in his dear London; and the gentleman is Charles Lamb, the gentle Elia, friend of Coleridge and Wordsworth. No other city than London could produce such a man; he is identified with London—is as much a part of it as the Tower, or the Monument, or St. Paul's, or Dr. Johnson; London was everything to him. "I have passed all my days in London," he writes to Wordsworth, "until I have formed as many attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, wagons, play-houses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night. The impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon

houses and pavements, the print shops, the old book stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes. My attachments are local, purely local. I have no passion for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a bookcase which has followed me about, like a faithful dog, wherever I have moved; old chairs, old tables, old streets, squares where I have sunned myself, my old school, these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without mountains? I do not envy you; I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of any thing. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome, visible objects. I consider the clouds above me as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me from disuse have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh and green and warm are all the inventions of men and assemblies of men in this great city."

The above extract may be taken as a biography in miniature of the thoughts, sentiments, and opinions of Charles Lamb, and contains, besides, much true account of his life as to its movements and incidents.

Lamb was not a prolific writer: more books have been written about him than by him. The *Essays of Elia*, a few short plays, a thin

volume or two of poems, two or three small books for children, some miscellaneous papers, comprise all; much of this was composed in conjunction with his sister, and all can easily be compressed into the limits of three or four duodecimo volumes; but let us see what was thought of these works by a contemporary, and let us meet a few of the author's friends.

John Wilson (Christopher North) knew Lamb, and speaks of him in one of his letters; what a meeting that must have been! There could be no greater contrast in personal appearance than that between these two: the Professor tall, grand, lion-like, with that superb physique which has contributed its share to the homage we pay to his memory, by the side of this small, meager man, with naught but the keen, sad eyes and the witty tongue to give him dignity. The two liked each other well enough—at least, the great Christopher appreciated his companion, however blandly indifferent Lamb may have been to Wilson's sweeping rhetoric, his gusty out-of-door vigor, and his gallant outbursts, laudatory or denunciatory. Here is a clever estimate of Lamb's writings from the racy *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; it will be observed that North himself is not speaking, although his own opinions probably are expressed. "*Elia* in his happiest moods delights me; he is a fine soul; but when he is dull, his dullness sets human stupidity at defiance. He is like a well-bred, ill-trained pointer. He has a fine nose, but he won't or can't range. He keeps always close to your feet, and then he points larks or titmice. You see him snuffing and smoking and brandishing his tail with the most impassioned enthusiasm, and then drawn round in a semi-circle he stands beautifully dead-set. You expect a burst of partridges or a towering cock-pheasant, when lo and behold, away flits a lark, or you discover a mouse's nest, or there is absolutely nothing at all. Perhaps a shrew had been there the day before. Yet if *Elia* were mine, I would not part with him, for all his faults."

Now, this is very ingenious and, at the same time, fair criticism; yet one cannot help the feeling that the reviewer is led away

rather after the pointer, and by the thought of larks, partridges and pheasants (for this is the true Wilsonian manner), than by a careful consideration of Lamb's merits. Lamb is certainly never dull. Granted that only the admirer can esteem everything Lamb wrote, yet, surely, no reader of any discrimination could ever apply the terms dull and stupid to one of the brightest of authors: to one unappreciative of quaintness and humor, a potent charm of Lamb must be altogether lost. The above extract, however, was written in or about 1822, when the perfect flower of his genius had not yet bloomed.

Walter Savage Landor was one of Lamb's correspondents. Lamb's peculiar audacity of humor may be seen in the following letter; it is about a tall family named Betham, Landor's Welsh annoyances: "I have seen the measureless Bethams; I knew a quarter of a mile of them—seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters—as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender, and tell a story of a shark every night—endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt-sea ravener not having had his gorge of him! The shortest of the daughters measured five foot eleven without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer about them. But they were tall. Surely I have discovered the longitude"—and so on. Landor wrote an exquisite poem, "Rose Aylmer":

"Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee."

The lady thus commemorated was an early love, died young, and was ever cherished; the tender pathos of the little poem could hardly be surpassed, and in melody and delicacy of expression it is perfect. Much may be known of a man by what he likes, and hence one can gain some new idea of Lamb by finding that the indefinable fascination of this little love tale held him; for in a letter to its author he says: "Many things I had

to say to you which there was not time for. *One*, why should I forget? 'Tis for 'Rose Aylmer,' which has a charm I cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks."

Crabbe Robinson writes of this "most lovable of men, who had not an infirmity that his sweetness of nature did not make one think must be akin to a virtue": "I have just seen Charles and Mary Lamb living in absolute solitude at Enfield. I found your poems [Landor's] lying open before Lamb. Both tipsy and sober, he is ever muttering *Rose Aylmer*. But it is not those lines only that have a curious fascination for him; he is always turning to Gebir for things that haunt him in the same way." He has quoted in his essay "*Margate Hay*," one that he was much given at all times to repeat to himself: "Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?"

Lamb's opinion of Landor's unique "*Examination of Master William Shakespeare for Deer-Stealing*"—next to the beautiful "*Pericles and Aspasia*," Landor's best work—that it could have been written only by the author himself or by the man it was written on, is well known. Landor's "*Lines to the Sister of Elia*" are not so commonly met with that they may not well find a place here:

"Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!

Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart; when heart can ache no more,
What is it we deplore?

"He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and fears,

Far worthier things than tears:
The love of friends, without a single foe—
Unequalled lot below!

"His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?

He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has: what then?

"Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the peak

"Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the regions of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest."

Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke are pleasant names to dwell upon, and pleasant was their connection with the Lambs. In their joint production, the interesting "*Recollections of Writers*," more than thirty pages are devoted to them, much of that space being anecdotal, much reminiscent, while a goodly portion contains characteristic letters from Charles. In the different volumes relating to this or that person, one often finds the same stories told variously; the same witticisms sometimes strangely attired; the same saying and doing recounted with great diversity. This is eminently true of our author. He tells his tale, stammers out his joke, discharges his pun, and repeats them all in a dozen separate *Recollections*, but through no fault of his own. In the work just mentioned, however, there is much that is new, everything that is entertaining: the story of Lamb's tiring out a dog is here told extremely well, and the wild impossibility of such an undertaking is sufficiently touched upon to heighten the absurdity. Many another amusing trifle is to be found in this friendly little book. The authors were life-long friends of the Lambs, and their pages are as warm with affection as was the pressure of their hands: to the lady we owe an especial debt of gratitude for her kind services to Shakspeare's heroines: a good old novel—"The Iron Cousin," is also due to her.

Of Lamb's intimacy with Coleridge we have constant proof. This companionship strikes one as strange, indeed; to consider it, however, places both men in a somewhat different light from that in which we are wont to view them, and the reflection in both cases is bright and pleasant. Their friendship began in that time-honored school, Christ's Hospital, when they were blue-coat boys together; this companionship of boyhood, not always lasting, continued into manhood, and only terminated with life; "their minds, in many respects dissimilar, closely associated and identified." When Coleridge died, during the brief interval of the few months Lamb survived him, he was continually reiterating in a kind of soliloquy, and that confused state of feeling before we real-

ize the absence in death of one whose presence has long been familiar—"Coleridge is dead! Coleridge is dead!"

A poet who knew and loved them, has coupled their names in his immortal verse.

"Nor has the rolling year twice measured
From sign to sign its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvelous source.

"The rapt one of the god-like forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth;
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summit,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!"

Another intimate friend of Lamb's was William Hazlitt, the acute critic and essayist. What should unite two such men so closely it is hard to say, unless it was their common love of old English literature. Hazlitt was anything but a boon companion; he wielded a trenchant pen, used his tongue with equal vigor, lived a morbid, solitary, unkindly life, and was the sworn foe of almost every literary character or artist of the time; but Lamb, the genial, basked in the wintry rays this cold spirit gave forth. There was something so lovable about Charles Lamb as to call out the quality of love from the frostiest heart. Crabbe Robinson defended him against Bagehot as an "angelic creature." Rank, social distinctions, differences of calling, differences of religion, were no barriers. Wordsworth, Southey, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Talfourd the barrister, Barry Cornwall, Bernard Barton the Quaker poet, De Quincey, Godwin—all delighted to call him friend. Look over the names of men prominent in Great Britain during the first quarter of the century, and you have a list of Lamb's familiar and frequent visitors; in almost every recent book of memoirs his cherished remembrance is recorded. What kind of a man must he not have been who was so regarded? Coleridge loved him; Wordsworth loved him; Southey loved him.

Speaking in this way, it might seem as

though the reputation of Charles Lamb is one of tradition; that it rather exists in the reminiscences of others than is derived from his writings; in other words, he is known as a wit and good fellow, not as a great writer. This is too surely the case. Lamb is not widely read—but for that matter neither is Shakspeare, nor Spenser, nor Milton, nor Addison, yet no one will be hardy enough to say the fault is theirs. The truth is, they are not, and never will be, popular; were they so, one might begin to doubt their transcendent merits. They are names, not realities, to the million; all the mighty writers are so, and this is especially the case with such an author as Lamb. *It requires sympathy to read him, and accordant modes of thought or fancy. One must bring a partiality for the man, and a liking for his subject, else those delicate little touches of wit, those beamy reaches of humor, those lightning shafts of irony, those artless turns of expression, that incessant play of gaiety and pathos, will utterly escape you. Furthermore, it requires a cultivated and correct taste in literature, to be able to appreciate Elia, or writers suggesting him. Not many writers, however, do suggest him; his is an anomalous position in literature. He may, of course, be classified along with such gentle, kindly egotists as Montaigne, Addison, Leigh Hunt, Irving, men who stamp a pleasant personality upon their pages, between all of whom there is some resemblance in manner of treatment, charm of style, tenderness of tone, richness of humor. Yet so widely apart is Lamb from all in other respects, in choice of subjects, and in an indefinable method, as to make him unique in the world of letters. John Burroughs, of recent fame, has often been complimented with a similarity found between him and the English writer. This is just to neither; there is the same difference between the two as between the English pear and the American grape of the Eastern States—the one is all richness, ripeness, sweetness, —the other a little tart, crude, immatured; there is also some disparity in size. The only points of resemblance seem to be that both possess keen observing powers—direct-

ed, however, towards totally different objects—and that both write essays.

The excellence of Lamb's Essays lies in their humor—that "inimitable blending of thoughtfulness and playfulness—that half-serious, half-sportive habit of mind, far more agreeable and deeper than wit"; this quality, possessed in eminent degree by Lamb, gives him a place in one's regard far above that accorded to such so-called humorists as Swift, Boileau, Voltaire, or even Stern, who are not so kindly. The very titles of the essays are suggestive: "A Chapter on Ears," "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People," "Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age"; titles of letters written to newspapers: "On the Inconveniences Resulting from Being Hanged," "On the Melancholy of Tailors," etc.; Popular Fallacies: "That We Should Rise with the Lark," "That the Worst Puns Are the Best (in which occurs the familiar example—how an Oxford scholar, meeting a porter carrying a hare, accosts him with the extraordinary question, "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare, or a wig?") all these are evidences of the pervading element in Lamb's nature, imparting the greatest charm to his writings. Another quality, entirely different, and of far less value, but one, nevertheless, that in his hands increased the flavor of the essays, was his love of the old. He was like choice old wine; he loved old ways, old books, old pictures, old times; everything that could boast of antiquity possessed intrinsic value in his eyes; he loved old books with especial devotion, though he was not so lost in his pleasant passion as to perceive no merit in the works of contemporaries. Old books—how he reveled in them! We are told how he used to wend his way homeward, hugging to his bosom some portly volume bound in vellum, some tall tome in full calf—one of the early dramatists, perhaps, or old Fuller, Gervaise, Markham, old Tusser, purchased with the savings of weeks, and often gazed at during the interval while on the shelves of an antiquarian bookshop. The essay—"Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading"—was

penned confessedly in the interests of half-forgotten worthies; the paper—"The Gentle Style of Writing"—treats of Sir William Temple and his books. "Some sonnets of Sir Philip Sydney" is an appreciative study of a courtly gentleman and true poet; then there are essays on Shakspeare, Fuller, George Wither; the tragical story of Rosamund Gray, nearly as realistic as more recent tales, contains a list of old books to be found in the grandmother's little library. Lamb's letters abound in raptures over old writers; his talk was flavored with the aroma of an earlier literature. To Lamb's regard for past worth, we owe in large measure the resuscitation of the Elizabethan dramatists; his specimens of English dramatic poets gave an impulse to the study of Shakspeare's contemporaries, obscured by the brilliancy of his matchless genius. The volume, though superseded by complete editions of many authors and by large selections from others, may still interest and benefit, for the specimens are made with rare taste and critical discretion; Lamb's insight into the beauties of poems or dramas, his enthusiasm, his acumen, were simply wonderful. Nor should mention be forgotten of the lasting and beautiful "Tales from Shakspeare." This little book has been of great service to children as well as to literature; a better book of the kind could not be thought of, and therefore, nothing at all like it on the same subject has since been attempted. Mary Lamb wrote the most of the stories, Charles's task lying among the greatest tragedies and historical plays. "The Adventures of Ulysses" was also a labor of love for children: this is a simply told story, the material being brought from George Chapman's sonorous translation of the *Odyssey*; herein is again evinced Lamb's predilection for the noblest period of English literature, as well as his sagacity in choosing its best exponents.

It may be well here to call attention to Lamb's tenderness and sympathy for little people. A child is a much-misunderstood, and therefore sinned-against, mystery of humanity. All lovers of childhood know this fact, and hence their sympathy. A child is always a

subject of wonderment, a continual surprise a succession of chapters of revelation: his is the innocence of life, its freshness, its unconventionality: hence, one's interest and sadness and tenderness over the "sweet phases of budding infancy." Lamb felt all this; evidences have already been shown, and one need only turn to that low-toned revery, "Dream Children," or to the deeply imaginative "The Child Angel," to be assured of his understanding it all.

There are not many indications in Lamb's writings of a love for Nature; yet we would greatly err to suppose Lamb careless of the "sweet influences" of lake or tarn or field or mountain—though, born in a city, passing most of his life therein, wrapped in the fascination a vast center of humanity exerts, as much a part of a metropolis as its sparrows or street children, there seemed in his case almost an equal incongruity in separating him from London or in withdrawing him from Nature; for was he not, after all, near to the latter while belonging to the former? In looking through some of his pages, it was no great surprise to find such a delight in the "things of air and light" as the following lines disclose—a forest-liver gives an account of his diversions:

"What sports have you in the forest?"

Not many—some few—as thus:

To see the sun to bed, and see him rise,
With all his fire and traveling glories round him;
Sometimes the moon to soft night-clouds to rest,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids;
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,
When mother autumn fills their beaks with corn;
To view the graceful deer come trooping by,
Then pause, and gaze, and turn."

When visiting the lake-country, Lamb speaks of the mountains as "great floundering bears and monsters . . . all couchant and asleep." These quotations prove admiration, at least, for the lovely or great in Nature; yet even so, especially in the first instance, the pleasant resemblance to the Elizabethan manner probably satisfied the writer as much as the pictures suggested. It must be confessed, in the main, Lamb's writings are not at all indebted to what we

call nature for their inspiration. One finds no song of spring or anything of that sort—no raptures over opening buds, no sighings over falling leaves, or a lonely sea, or a melancholy sky, or somber, wide-stretching lands, nor even a burst of delight over a joyous sunlight on a June day. Lamb declared to Talfourd when longing for London among the pleasant fields of Enfield, that his “love of natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long, waving grass and the stunted trees that blacken in the old churchyard nooks, which you may yet find bordering on Thames Street.” I find, however, in that delightful book—“Journals of Caroline Fox,” that Wordsworth is quoted as saying of Lamb: “His abuse of the country and his declared detestation of it was all affected; he enjoyed it, and entered into its beauties.”

Lamb is not often thought of now-a-days as a poet, but as “Delta” justly pronounces: “He was a good poet, but not a great one.” He had fine poetical feelings, a chaste expression, but lacked the soul, lacked imagination, lacked creative power; he was a builder, not an architect. If he sang, it was rather from being taught than from Nature’s promptings. He says himself that “Coleridge first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love, of poetry and beauty and kindliness.” The poems are of two classes—the mirthful and the sad: of the first, “A Farewell to Tobacco” is a well-known example, and is besides one of the best set of verses ever inspired by the “great plant.” Another instance, not so well known, but very clever, illustrating Lamb’s peculiar manner as well as his mastery, or rather his audacity, in playing with the difficulties of rhyme, is the little piece, “Free Thoughts on Several Eminent Composers.” Still another, not found among the collected poems but embedded in his letters, is a laughable satire on the Regent, entitled

“The Triumph of the Whale.” In a different vein are such as “The Old Familiar Faces,” that simple lament which has gone to the heart of so many readers:

“I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.”

Charles Lamb’s life was a tragedy; it is beautiful to contemplate, although so painful; there was a grandeur in it that belongs indeed to anything tragic, but that comes in this case from an exaltation of fraternal love and self abnegation. He gave up his life for his friend—his sister; such entire, unwearied, beautiful surrender, not only of life, but of its pleasure is almost unparalleled. Yet this was done by a man the world has laughed at rather than wondered at. To devote days and nights, months and years, to an insane sister—that sister, the slayer of her mother—to be haunted, moreover, by the spectre of insanity hovering over his own life, yet to be gay and merry, and to laugh with friends, and enliven and sweeten his own and the poor sufferer’s existence—this is an elevation of humanity, and also a blessing upon it. Mary Lamb survived her brother several years, and often during her last days she would walk to Charles’s grave at Edmon-ton. The following sonnet, written in commemoration of this circumstance, may fitly close this paper:

“Here sleeps, beneath this bank where daisies grow,
The kindest sprite earth holds within her breast;
In such a spot I would this frame should rest,
When I to join my friend far hence shall go;
His only mate is now the minstrel lark,
Who chants her morning music o’er his bed,
Save she, who comes each evening, ere the bark
Of watchdog gathers drowsy folds, to shed
A sister’s tears. Kind Heaven, upon her head
Do thou in dove-like guise thy spirit pour,
And in her aged path some flowerets spread
Of earthly joy, should Time for her in store
Have weary days and nights, ere she shall greet
Him whom she longs in Paradise to meet.”

Henry Colbach.

SAN CARLOS:—MISSION DEL CARMELO.

WHAT hallowed associations cluster around that dear old historic mission of California, founded June 3rd, 1770, by Fra Junipero Serra! The mission era in California began the 16th of July, 1769, and lasted until 1823. There were twenty-one missions in all, extending from San Diego in the south to San Rafael and Sonoma north of San Francisco. Each missionary received a salary of \$400, barely enough at the outset to maintain him. Small bodies of soldiers were, of course, detailed to guard the infant settlements from the attacks of the savages.

Most of the missions were laid off in the form of a hollow square; the enclosing wall of adobe bricks was twelve feet high and three hundred feet in length on each side. The center of the square was occupied by an adobe church roofed with tiles. Around it were erected storehouses, workshops of all kinds, a home for the priests, granaries, barracks for the soldiery, and all other structures necessary for comfort and security. In fact, the mission proper was at once a religious station, a fortress, and a town. As a native population was gathered around it—chiefly by persuasion, sometimes by a show of force, they were taught to construct habitations outside the walls, and there instructed in the arts of peace and civilization. These little communities must have been havens of rest, and thus this California of the Indians prospered over fifty years in perfect tranquility. These were the peaceful and pastoral days of California.

Mrs. Jameson, an English writer on the Monastic orders in relation to Art, speaks of the Franciscans and Dominicans as "the spiritual democrats of the Church. They were to mingle with the people, yet without being of the people. In the year 1216, Dominick, the Spaniard, and Francis of Assisi, met at Rome. They met and embraced, each recognizing in the other the companion predestined to aid the Church in her con-

flict with the awakening mental energies so long repressed. They received from Innocent III. the confirmation of their respective communities, 'and parted,' as has been well expressed, 'to divide the world between them.' For before the end of the century—nay, in the time of one generation—their followers had spread themselves in thousands and tens of thousands over the whole of Christian Europe, and sent forth their missionaries through every region of the then known world."

To the student of history these missions are deeply interesting. They stand to-day silent monuments of the past of California, and should be preserved with the greatest care as the oldest landmarks of our State. "Time," says the proverb, "is the destroyer of all things"; but often what time hallows and spares, man destroys. We must look upon architecture as a language of history and feeling, and in restoring these old buildings there should be nothing modern; far better let them remain, as most of them are to-day, picturesque ruins.

Our wonderful city of San Francisco had its origin around the little adobe mission church, whose walls have seen the storms and revolutions of a century. Yet San Carlos, or Carmel, must remain the dearest to the historic heart of all the missions. It was here that Padre Serra came, after a life of hardship and toil, a soul-weary man, to rest for a little while in the peace and silence of the cloister, to hold nearer communion with his God, whom he loved so fervently, and for whom he had labored so faithfully. It was here he died, the 28th day of August, 1784. The centennial anniversary of his death is about to be celebrated as I write. The world already knows how his grave was found and identified by the untiring zeal of Father Angelo Casanova, the parish priest in charge at the old mission; and how the same devoted antiquarian has been engaged in re-

storing the crumbling walls, until they stand again in the sunlight like emblems of the resurrection—no longer a reproach to the Church to which they belong, and to the careless State that would not save them from ruin.

A short time before the death of our revered poet, Longfellow, the writer received from him a letter which touches upon this subject, and which the readers of *THE OVERLAND* may be interested in seeing. It is as follows:

"CAMBRIDGE, April 22, 1881.

"*Dear Madam:* Please accept my sincere thanks for the copy of your 'Historical Reminiscences,' which you have had the kindness to send me by the hand of my daughter.

"Your little book is very interesting. A strange feeling of romance hovers about those old Spanish Missions of California, difficult to define and difficult to escape. They add much to the poetic atmosphere of the Pacific Coast.

"I have several photographs of these Missions sent me by an enthusiast, whose name for the moment I have forgotten.

"How very pathetic is the story of Concepcion Argüello; and how picturesquely Bret Harte has told it in his poem!

* * * * *

"I am, Dear Madam,

"Yours very truly,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"MISS MARY GRAHAM,

"Care President Le Conte,

"State University, Berkeley,

"California."

The "enthusiast" was, of course, the late Edward Vischer. The "little book" was "Historical Reminiscences of San Francisco," and included a sketch of the life of Concepcion Argüello, the heroine of Bret Harte's well-known poem. Some years ago, while writing this sketch, I came into possession of a pretty anecdote of the early life of the *Beata*, which I think others will like to read.

I had visited the convent at Benicia, where she died December 23rd, 1857. There was still living there a little nun, Sister Rose Castro, who had entered the convent three months later than Concepcion. I found her one day alone in the orchard of the convent, and said to her:

"Come, now, Sister Rose, tell me something of Concepcion's life in Mexico."

Sister Rose could not speak any English, so we were obliged to converse as best we could in Spanish, and it was in her musical Spanish that I heard and remember the little story whose grace is half lost in English.

"Sister Maria Dominica [Concepcion]," she said, "was very modest and very humble; she rarely spoke of herself. But one day she did tell me a little story, about how she danced before the shrine of a saint." (This, I think, was at Loretto, where her father was *comandante* after he left the presidio of San Francisco.) "There was a plaza in the center of the town, with a fountain of pure and sparkling water, where the Mexican women used to come, muffled in their *rebosas*, carrying their water-jars, which they would fill, and then kneeling at the shrine of the saint close by, would offer up their petitions. Concepcion said:

"One evening on my way to meet my father, I was passing through the plaza, and, stopping a moment before the shrine of the saint, I danced."

"What—danced?" I asked, surprised.

"*Si, senora*—she was dancing before the saint."

"What saint was it?" I asked, but all the answer I could get from Sister Rose, who did not understand my Spanish very well, was: "*El mio*"—my saint.

I thought for a moment, "Is there any saint in any way connected with dancing?" but for fear of losing the thread of her story, I let her go on.

"Ah, it was not what you mean by dancing," she said; and she began to describe and illustrate the motion to me—a slow, rhythmic swaying to and fro of the body.

"Concepcion said," went on Sister Rose Castro, "'I thought I was alone; I did not know any one was near me. But my father was standing in the shade of a tree watching me. He came up suddenly and touched me on the shoulder, saying:

"'*Estás bailando, hija mia?* [Art thou dancing, my daughter?]"

"'*Si, señor,*" I replied. I cast my eyes down, and felt confused and ashamed.

"But when I looked up into my father's

face, he was smiling on me with a most benign expression ; and in the most tender and caressing manner he took me in his arms, saying at the same time, "*Mi bailadorcita!* [My little dancer !]""

The story delighted me, and I longed to put it into English, if I could only do so without spoiling its simple charm. The first question in my mind was, "Who is this saint before whom she danced?" There are paintings enough of Saint Cecilia, listening with rapt face to the heavenly harmonies ; but I did not know of any saint who could be associated with dancing, and I searched the Lives of the Saints in vain to find such an one. In the Old Testament, as we all know, dancing is repeatedly mentioned in connection with religious worship ; for instance, in Exodus xv. 20 : "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances"; in II Samuel vi. 14 : "And David danced before the Lord with all his might"; Psalm cxlix. 3 : "Let them praise his name in the dance ; let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and the harp." And many pagan rituals have place for dancing. But there is no reference to such a thing in the New Testament, nor did it ever enter into any ceremony of the Catholic Church that I could hear of.

Only a short while ago, as I was repeating this charming little story of the girlish Concepcion to a friend, she gave me the explanation. She had lived many years in Central America, and there, she said, a custom was in existence of dancing before the shrine of a saint. She believed that it had crept into the Church practices from the Indians. There were several customs thus introduced by them into their observation of Catholic ceremonial from their old worship, and tolerated by the priests, although they did not approve them. This dancing the older people did not practice, but the young girls seem to have picked it up from the Indian Catholics, and to have done it, as Concepcion did, with a little misgiving. In Chinandega, Nicaragua, there was a shrine to Santa Basilia,

whose feast was the 15th of April, when the rains were over and all Nature was in the freshness and beauty of spring. The young girls danced before the shrine of the saint at this feast, which lasted several days, and at parting they would say: "If we are all alive and happy next year, we shall come and dance again before the saint." The Mexican Indians had doubtless, like those of Central America, carried some relic of their Aztec religious dances into their Catholicism. My friend thought that the saint before whom Concepcion danced was probably the patron saint of the town, as in Catholic countries every town has its patron saint ; thus Mexico has Guadalupe, and Naples Santa Lucia, to whom many of the ballads of the country are dedicated.

In De Amicis's "Spain," however, I find the following account of a relic of the religious dance in old Spain.

"The most curious privilege of the Seville Cathedral is the so-called dance of *Los Seises*, which takes place every evening at twilight for eight consecutive days after the festival of Corpus Domini. As I was at Seville during those days, I went to see it. From what I had heard, I thought it must be a scandalous buffoonery. I entered the church with my mind prepared for a feeling of indignation at the profanation of this sacred place.

"The church was dark ; only the principal chapel was illuminated. A crowd of kneeling women occupied the space between the chapel and the choir ; several priests were seated on the right and left of the altar. Before the steps was stretched a broad carpet, and two rows of boys, from eight to ten years old, dressed like Spanish cavaliers of the mediæval age, with plumed hats and white stockings, were drawn up opposite each other in front of the altar. At a signal given by a priest, a low music from violins broke the profound silence of the church, and the boys moved forward with the steps of a contra-dance, and began to divide, interlace, separate, and gather again, with a thousand graceful turns. Then all broke out together into a lovely, harmonious chant, which echoed through the darkness of the

vast cathedral like the voice of a choir of angels; and a moment later they commenced to accompany the dance and chant with castanets. No religious ceremony ever moved me like this one. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by those small voices, under that immense vault, these little creatures at the foot of the altar, that grave and almost humble dance, the ancient costumes, the prostrate crowd, and all around in darkness.

"I left the church with my soul as peaceful as if I had been praying."

That this, like the Mexican dance, had crept into the church ceremonial, probably as a relic of paganism, and was merely tolerated there as innocent, not approved, is evident from the anecdote Amicis goes on to tell, of the archbishop's attempt, some two centuries ago, to prohibit the dance as sacrilegious. This raised so much popular tumult that the archbishop appealed to the Pope; who, after having the boys brought to Rome, that he might see the dance, laughed, and ordered that they be allowed to dance till the clothes they had on were worn out. As the Sevillians took the hint, and saw to it that the clothes were always renewed piecemeal, so as never to be really new, the Pope's decision allowed the dance to continue without direct slight to the archbishop's scruples.

This incident in the life of Concepcion d'Argüello must have occurred in the morning of her years, when her heart was still full of brightness and joy; at the close of her life, when she related it to Sister Rose Castro, she added with some self-reproach that perhaps she ought not to have danced, but to have knelt and prayed like the older women. But even as her father answered her hesitating "*Si, señor,*" with his caressing "My little dancer!" my heart cries, "Yes, dance on, little dancer, while thy heart is full of love and joy. A dark cloud of sorrow will soon enough change thy young life. '*Beata*'¹—blessed one—thou hast nothing to re-

proach thyself with; thou art the embodiment of everything that is pure, holy, and trusting in woman; and to such as thou, to whom the very breath of religious life is freedom, perfect freedom, I say, 'Dance on.'"

The first time I visited Carmel, it made a deep impression on me. Sad, solitary, and silent as it was, the silence was full of peace. One could almost fancy he heard the chant of the requiem—the response of the litany—"Ora pro nobis." Walking in the church, in the second chapel on the left hand side, I came across part of a prayer, written in Spanish on the wall. It has since become in part destroyed by the crumbling of the wall, and unless it has been restored is now to be seen complete only in the copy kept by the priest. When I saw it, it read as follows:

*"O, Corazon de Jesus,
Siempre ardes y resplandeces,
Enciende e ilumina el mio de tu amor divino.*



*"Angeles y Santos,
Alabemos al Corazon de Jesus."*

"Oh, Heart of Jesus
Always burning and shining,
Kindle and illumine mine with thy divine love.
"Angels and Saints,
Let us praise the Heart of Jesus."

Of this prayer, so expressive of the deep, devotional feeling of the Spanish people, Longfellow's latest poem—"The Bells of San Blas" (written March 15th, 1882)—always reminded me.

"What say the Bells of San Blas,
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbor of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the shore—
Nothing more to master or man.

"But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems,
Are often one and the same—
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than a name.

¹The Catholic women of Monterey, in speaking of Concepcion Argüello, do not call her by her name, but always "The Beata."

"Oh, bring us back once more,
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled.
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build."

For one cannot read this crumbling inscription without feeling indeed brought back to realization those days of faith, of "fervid zeal," of

"The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build."

But everything is changed now. Mexico robbed and secularized the Missions; earthquakes leveled the adobe walls; and then came *los Americanos*—*los gringos* (a term

that means a strange, barbarous tongue, which the Spanish apply to any English-speaking people). Then came a different language, a different civilization. The late Mr. Edward Vischer, who has done so much to preserve the Missions, writes:

"Should these crumbling walls teach us the fallacy of human designs—though not a vestige remain to commemorate their missionary work—history owes these priestly pioneers a broader

EPITAPH.

"SERVANTS OF GOD, MASONS OF THE
GREAT ARCHITECT,
These humble Monks have laid the corner stone
OF OUR PACIFIC STATES."

Mary Graham.

A PRACTICAL CONSIDERATION OF THE MORMON QUESTION.

PROMINENT among the moral and political problems that are at present engaging the attention of the American people is the Mormon question. This question has been steadily growing in importance during the last twenty-five years. It has demanded the careful consideration of our national legislature, and has called out a protest from the Christian people of our land. The Mormons have founded and built up a great and prosperous state in the very center of the country—on the roadway between the two oceans. Many of their number have set at defiance a law of the United States. Within the last few years, public opinion has become so aroused upon the subject of polygamy, that Congress has been compelled to legislate several times against it.

On July 1, 1862, Congress passed an act providing that "every person having a husband or wife living who marries another, whether married or single, in a Territory or other place over which the United States have jurisdiction, is guilty of bigamy," and punishable accordingly.

The next move in this direction was the passage of what is popularly known as the Edmunds Bill (March 2, 1882). This meas-

ure, framed by the ablest lawyer and statesman in the United States Senate, provided for the trial of polygamists: he aimed to make the bill efficient by forbidding any polygamist or any one who believed in this doctrine to serve upon a jury during the trial of persons charged with plural marriage. It also disfranchised all polygamists. The bill has proved a complete failure. It is still found impossible to convict a polygamist, and the power of the Mormon Church is as strong as ever.

Besides this measure, the House of Representatives has unseated the delegate from Utah, George Q. Cannon; the President has appointed the Hon. Eli H. Murray Governor of Utah, a man who has waged active war against the Mormons, and has shown himself to be a fearless and uncompromising opponent to them; in his last message, President Arthur urged the assumption by Congress of entire political control of the Territory. Edmunds has introduced a new bill, and Cullom, of Illinois, has also proposed a plan of government that he believes will remedy the evil. There are several other measures before Congress. The people have not been idle; mass meetings have de-

nounced the Mormons, and a "National League for the Suppression of Polygamy" has been organized, with head-quarters at Cleveland, O. It is proposed to organize branches all through the country, and to disseminate knowledge of the question to all the people.

This, in brief, is an account of the proceedings against the Mormon people. Most of these measures have been brought about in answer to the popular clamor. It is our intention to discuss this matter, in order to find out in how far Mormonism is an evil, and how it can be combated. We shall dissect the various plans before Congress, and shall endeavor to point out in how far each of them squares with the letter and spirit of our Constitution.

It is necessary to a proper understanding of the subject in hand, that a short sketch of the rise and growth of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints be given. For it is upon such history that we must base our reasons for and against Mormonism.

This Church was founded at Fayette, Seneca Co., New York, in 1830, by Joseph Smith and a few followers. Smith claimed to have received a revelation from God, and to have had given to him by an angel an inspired book. It has been satisfactorily proved that Smith was an idle, visionary fellow, with very little honesty or moral character; and that the so-called Book of Mormon was an almost direct copy of a book entitled "The Manuscript Found," composed by Solomon Spaulding, a clergyman. The truth or falsity of Joseph Smith's claim that he was a prophet of God has nothing to do with our discussion. The Church grew rapidly; a flourishing settlement soon sprang up at Kirtland, Ohio, and a revelation led to a settlement in Missouri. This latter place was announced to be the New Jerusalem, and the capital of Christ's kingdom on earth. Within a few months twelve hundred believers had gathered at the New Jerusalem. They were mostly tradesmen and small farmers, and were orderly and industrious. The wilderness was soon turned into a fruitful field, and flourishing villages dotted the country.

But the Saints were not prudent; they claimed the establishment of a temporal kingdom. They boasted much of taking possession of Missouri and of the world. Their clanship and unity of action caused them to be distrusted. A band of men, which afterwards became the "Danites," was formed, and made it exceedingly unpleasant for apostate Mormons and troublesome Gentiles. The warlike tone of the Saints alarmed the Missourians, who began to fear that they would lose political supremacy. When the Mormons found that the outsiders were alarmed, and were beginning to contemplate measures against them, they tried to overawe them by threats of violence. At a local election an open fracas took place. The Mormons drove off their opponents, confiscated their property, and burned some houses. Complaints were carried to the Governor, and he called out the militia to restore order. The principal leaders were arrested, and the Mormon people were driven from the State. This was undoubtedly an illegal measure, and can be looked upon as persecution. The Saints suffered terribly. Thousands crossed the bleak prairies in the midst of December; the aged and the young, women and children, were to be seen in that forlorn and unresisting band. They were welcomed by the people of Illinois, who took pity upon their misfortunes. The Governor of Missouri gives this reason for the action of his State: "These people had violated the laws of the land by open and avowed resistance to them; they had undertaken, without the aid of the civil authority, to redress their real or fancied grievances; they had instituted among themselves a government of their own, independent of, and in opposition to, the government of this State; they had at an inclement season of the year driven the inhabitants of an entire county from their homes, ravaged their crops, and destroyed their dwellings. Under these circumstances, it became the imperative duty of the Executive to interpose, and exercise the powers with which he was invested to protect the lives and property of our citizens, to restore order and tranquility to the

country, and maintain the supremacy of our laws."

The violence in Missouri gave a new impulse to Mormonism. The people were united in closer bonds, and were more determined than ever to achieve the success of their cause. The inhabitants of Illinois provided them with food and clothing, and granted them a most liberal charter for their new city of Nauvoo, which immediately sprang up. The same industry that had distinguished them in Missouri prevailed here. The city was soon crowded with people; the surrounding country was laid under tribute, and Mormon dwellings covered the entire region. Joseph Smith had, of course, been elected mayor; he immediately organized the Nauvoo Legion and made himself commander-in-chief. But, dissatisfied with their material prosperity, the Saints must interfere in State affairs. Joseph Smith put himself forward as a candidate for the Presidency in 1844. The Nauvoo municipality declared that "the municipal court should have jurisdiction in all cases of arrest made in the city by any process whatever." The government of Missouri sent requisition after requisition to Illinois for Smith's arrest. But he was always released on a writ of *habeas corpus* by the all-powerful municipal court. The council of Nauvoo, not satisfied with this, enacted, in 1843-'44, that "no writ issued from any other place than Nauvoo, for the arrest of any person in it, should be executed in the city without an approval endorsed thereon by the mayor; that if any public officer, by virtue of any foreign writ, should attempt to make an arrest in the city without such approval of his process, he should be subject to imprisonment for life; and that the Governor of the State should not have the power of pardoning without the consent of the mayor."

Such actions as these aroused the indignation of the outside people of the State. And when in addition it became known that Smith and the elders of the Church were attempting to practice polygamy, excitement reached a fever heat. Some of the men whose wives and sisters had been approached

by Smith, swore out writs against the leaders of the church on charges of attempted seduction. A posse tried to arrest them. The Nauvoo Legion prevented the arrest; and when the militia was called out, Smith declared the city under martial law. But wiser counsels prevailed, and Smith gave himself up. He was carried to the jail at Carthage, and charged with treason. On the night of June 27th, 1844, a mob assaulted the jail and shot Joseph and Hyrum Smith to death.

Brigham Young was now chosen prophet. The people of Illinois, not satisfied with the murder of the prophet and his brother, threatened to destroy the entire city. Finally, in 1844-'45, Brigham Young received a revelation directing him to lead his people out of Illinois into the promised land. They crossed the plains into Utah, and there, on the 27th of July, 1847, laid the foundation of a new State. They called their land Deserét, or "The Land of the Honey Bee." The same prosperity and success has attended them here. They have built up cities and towns, and have covered every fertile valley with their farm-houses. There has been some trouble with the United States Government; and in 1857 an army was sent against them. But everything was amicably settled. The Church controls Utah, and has sent its emissaries into the neighboring territories. In fact, so great has been the settlement of Mormons in Arizona and Idaho, that the elections are there decided by their votes.

The entire management of the Church is in the hands of a Presidency which consists of three persons—the seer and two counselors. The subordinate duties of the Church are performed by apostles, elders, councils of the seventies, and other priestly organizations. The pretensions of the Church are great. It claims to be the only true Church of God on earth. It hopes to convert all the nations: and, in the near future, to set up a temporal kingdom. The preachings of the Church are, however, confined principally to the same doctrines that are taught by the Christian sects. They acknowledge the Old and New Testaments as the Word of God, in

so far as they have not been superseded by later revelations. The only doctrine of the Church that demands censure is polygamy. This practice was revealed to Joseph Smith about 1842, but was not published until 1853.

The various steps in the growth of the Mormon Church are now before us. From these we find our answer to the question, Should Mormonism be combated? There are but few people in the country that would not answer either practically or unreservedly in the affirmative. Those in favor of combating this evil are practically divided into three classes. The first class is composed of certain ministers and bigoted churchmen who can see nothing good in it; who, being almost unacquainted with it, nevertheless denounce it as a sin against God and man. The second class is made up of men who think that the Mormon Church and its adherents are opposed to the institutions of our government; these men are in favor of taking away from the Saints all political rights. They assert that they are hostile to the United States Government, and that the Church interferes and rules the State. They are opposed to polygamy, but believe it to be of only secondary importance when the political aspects of the subject are considered. The third great class are those who see with regret and indignation the law of the United States willfully violated, and the moral law of the Christian world set at naught by the practice of polygamy. They believe that polygamy is a curse to the country, and should be stamped out of existence. We shall now discuss these various views, and endeavor to show how far each is correct. The principal remedies that have been suggested from time to time in Congress and through the press shall be considered. But it must be once more remarked that all such must be measured by their squaring with the Constitution. We shall also endeavor to point out a plan of improvement wherever it is needed.

The men who see nothing good in Mormonism, who denounce it without knowledge of its inner workings, are many. But such

men have forgotten the spirit of our institutions. The history of this people shows the falsity of such views. We find them deluded and superstitious, but the great mass of them, at all times, have been honest, industrious, and progressive. They cleared the Missouri wilderness; when driven thence they built up a populous and prosperous city. They grew rich; their fields produced in abundance, and artisans crowded their busy streets. When, under the leadership of Brigham Young, they crossed the desert, we cannot characterize them as shiftless or worthless; but on the contrary, they showed themselves determined and self-sacrificing men and women. A people who unflinchingly faced that thousand miles of wilderness and began again their labors, have earned the respect and admiration of all. We see Utah, in 1847, almost uninhabited; now, a great commonwealth. It has become, truly, the "Land of the Honey Bee." Emigrants have poured in from all quarters, until her population now numbers about one hundred and fifty thousand. The unpromising soil has been cultivated; ten thousand miles of irrigating canals have been built; towns and cities have sprung up.

The taxes in Utah are lighter than those of any State or Territory of our Union, and there is no bonded debt. The jails are not half filled. In 1881, out of twenty-nine prisoners in the county jail, but six were Mormons. In the State prison there were fifty-one prisoners, and only five of these Mormons. The returns for the arrests of the same year show but one hundred and sixty-nine Mormons against eight hundred and fifty-one Gentiles. When it is remembered that more than six-sevenths of the people of this territory are Mormons, the prison returns speak volumes for the good order and morality of this people. The industry and temperance of its citizens are remarked by all who visit its territory. The enlightened constitution that was framed by them in 1882, when they applied for admission, shows them in a good light. Here are several of its provisions: There shall be freedom to worship God according to the dic-

tates of our consciences ; there shall be total separation of Church and State ; and no part of the school moneys of the State shall ever be diverted to the use of any sect.

These men are, many of them, from the ignorant classes of Europe. Do not such works as these just pointed out—the direct result of the elevating force of their religion, and of the enthusiasm generated by it—proclaim that their faith must have some of the groundwork of truth in it? They are, in much, entitled to be called a Christian sect ; in fact, their name is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They differ only in the claim of miraculous gifts and of a living prophet from the Christian churches. They worship the same God as the Christians ; they preach salvation in the after life through the redeeming power of Jesus Christ's death. They have the Old and New Testaments for the basis of their religion.

We have painted these people in, perhaps, too bright colors ; but the essential points of our picture are true. The knowledge that they are ought to set at rest forever the clamor against the Mormons. Their works entitle them to a position as high as that occupied by many of the so-called Christian churches. But if this be not enough, the fact remains that, by the Constitution of the United States, they have a right to worship God as they please. The first amendment says : "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The Mormon Church can be interfered with but by moral means. The Constitution forbids all other interference.

The second great class who believe that Mormonism should be combated, are those who assert that the Mormon Church is opposed to our institutions and a menace to our free government. These assertions are true. We have seen the saints driven from Missouri and Illinois, because of their interference in politics, and because of their threats to set up a temporal kingdom. Their course in Utah has been the same. Aside from their teachings, their actions have continually upheld the interference of

the Church in secular affairs. The Utah legislature is composed of men acceptable to the Mormon Church, and the delegate of Utah in Congress is a nominee of the Church. It is well known that the Mormons hold the balance of power in Idaho and Arizona, and that their votes are cast solidly, according to the directions of the Church authorities. The violent denunciations with which Governor Murray's appointment of several Gentile Regents to the University has been met, show that the Church will not easily brook interference with its power.

The Mormon Church is a hostile power in our very midst. But the most serious question is how to combat it. The Constitution is limited in its powers, and does not seem to afford any adequate means of grappling with it. The only measure before Congress dealing with this subject is the bill of Cullom, of Illinois, which provides for the appointment of a Governor and Legislative Council by the President and Senate. This bill is useless and unconstitutional. It would not in the least break the moral power of the Mormon Church, which is really at the root of all this evil ; nor would it provide against the encroachments of the Church in Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Arizona. It would take the government of Utah out of the hands of its people, and would place it in the hands of a few. It seems to us that the United States Congress and people have had enough of such governments. The Southern States are a living and frightful example of a government from the outside. Surely we should have learned the lesson from that unhappy experiment, that the worst government by the people themselves is better than any that can come from without.

The bill is unconstitutional. It is foreign to the spirit of the Constitution and of our people ; for it takes from some of our number the right of local self-government, which from the earliest times has been the pride of our people and the safeguard of our liberties. But more than this, the people of the Territories are as much citizens of the United States as are the people of the States. The

fourteenth amendment declares that "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." What right have we to take from these men their votes and their local self-government because they dislike the government of the United States, or because they vote according to the dictates of their Church? We cannot safely establish such a precedent. For the Southern people do or did dislike the government of the United States, and the ignorant Irish are, as a whole, just as priest-ridden as the most ignorant members of the Mormon Church.

The Constitution gives no right to Congress to punish a community collectively, except for armed rebellion. The Mormons have done nothing in violation of the laws of the United States, although a minority of their number have individually done so in practising polygamy. But the Constitution declares that each man shall suffer for his own sins, and not for those of his neighbor; and that no man shall suffer at all, in time of peace, without due process of law.

In addition, if we but consider this question on the broadest grounds of political expediency, we must decide that no measure which takes from a people their local self-government can be justified. To show this, I must partially repeat myself. In the original Low German home, the Angles and Saxons had, as the basis of their political life, local government. They brought this to England, and upon it is built the political life of England. The same township system was transplanted to America, and even more highly developed. It is the corner-stone upon which our government rests. Surely, any interference with this local government is a dangerous menace to our free institutions. Yet, when the affairs of Utah are considered, we constantly hear the plan of depriving 150,000 people of this inalienable right advocated. No discrimination is made between the innocent and the guilty, the Mormon

and the Gentile. For the crime of 10,000 polygamists, more than 26,000 Gentiles, who are good citizens of the United States, and 115,000 Mormons, who have committed no overt act against law and order, must be deprived of all political rights. These people must be governed by a commission delegated by an outside authority, and entirely foreign to them. There is no remedy in any measure that violates the Constitution and the highest laws of political expediency.

Hon. Eli H. Murray, Governor of Utah, has proposed that colonists be sent into Utah, and given lands there. This plan, although it has several disadvantages, is worth consideration. Some of the money at present in the coffers of the United States might be given to a commission or bureau which shall have power to fix the character of the desired colonists that shall be aided, and which shall send them to Utah, and give them a fair start there. But would not such a measure revive again a guerilla war such as devastated Kansas? It seems probable that such would unavoidably be the result. The new colonists, coming under the sanction of the general government, would undoubtedly be led to consider themselves specially favored by it. They would not behave with that forbearance and kindness that would be necessary to keep down the irritated feelings of the Mormons. The latter, on the other hand, knowing the purposes of the colonists, would annoy them by all the means in their power. It would be almost impossible for a Gentile to enter and stay in Utah in opposition to the Mormon Church. These mutual annoyances would soon lead to trouble and bloodshed. We cannot afford to have anything that would disturb in the least the quiet of Utah or of the country. The only adequate and peaceful remedy within the limits of the constitutional powers of Congress is time and education. We will enlarge upon this in our discussion of polygamy.

The third great class opposed to the Mormon Church are those who are determined to see polygamy done away with. A large number of the Mormons practice plural marriage, and the teachings of the Church

urge it upon all. They claim, too, that by the first amendment they have a right to practice it, and that the anti-polygamy law of 1862 is unconstitutional. It is unnecessary, in this place, to discuss the morality or immorality of this doctrine. The civilized world has laid its ban upon it, and has declared that it is a curse to the people who practice it. The question naturally arises, Is the interpretation put upon the first amendment by the Mormon Church the correct one? A little thought will assure us that it cannot be. The Constitution protects what one believes, but not the criminal acts that may result from such belief. However, the Supreme Court has decided this for us. In *Reynolds vs. United States*, the court decided that "a party's religious belief cannot be accepted as a justification for his committing an overt act made criminal by the law of the land. Congress can pass laws preventing the free exercise of religion only when teachings break out into overt acts against peace and good order."

Laws are made for the controlling of actions. A government could exist only in name, if professed doctrines of religion were superior to the law of the land. Congress has, therefore, the right to pass laws dealing with this subject. The law of 1862, however, is a failure. It has been found impossible to secure convictions under it. The first Edmunds Bill succeeded no better; but this senator has still another measure to propose. In this one, he compels the lawful wife of the polygamist to testify; provides for the filing of a written certificate of every marriage ceremony in the territories of the United States, and abolishes female suffrage. We do not see that this will help matters in the least. A false registration can easily be made; or there need be no registration at all. It would be just as hard to convict of failure to register as it is now to convict a polygamist. The Church can also absolve the first wife from sin if she perjure herself in the courts of the United States, so that nothing could be gained from her testimony. It has also proved impossible to convict a man of cohabiting with more than one woman. This

was a provision of both of the previous laws on polygamy.

In addition to its legislation on polygamy, this measure attempts to break the power of the Mormon Church. All laws incorporating, continuing or providing for the corporation, and also the incorporating ordinances, so far as they may preclude the appointment of trustees by the United States, are repealed. The President, with the advice of the Senate, is given the power to appoint fourteen trustees, who shall have all the power granted to the trustees and assistant trustees in the act creating the corporation. This section is undoubtedly void under the decision rendered by the Supreme Court in the *Dartmouth College* case. It is to be regretted that legislation directed against polygamy should be hampered with any doubtful provisions.

It has also been suggested that trial by jury be abolished in the Territory, and that the district attorney proceed by information before a United States judge; also that the trial could be removed to another Territory or State, on account of the impossibility of having a fair trial. These plans are contrary to the U. S. Constitution. Amendment fifth reads: "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury." The sixth amendment says: "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law."

There is but one most peaceable and efficient solution of this entire problem. It is by means of education. The adherents of the Mormon Church are most of them ignorant, being made up, it is averred, from the pauper class of Europe. No measure that does not tend to raise them from their present low level can be of permanent efficiency. It is a moral evil we are attacking—the moral influence of the Mormon Church. No martial nor political measure can reach this influence. And all attempts of this sort are

sure to make the Mormons look upon themselves as martyrs, and, as a result, to make them more devoted than ever to their religion and their priesthood. Such attempts are also likely to arouse the sympathy of all men who are adverse to anything that even hints at persecution. These feelings can be removed, and the root of the evil got at, by adopting the educational remedy. There are two ways of doing this. The Christian Church, with its vast moral power, can easily bring about good results. Let some of the millions that are annually sent abroad to convert the heathen be kept at home, and used to elevate the ignorant of our land. A Christian board of missionaries can be sent to Utah. Missions and schools can be established. The pulpit and the schoolmaster, working hand-in-hand, would drive out polygamy, and remove the blind veneration for the priestly head of the Church in a single generation.

The Christian Church has as yet made no

move in this direction, but has contented itself with uttering philippics against the Mormon Church and people. If they are not disposed to undertake the work, the United States Government must do it. There is, at present, a large surplus revenue flowing into the treasury vaults of the Government. Numerous bills to distribute some of this among the States, to be used in the cause of education, have been discussed in the Senate and House of Representatives. A bill setting aside an adequate sum for the establishment of a public school system in the Territories of the United States would undoubtedly find favor. The details of the plan and the work of putting it into execution ought to be left to a commission appointed by the President and Senate. Compulsory attendance would assure the presence of the Mormon children. Enlightenment would soon remove that plague spot, polygamy, from our moral life, and would reduce to a minimum the influence of the Mormon priesthood.

William A. Beatty.

YOUNG STRONG OF "THE CLARION."

If you had asked any resident of Green's Ferry some eight years ago—say, in '76—who were the leading men of his town, he would doubtless have begun:

"Well, there's Judge Garvey, of course. Then there's Uncle Billy Green, who built the first shanty there in '49, and young Strong of 'The Clarion'—"

However he might continue his enumeration, it would certainly have been as above for the first three names. One you would have recognized, if you had been following State politics closely for some years; for Judge Garvey was very regularly chosen State senator in his district, and had held the barren honor of presidential elector the last time his party carried the State. In '76, some of the papers were urging his nomination for Congress, and politicians thought his chance of such a nomination increasing. It has not turned out so; his name has

quite dropped out of the papers, and it is said he does not certainly control his own county now; but at that time he was the most potent political influence in three counties. What he influenced them to, I never clearly understood, for I cannot recall that I ever heard his name mentioned in connection with any measure or opinion.

A file of "The Clarion" during the four years that young Strong was editor would doubtless throw light on the matter. "The Clarion" was at this time a sort of voice crying in the wilderness about Reform, which was a very new idea, indeed, to its readers. Garvey did not like the paper, and young Strong disliked Garvey very much; but the two men had kept on fairly good terms—not so rigid good terms, of course, as to forbid their expressing to third parties the frankest contempt for each other. The Judge had here the advantage, for Strong despised

him indignantly, as a knave, while he despised Strong—or said he did—pityingly, as a fool. He must, however, have at bottom honored the young fellow with some serious antipathy; for it was after all no laughing matter that a boy of twenty-five should come into "his Gaul, which he had conquered by arms," and filch away his home paper from under his very eyes. Moreover, though people read the editorials, laughed, and voted with the Judge just the same—they still did read them. However, Judge Garvey certainly was more civil to Strong than Strong was to him.

As for Uncle Billy Green, his rank was due not only to his connection with the "first shanty" (a house of entertainment at the point where a trail turned from the river toward the mines), but to his having remained steadily on the spot ever since, putting up a larger building at intervals as the settlement gathered around him, until now he was proprietor of the American Eagle Hotel, a house of goodly dimensions and generous equipment—billiard-room, bowling alley, shooting-gallery. Nor did Uncle Billy Green own and conduct this house in a purely business spirit; a more modest one would have been more profitable; he liked to "do that much for the town." A man by the name of Gulliver had established the old rope-ferry, before the day of bridges, but it was naturally called Green's Ferry, being a ferry at Green's place. He had been of an undoubted valor in the Indian fights of early days, was full of reminiscences, had no personal objections to anybody or anything, and had long given over to Judge Garvey the trouble of forming his opinions.

Judge Garvey and young Strong were pretty sure to be put upon such boards or committees as the local affairs of the small town demanded; and in local matters they proved to pull together fairly well, however at odds they were politically. But in the end it was not over politics, but over the district school, that they fell out squarely. They were both trustees, and as Green was the third, the board seemed in little danger from any too radical reforming tendencies young Strong might be guilty of, and the

Judge had no thought of danger as he walked down to "The Clarion" office, a breathless September afternoon, a couple of days before the school should open.

He found young Strong in his editorial room. This was a corner of the printing office, fenced off by a great screen pasted over with old exchanges. Behind this, Strong sat at his table, correcting proof energetically. It was evident that he took the editing of this little four-page weekly rather seriously—but, then, a man must needs be business-like to produce even four pages weekly with one assistant, and Strong had to economize time enough from strictly editorial functions to do a goodly share of type-setting and the rest of the mechanics of the office.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Mr. Strong," said the Judge. "I perceive you are arduously occupied. But it becomes necessary to confer with you with regard to the school-teacher."

The Judge was a tall and vigorously built man—a little red-faced, but good-looking, if one did not insist on too fine a definiteness of outline. He spoke habitually with a certain inflation of manner, and tried to form himself upon a Southern type that was pretty abundant in our politics some years earlier. He was, however, a native of rural New York, early transplanted to California.

Strong turned in his chair, and sitting sideways, rested his elbow on the proof-sheets, holding the pencil still in his fingers.

"Well?" he said. "I thought everything was settled."

"Assuredly." Judge Garvey rested his folded arms upon the pile of books stacked at the rear of the table, and leaned over them in a friendly way. "Mr. Coakley is to arrive Sunday evening, and will begin the term on Monday morning, to the great satisfaction, I can guarantee, of all concerned. A slight and merely temporary embarrassment has arisen, with respect to which a few words will make it all right. In point of fact, the young woman with whom we previously held correspondence—who, you will remember, broke her engagement with us to take a more advantageous position—is here."

The Judge stopped for question or comment, but as Strong waited for explanation, he went on:

"She has, it appears, failed after all to secure that, and come here expecting to fall back upon our school, not having heard that it was engaged."

"Well, that's unfortunate for her," said Strong, "but you can't ship Coakley now."

"Your views coincide exactly with my own, my dear sir." The Judge straightened up with some relief. "I have only to ask, then, for a note to the lady to that effect, that my own explanation already given may be corroborated."

Strong began to look alert and suspicious at this.

"Views coincide?" he said. "What two views could there be? What does she say brought her here?"

"She's got an idea that she's got first claim on the place," said the Judge, plumping suddenly into colloquial diction. He had a trick of doing so when he got down to business. It would have had something the effect of candid confession, produced by a maiden's plain-hair days alternated with her waved-hair days, had not the grandiloquence of tone and manner become so far second nature that it ran through both his dialects, and lessened the contrast. "You can't always make a woman see sense."

Strong looked suspiciously at him a few seconds. "Well, I'll go see her this evening," he said. "Where's she staying?"

"That is a totally superfluous tax on your time, my dear Strong," said the Judge, leaning persuasively across the books again. "I have here a mere formal line, stating that Coakley is the regularly engaged teacher of the school, and will begin next Monday; your signature to it—Green's and mine are already there—will be all that is necessary." He pushed pen and ink toward Strong with his exaggerated air of courtesy.

"Oh, I'm not going to sign things that way, you know. I'll go see her." He turned and drew his proof-sheets to him with an air of dismissal.

The Judge stood up very straight, expand-

ed his chest, and folded his arms according to his conception of the Virginian manner. "Am I to understand, sir, that you question my veracity?"

"I don't question anything," said the young man impatiently. "I'll know what I'm talking about when I've seen her."

"Permit me to suggest, sir"—the Judge was approaching his platform manner—"Permit me to suggest, sir, that Mr. Green and myself constitute a majority of the board, and Mr. Green, sir—Uncle Billy Green—has confidence in my honor, and will sustain my action, whatever line *you* may be persuaded to adopt."

"Oh, as to that," said Strong, exaggerating his crispness of manner in protest against the Judge's staginess, "I'm clerk of the board, and you can't hold a legal meeting nor pay a salary without me. What's the reason you don't want me to see her?"

Judge Garvey unfolded his arms, fell back a step, and dropped easily into the sonorous declamation that made the stalwart Judge no inconspicuous figure on the floor of the Legislature. The newspapers, of course, were responsible for his language—as for the rest of his education; but such as it was, he used it fluently, and the declamatory manner was, to his constituency, quite an essential of eloquence—the prime difference, in fact, between oratory and plain talking.

"You cast aspersions upon my honor, sir. Through me you insult the people of Green's Ferry—of this county—of this district—the enlightened and honorable constituency who it is my proud honor to represent. I sco-r-n to answer your insinuations, sir. They will be hurled back upon yourself by the united voice and righteous indignation of my justly aroused fellow-townsmen, by the voters of this noble district—I may say, by the whole State of California—to which I am not unknown, sir."

Half-a-dozen of the justly aroused fellow-townsmen were straggling in from the street, for in Green's Ferry a sprinkling of the citizens spend the warm afternoons sitting in absolute tranquility on boxes and barrels here and there, under the awnings of the several

business blocks; and the knowledge that a row was at last on between Judge Garvey and young Strong reached them at the first peal. The Judge, alive to the increase of his audience, raised his voice a shade, and went on with a curious mixture of complacency and genuine wrath.

"Is it lack of confidence that has sent me to represent my honorable constituency in the legislative halls of California, Mr. Strong? Have I received that proud token of esteem only to be insulted by one whose obscurity is his only shield; who, with unknown record, with no recommendation save his own overwhelming self-esteem, comes among us to sow dissent in peaceful counsels, and draw scorn and contempt upon his own head by impotent and futile attacks upon those whom he is powerless to harm?"

This rounded the climax well, so the Judge only added: "The call you propose, sir, I shall regard as a direct insult to myself," and strode dramatically from the room.

The papered screen went crashing to the floor behind him. The justly aroused fellow-townsmen looked after him, laughing but admiring.

"Laid you out, didn't he, Strong?"

"That's the way he does it at Sacramento. Oh, the Judge is a real orator—there's no doubt of that."

"He don't have to make his speech up beforehand. No sir, right where he is, any time of day, he just turns the faucet, and there it comes."

"What was the row, anyway, Strong?"

"I don't know myself; something about a teacher—he began to bluster all of a sudden." Strong walked over to the screen, picked it up, set it straight along a crack with intense precision, and went back to his seat. "Drunk, isn't he? I haven't heard him take the stump that way since election. He's always made rather a point of not quarreling with me, too."

"Oh, he's no drunker'n usual," answered with candor a fellow-townsmen. "The Judge ain't really himself until he's a little off. He didn't blow so without some reason; don't you fool yourself—not if I know the man."

"Well, if he's got any game he must have come to his last chance in it, to try bullying on *me*," said Strong; and then another of the group asked:

"What row could there be about a teacher, Strong? Thought you'd given him his man."

The pencil rolled from the edge of the table across the floor at Strong's movement of attention. "Coakley?—what of him?"

The man began to laugh, and one or two others joined in. One of them said a little offensively: "Pretty good on you, youngster! You took too big a contract for your age when you undertook to keep up with Judge Garvey. He'll give you odds and take you in, every time."

Strong reddened a little, but waited to be answered with very fair composure.

"Didn't you really know, Strong? The Judge scored one on you that time, then. Why, he's been Garvey's man in Sierra Township one or two elections now. Used to be a Millerite preacher, before your day, but he broke down at that. Good hand in county politics, but he's always completely out of business between times. Why you remember him, Strong—he was round with the Judge election times—cross-eyed fellow, with black sidlers."

"*That* fellow? Why, he can't spell straight! The way of it was, Judge Garvey told us only Tuesday that the teacher we'd got—first-rate certificates—had backed out; and we couldn't put off beginning school any longer, nor hear of any teacher to be had; so when he produced this man, we had really no choice. I suppose I needn't ask where he got his certificates."

"No—Garvey's solid with this county board and superintendent."

"Disgraceful!" said Strong; whereat all laughed, except one who had lost a ranch a few years before during business dealings with the Judge.

"Oh, he's a scamp—I wouldn't trust him out of sight with his baby's silver mug," said this man with feeling. The rest laughed again. In Green's Ferry a certain easy-going good-heartedness is required by the public conscience, rather than decalogue virtues.

Garvey liked sharp practice—all right; if you were yourself hurt, you would naturally begin to vote against him; otherwise, it was none of your business, except as successful rascality had a claim on your admiration. Young Strong liked to write furious reform editorials—all right; if you were the one hit, you would swear at Strong and stop your subscription until a hit on some one else made you renew it; otherwise, it was none of your business and lively reading. They leaned against the wall and desk, and began with perfect good nature to tell stories of the Judge.

"R'member the time he got that Mexican ranch? Fellow thought it was a bill of sale for thirty acres he was signing, and it was three hundred."

"Best thing was when he made old man Meeker believe he was dying, and deed over a good fifty thousand dollars in stock to his daughter—and married the girl, sir, before the old fellow found he was good for twenty years more. He made the air smell of brimstone the rest of his life if you mentioned Garvey to him! Drowned in a ford a winter or two later, after all. Used to live in a little shanty up Indian Crick and raise potatoes—and Garvey sent him a cow—cheekiest thing!"

Strong turned sharply away from the laugh that followed, and went on with his work, while they slowly dispersed. He worked on savagely with brows drawn together. "It isn't so much the existence of scoundrels like Garvey that gets me," he was saying to himself, "as the way the whole crowd of them take him." He stopped to read over the words he was correcting—they were editorial:

"Was ever folly greater than this of our community, in dropping everything else to run after money. For what do you expect to do with it when you get it? Better eating, and drinking, and the privilege of being toadied to by those who want to make something out of you—what more can you get out of money, if you have never made anything of *yourself*? Just as a pig, if he might take his choice whether he would be turned

into a man or would be moved into a cosier sty, with more unbounded swill, would doubtless choose the sty!"

"My broom against the ocean," he said; but he went on correcting doggedly.

And, not to conceal from you what was in reality the most significant fact about Will Strong—the key to about everything he thought and did—he was mentally submitting this editorial, as he had submitted every other he had written, to the test of the probable opinion of a young woman he had not seen nor heard from for two years, but who nevertheless constituted to his mind the chief motive for existence—if not the chief and sufficient explanation of the human race's having been created at all. You must realize, before trying to understand his story, that Will Strong was really a very romantic young man indeed, though he pretended to Green's Ferry that he was not.

Outside the screen, the strips of sun through the western window and open door lengthened across the meager collection of dusty fonts of type, the small press, the piles of papers. The black-fingered, red-haired boy setting type among them reflected that it must be nearly dinner-time, and turned to see how far in the hot strips had crept—turned, and stood staring; for he met squarely the inquiring look of a pair of clear eyes, and became aware of a lady in the doorway.

It is probable that Jim had never dreamed in his life of any other social distinction than that between rich and poor, notorious and obscure, nor was he a lad of perceptions; yet he knew at once that this was a very unusual sort of lady for Green's Ferry. If he had been a man of the social world he would have known that she was a gentlewoman of notably high-bred appearance. She glanced, not without dismay, about the shabby workroom, as if she felt herself where she had no business to be. Nevertheless, she came forward frankly, and asked in the friendly way of one whose station needs no asserting:

"Mr. Strong?—one of the school-board?—Is he here?"

"Yes'm." The boy made no motion, but stood blankly staring.

"May I see him, please?"

"Lady to see you, Mr. Strong," shouted Jim, standing still.

In the few seconds before Strong emerged, the lady stood her ground in the middle of the floor, with some appearance of anxiety. She was certainly a very noticeable person, and came nearer to warranting that strong word "beautiful" than falls often to the lot of woman. It was a matter of outline more than color, however, for she had not much of that about her—brown hair, blue-gray eyes, skin of a warm paleness. All this low coloring, however, was so perfect of its sort, that it gave something the effect of a fine etching—a rich distinctness attained by shades, not colors. Instead of being outshone by more brilliant-hued women, Miss Northrop had always had the effect of making them look chromo-like. So, too, a certain nobility and self-forgetfulness of manner made the more elaborate manners of others seem the crude device of inferiority. It was a good deal due to her eyes; she had most wonderful eyes, and I doubt if any man or many women ever met them in a full look without feeling a little stir of pulse—whether it was in the lashes, or in the sweet straightforwardness of look, utterly devoid of coquetry, or in the depth of the gray, or in what; certain it is that no one ever saw Miss Northrop without talking of her beautiful eyes.

"A lady to see him?" The word in Green's Ferry defined only the sex. Some one with a notice of a flock of sheep for sale, which she wanted to get in as a local; or with an ill-spelled poem; or—by George, yes—that school-mistress. Lucky she had not met Garvey there—poor girl! Strong laid his pencil down, and came out from behind the screen good naturedly enough—and stopped short. What a thing to happen to a man, that he should live and move and have his being for a dozen years in the thought of one woman, should count a world worth living in because she was somewhere on it, and a pitiful human race worth working for because they were her fellow-creatures—and should come out from behind his screen, and see her before his eyes—on his dingy

work-room floor—out of her four thousand miles' distance!

They had been four years schoolmates in a New England High School. Will was a farmer's lad, from an outlying, rocky village, who worked for his board while he went to school. He came of an unschooled, hard-working, God-fearing yeoman race. Winifred could look up every line of her descent, through a vista of governors, college-presidents, and ministers, back to Colonial aristocracy and gentry beyond sea. Her great-grandfathers had carried swords in Revolutionary battles, where Will's had followed with muskets. Winifred herself was one of those flowers into which excellent family trees break occasionally—flowers so lovely that no excellence of the tree seems enough to account for them. If she had any core of aristocratic coldness, it was so overlaid by a sweet humaneness, a frank generosity of impulse, that no one would have known it. If she had been a man, to have a valet, she would have been a hero to him.

Even in the democracy of school, Will Strong knew well enough the difference between his shy awkwardness and her pleasant frankness; and knew that though he could meet school requirements about as well as she, yet his mental range was crude and narrow beside hers; and any one could see that in the town where he was an unknown boy she was an important young lady. These things would not have counted for much had not some mediæval follower of some exiled king dropped down into the boy's temperament that passion of self-abasing loyalty that is rather an anachronism in our democratic days. They had been on terms of friendliness rather than friendship in school, but that was due more to his shyness than anything else. She had really given to him more opportunities than to most of her schoolmates; she liked his integrity and earnestness.

He had looked to college as the natural door between his world and hers; after four years at New Haven he might seek her acquaintance without audacity. To that end he had laboriously accumulated money, and

had even passed his matriculation, when his father's death made him indispensable on the poor little farm. Since then he had doggedly plodded alone through the college curriculum, but without finding in it the mysterious pass-word that he had expected into the intellectual aristocracy. Somewhat two years before, his mother's death and the growing up of younger brothers had left him free to seek his fortune in California. At twenty-seven he had lost his fresh look and boyish shyness; he looked older than he was, but he was really very youthful, and believed in all sorts of abstractions beginning with capitals. His mental furniture, being obtained from books, not people, was not quite in the style of the present decade, and he read Carlyle and Emerson more than Herbert Spencer. His creed had, therefore, quite transcendentalism enough to accommodate without incongruity his little private deification.

Once in every year or two, as opportunity took him near her home, he had called on her, and had multiplied each call mightily by thinking of it before and after. He had also kept up a stupid correspondence with a schoolmate who had lived in the same town with her, for the chance of her name being mentioned. Within a couple of years, however, she had lost her father and gone to relatives in New York, so he had lost exact knowledge even of her whereabouts.

She spoke before he had found his voice—without an instant's hesitation, indeed. "Oh, Will Strong!" she cried, stepping quickly toward him and holding out her hand. "I *hoped* it was you!"

He took the offered hand, and said to himself that his own was consecrated by the touch to clean deeds forever. He would not have known how to address her, but he followed her leading.

"It is Winifred Northrop!" he said. "What is it? Can I do something for you?"

"You are school-committee man, are you not?" Anxiety, relief, and trust mingled in her voice.

"Trustee—yes. Why," he cried, "it isn't possible that *you* are the lady!"

She laughed. "I suppose the lady must be I."

He did not smile. He even lost color with wrath. "Garvey has dared to play you some trick!—I did not dream—" he went on eagerly, "Garvey kept the letters in his hands, and bungled over the name, so I did not once fairly catch it."

He turned back to his corner, and put the remaining bit of proof into his pocket. New heavens and new earth had come into existence since the last pencil mark on it.

"Jim," he said, "I'm called off on school-business. You get as much of that set up as you can before dinner, and then lock up; and I'll come down and make the corrections in the editorials before I go to bed. Now—Winifred—if I may walk home with you, we'll get to the bottom of Garvey's tricks.—Villain!"

The epithet was so fervent, and so entirely without humorous intent, that Miss Northrop laughed again as they walked out into the dull, hot September afternoon sun. The board sidewalk was uneven and full of projecting nails and splinters, and she held her thin, blue-gray dress prettily aside from them; Will noted the gesture with admiration as intense as unreasonable. It seemed to him peculiarly admirable that she should draw her hat a little forward to shade her eyes, and should take just the length of step that she did; the absolutely right step for a lady was thenceforth settled; since then, he has insisted unreasonably upon a certain shade as the only right thing in gray, as if he held in his own mind some positive standard beyond the realm of variable taste.

The two or three business blocks—rows of slight frame-buildings, more of them saloons than would seem possible—were very quiet; Green's Ferry is the shipping point of a wide stock-raising district, and all its activity centers about the railroad station at stated times daily. The justly aroused fellow-townsmen were all back under the awnings—leaning against the wall by the post-office, sitting on boxes by the grocery; some indolently telling stories and chaffing; some look-

ing sleepily before them in absolute repose ; some in various stages of inert drunkenness. All stared curiously at young Strong and the strange lady, and prepared to talk them over afterward, but no one addressed him.

They turned aside soon into a broad cross street with no sidewalk, where the coarse dust was in places ankle deep. Behind them, beyond the main street, a few groups of yellowing cottonwoods on bare banks of reddish clay marked the course of the Sacramento ; before them the street faded into a limitless expanse of gravel, thinly dotted in the distance with dull green oaks, and bounded by long knolls, like wrinkles in the plain, dark with oaks against the smoky sky of September—a sky dull-blue above, dull-gray near the horizon.

Along either side of the street the flimsy wooden houses were set back, each in its yard, and surrounded by oleanders ; sometimes there would be a few parched roses, a trellis of Madeira-vine, a patch of carefully nursed grass, often a row of China-trees, whose fallen black seeds stippled the dust—but always the great rosy clumps of oleanders, glorying in the heat and drought. Every evening after dinner the owners come out, and stand watering these gardens with hose and sprinkler, till all along the street there is a murmur like rain and a smell of damp earth, and here and there through the warm twilight a glimpse of the white sprays of water ; while the families sit on the porches and doorstep, and gossip and laugh. At this hour, however, the little gardens and splendid oleanders lay hot and deserted in the dusty afternoon.

"I haven't till now had time to spare from being anxious to be interested," Miss Northrop said. "I was rather panic-stricken this morning, and things were awful, instead of interesting, in proportion to their newness."

This bit of pathos stiffened Will's manner with the awkwardness of over-feeling, as he asked: "Now, what can I do for you—Winfred?"

The awkwardness made him more like the school-boy Will; and then, a familiar face four thousand miles from home seems more

familiar than it really is. Miss Northrop answered confidently: "I will tell you all about it, and then you will know what to do. I wrote to Judge Garvey—some one referred me to him at Sacramento—and asked if I might teach the school. He wrote back that I might, fixed the day, and directed me to a boarding place that he had engaged for me. So I came by yesterday evening's train, and sent word that I was here. This morning he called and told me—with most oppressive civility—that as I had not answered his last letter, the place had been given to some one else. He said 'professional etiquette' here demands an answer in such a case, and failure to answer is equivalent to a withdrawal of the application."

"He lied," said Will parenthetically, walking along with his eyes on the ground ; she, on the contrary, looked at him often, with frank directness.

"He did not impress me," she said, "as the soul of candor. I said as little as possible to him, but when he was gone I asked about the rest of the committee, and as soon as I heard your name I hoped it was you ; I knew you were somewhere in California. This afternoon I received his letter written to prevent my coming. It had followed me up here by the same train that I came on." She held the letter in her hand, and Will quietly took it and kept it. "I would not raise any controversy about such a thing," she went on, "if I had any idea in the world where else to go or what to do." Her voice sharpened a little again, with a note of pathos.

Will did not know how to answer without seeming to question or comment, so there came a pause ; then he said :

"This Coakley was an electioneering agent of Garvey's, and doesn't know enough to teach babies. He seems to have turned up suddenly wanting help, and the Judge is willing enough to keep him on hand and under obligations until next election."

Miss Northrop stopped short and looked at him with brows a little raised, and her bearing became impalpably more distant.

"But I cannot enter into contest with

—these men for permission to teach school here," she said.

She was right, in her quick feeling that Will Strong's training could not have made work and discomfort and contact with vulgarity seem outside the sphere of women. If it had been one of his own sisters he would have said: "Oh, well, we have to take the world as we find it. Brace up, little girl; I'll put you safe through, and you'll find it's not so bad, after all."

But what he said to Winifred Northrop was: "It is outrageous! Such brutes as Garvey have no business to look at a lady! If you really prefer not to take the school," he went on with some embarrassment, "I hope you will call on me to help you in any other way; but if you want the school you shall have it, and no annoyance with it that I can help."

Miss Northrop repented that she had repented her confidence. "I remembered that you were kind of old, Will"—and her manner was irresistibly winning when she said such a thing—"but you are so very kind now that you make me ashamed. I only meant to ask you what I must do. Yes, I must take this position if I can, for I have no alternative."

"There is nothing for you to do," he said. "It is my place, as an officer of the school, to see that its rightful teacher is not defrauded."

"So it is," she said, relieved. "But I am none the less grateful."

"It is a pleasure to me to be able to do anything for you," he said gravely, somewhat stiffly—from his tone you would not have suspected much more truth than usual in the formula.

She only said: "You are very kind," and then he lifted his hat, and left her at Mrs. Stutt's gate.

He deliberately and literally believed, as he walked down the street—directly to Green's—that he was the happiest man in the world. For that matter, it is not impossible that he was. He was absolutely innocent of conscious hyperbole in saying, "It would be worth a life-time of trouble only to

have seen her; and I know her and am able to do her a service!"

He scored one advantage in having seen Miss Northrop early: he saw Green before Garvey had talked with him. The report of the quarrel had by no means failed to reach "The American Eagle," and when Strong came in Uncle Billy Green was just expressing himself with regard to Coakley:

"Of course the Judge'll provide for his man when he gets a chance. That's where he's sharp. And if Coakley is smart enough to suit Judge Garvey, he's smart enough to teach *my* children—that's what *I* say."

A private audience with him would have been merely postponing the hour of general discussion, so Strong made a brief exposition of his case—gently enough, but with considerable force—then and there, displaying the letter he carried by way of proof. He hardly expected to elicit anything but the usual laugh and comment on the Judge's smartness. But there was a marked seriousness of tone in the remarks when he ended.

"Well, that *is* pretty rough."

"Yes, sir, that's going too far. The Judge ought to know where to stop. I don't stand by no man when it comes to a shabby trick on an unprotected school-marm."

"A real lady, too—I could see that when she went by with you, Strong."

Even Green said uneasily, "No, I shouldn't think the Judge ought to do that, quite."

It was evident that Green's Ferry drew its lines as much as any other town. The moral support it offered Strong was mainly negative, however, and Green, after several alternate conversations with his two fellow trustees during this Saturday evening, went off early Sunday morning to visit his married daughter at the old Meeker place, leaving word that they must fix it between them. Judge Garvey closed the somewhat stormy conference of Saturday evening with a promise to break down Miss Northrop's school in a week, and Strong's paper in a month. "Do you flatter yourself I should not have had your contemptible sheet in powder under my feet, sir, before this, if I had thought it worth the attention?" Nevertheless, as there was noth-

ing on which the Judge prided himself more than on his invariable civility to ladies ("the courtly Judge" was his favorite phrase in writing up a local notice of any affair at which he had been present) Strong, having possession of the school-house key, was able to put Miss Northrop into possession on Monday morning without opposition. The Judge even visited her during the day and addressed the school with extreme suavity.

He was, however, very seriously affronted, and had not passed his Sunday without diligent preparation among parents and children to make Miss Northrop's position untenable. It would have been no difficult task, either, but for an altogether unprecedented obstacle—a factor that he had not dreamed of in his calculations, and that Strong himself had underestimated. The children, who had gone to school Monday morning primed for mutiny, surrendered their hearts in a body to Miss Northrop by night; three days later, Uncle Billy Green's niece, who taught the primary school, gave in adoring allegiance; by the end of the week everybody who had seen her was her advocate. It was certainly an unprecedented thing that Judge Garvey's best exertions should come to naught, because of a woman's way of smiling and speaking; but Miss Northrop's tenure of the school was secure. It was not entirely speech and smile, however. Miss Northrop was interested in everything, and consequently had common ground with everybody; and she met each one on that ground, not so much ignoring as temporarily forgetting differences.

The year wore on from gray to gray; the parching north wind poured down the plain and darkened the air with gritty dust; the sky, though cloudless, grew murkier every day. Then the wind shifted to the south, and the sky grew darker yet with surging heaps of clouds, and at last, down came the late November rain; and next morning Miss Northrop could see, like a miraculous creation of the night, up and down every east-and-west street, a range of azure mountains along either horizon, snow-crowned, clear-cut,

against an exquisite blue sky. Every two or three weeks the surge of clouds would come rolling up with the south wind, and the rain would come down in torrents for days, till the Sacramento, yellow with mud, roared level with its banks; and then the storm would break away, and there would be a week or two of blue sky and brilliant air and green earth.

One Sunday in March, between the early and the latter rains, Miss Northrop and Will Strong walked out together several miles over the plain. The gravel had long disappeared under green bur-clover and *filaria*, thickly dotted with the little yellow clover blossoms, the lilac ones of the *filaria*, and with small blue gillies. The flocks and herds had been driven down from the mountains where they spend their summers and autumns, and the air was full of the bleating of lambs. Up and down either horizon, converging toward the north, were the long ranks of the Sierras and Coast Range, deep blue, ruggedly tipped with white peaks of all shapes—the Lassen Buttes, the Yallos Balleys, and many a lesser one. Northward, in the interval between the ranges, miles and miles away, the solitary peak of Shasta rose above the dark oak-knolls, sharp-white from base to tip, against a stainless sky. They sat down on the warm clover, beside a noisy yellow stream that ran full to its banks on its way to the Sacramento. Winifred pushed back her hat, dropped her hands in her lap, and let her senses be played upon by the delicious air, the blue and white of mountains and sky and clouds, the luminous green, the rushing of water close by, and the bleating of flocks in the distance. It gave Will a good chance to watch her face—the sweetness of the mouth; the nobility of the level brows; the frankness of the eyes; the soft wave of her hair. There was a marked sadness in her face in repose; to wonder why, was to transgress the code of loyal humility that Will set himself; he had not even considered it due chivalry to speculate, much less ask, as to the reason of so amazing a phenomenon as her presence in California at all, and the incongruity of her school-teaching. Her pose was perfect, and yet nothing could

be more unconscious. Was that marvelous spontaneity, that simple dignity, the regular thing among the men and women Winifred belonged with? It made him feel left very far out to think so. How incapable of effort for admiration she was, yet how invariably admirable!

She caught him looking at her, in time. "What is it?" she said simply.

He colored with some confusion, but confessed a piece of his thought. "I was wondering if you really do not care at all for admiration. Most people would think they got the good of their living in being praised a fraction as much as you've been. If that's impertinent I beg your pardon; you asked me."

The portion of aristocrat's pride that was in Winifred was largely concentrated in an objection to talking of herself or letting other people do it; so she looked a little annoyed. She began with some constraint:

"Yes—I care—at first—when it is the right one that praises. But there is always a reaction of self-distrust. It seems humiliating," she went on more frankly, "to have been praised for having done some common thing—solved a problem, or written a poem, or handled a piano—a little more or less cleverly, when one comes to think what education and art are. And *personal* admiration—that always seems a contemptible sort of folly, if you think of what great things there are to do and be in the world, and the lives the great lonely souls have lived."

"Your achievement seems little to you," said Will with some gloom, "because, I suppose, more always opens to you. To me, who have made none—"

"Why, Will," she cried, with the most genuine dissent. "You have done more than almost any one I know. Do you call it nothing to do a college curriculum alone and under all sorts of hindrances? And I know that it was done well and thoroughly."

"Oh, yes," he said indifferently, tossing bits of clover into the stream, "I could have passed an A. B. fast enough. But you know better than I do, Winifred, that that's the least of a college course. I've seen fellows that had to work their way through and had

no spare time or energy, and they always lacked a great deal of the college flavor; the education didn't permeate 'em. Then there are other things—music, art, social opportunities, capacity of expression—that are no slight things to miss; they make up more of first-class living than Greek optatives or the equation of a surface. It isn't really possible for a man, not backed by circumstances, to get himself into a position that some are born to." He let the clover be and looked up. "Oh, I'm not growling, Winifred," he said hastily, smiling, as he saw her about to speak eagerly. "I'm only making philosophical observations, and using myself as an illustration. Why in the world should I growl to find myself stranded half way up, when there is a townful of people behind us clear down at the bottom, and no more their fault than mine? Why should I mind that I am left out from the best chances, any more than that a thousand other fellows are? 'What Act of Legislature was there that' I should be cultured?'"

She was leaning forward with her irresistible eyes full on his, and face and voice vivified with that sympathetic expressiveness that makes speech count for far more than the words.

"Will, that is true," she cried, "but it is only part of the truth. 'Close thy' Carlyle; 'open thy' Emerson. It's true, you have missed some things that you deserved to have and that many of your inferiors have for nothing. But your life is only begun, and your ability and pluck can do so much that you needn't waste regret on anything they may fail to do. Even if circumstances be unconquerable that stand between you and some good things, are the things you have gained instead of less value?—your courage and patience, your self-reliance and trustworthiness and helpfulness? Why, Will, *character* is worth more than knowledge of art, or familiarity with good society; just to live bravely is worth more than all the rest. Do you suppose I would exchange your companionship for that of a dozen 'cultured' people who could talk to me about 'sincere furniture'?"—this was in the last decade, re-

member—"and Rauss's heads, as you can't, and who never showed me one spark of genuine feeling about the great things of life, as you can?"

Will was overwhelmed. Winifred had talked of his affairs much, following them with unvarying interest, but of himself or herself, never; and it was actually a new idea to the young fellow that she could have any very high opinion of him. Moreover, it was the first time he had heard her speak with unveiled and ardent feeling.

"You do not mean,"—and he formed his words with difficulty—"that I could meet on equal ground people that—such people as *your* associates."

"No; you would meet most of them on higher ground. If they didn't know it, that would be their discredit. I should think you could see that," she added in a quick, parenthetical averse way, "from *their* associate. If you want to get a higher opinion of the value of your life, compare it with an ordinary, foolish, useless one—like mine." She gave him no chance to answer that, but was the next moment on her feet, suggesting that they walk on, and wishing they were not to stop short of the Lassen Buttes, whose apparent nearness, scores of miles distant as they were, was still a perpetual surprise to her eastern eyes.

When everything has been made ready for it, a few sentences may easily make or mark an era in life; and it is probable that if Miss Northrop had not in effect told young Strong he was quite good enough for her, he might have remained her contented vassal for years. Six months of being her nearest friend worked their result, to be sure; but the humility they were gnawing at was of mediæval tough fiber, and of twice six years' growth. His depreciation of himself, however, had only meant sense of distance from her; therefore, his sense of the significance of her speech was enormous. He felt his relation to her changed; he was shaken from all his moorings, and thrown into a mighty agitation that possessed him night and day, and only grew with time. For this was what it all came to: Was the distance between Winifred and himself greater than the distance between

her and any other man? And when he had once thought that, the gate was open, and the besieging host marched in and took possession of every corner of him with longing and desire and a madness of tenderness.

He thought of nothing else. He wrote his editorials and set type under an unceasing sense of it, as people have done brain-work and finger-work to an accompaniment of unceasing physical pain. For there was nothing joyous about it to him; it was all a bitter pain of mad desire to be something to her—to secure her, somehow, before this great, dark future swept her away from him. And yet the latter rains came and went, the green faded from the ground, the mountains grew dimmer and duller, and at last disappeared in the summer murk, before he took in his own mind the next step—from lover to suitor, as before from vassal to lover.

He did so simply because he could not stand it any longer. It stood to reason that there must be a way out of such active tortments. And, after all, why not he as well as any other man? It was absurd to suppose that Winifred could ever be *in love* with any man, as a man would be with her. It occurred to Will that the thing to do was natural enough, after all—not to ask Winifred's love, but to offer her his. And he walked down to Mrs. Stutt's to do it, one August evening, a little before school opened after vacation. He was in good spirits, too; to come to action and to speech, after so long repression, was an inestimable relief. And she had been doubly friendly to him all this time.

Mrs. Stutt was in her little strip of grass and oleanders. "That you, Mr. Strong?" she called out cheerily as he lifted the gate-latch. "Well, Miss Northrop's in the sitting-room, I s'pose. You go right in, and I'll come in when I've done my watering."

"Thank you," said Will absently, and walked on into the house. Winifred was not in the dark little sitting-room. He walked to the open window and stood there, expecting her to come in presently. There were veils of Madeira vine over the window, just opening their whitish tassels of bloom, and the air was full of the smell of them. Mrs.

Stutt began to water the grass outside, and the shower of water from her hose glimmered through the Madeira vine; the noise of the water came to him, and the crying of crickets, and the smell of the freshly wet earth. Then he heard a step on the porch, and saw Winifred go down the short path to the gate. He could see by her white dress that she stood still there; so he went out, too, to join her. Mrs. Stutt was watering at the other side of the house now, and the two were alone.

Will stopped a moment in the darkness and faint odor of a great oleander, a few feet from the motionless girl at the gate, to realize well the grace of her dim white figure, and her unconscious attitude. She stood in a weary way, with her head a little fallen back, and her hands hanging loosely clasped before her. There was so much and so incomprehensible emotion in the attitude, that Will felt vaguely thrust out into another world from that where her interests lay. She had not heard him approach, for the train from the south was just coming to a stand at the station, not a stone's throw off, and there was a great noise of jarring cars, and shouting men, and escaping steam, and ringing bell. He waited till the noise should be quite over. Some one came walking rapidly from the station; Will, glancing at the dark figure, thought it had, even in this dimness, an unfamiliar look. It paused close by the gate.

"Winifred!"

Will did not know the voice; the tone turned him blind and dizzy.

Winifred started violently, and turned; she clasped her hands tightly, and lifted them to her breast in a frightened way, as she fell back a step.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, under her breath. There was a rattle of the gate-latch, a sharp flying open of the gate, and the stranger held her in his arms.

"My darling, my darling!" he said with an infinite tenderness. "Did you think you could hide anywhere in all this wide world where I should not find you?"

For just an instant she yielded to his clasp

—then she drew back. "You must not," she said softly, with unmistakable pain in her voice. "You know that. I thought if I was utterly out of sight or hearing, you would forget me, and I might—forget myself."

He broke in before she had fairly spoken. "You were mistaken, Winifred; there was no one between us. O my foolish little hot-head! if you had not been so headlong in your self-sacrifice—if you had only waited till I came back—I could have showed you in ten minutes that there was no place for it. Mollie is married to John Gates and is very happy. And you and I—my little girl, how nearly our two lives have been spoiled! Sweetheart," he said, laughing with a shaky voice, "I think I shall never dare let go of you again"—and he drew her back to him.

She hesitated—surrendered—clung to him with a long sobbing breath. "Oh, I have wanted you so, I have *wanted* you so!" she cried. "Oh, don't be a dream and melt away this time!"

Will Strong, standing close in the darkness of the oleander, acquiring a life-long association with smell of Madeira vine and oleander and wet earth, cry of crickets and noise of sprinkling water, gathered himself together enough to creep away. He was *going* to realize it pretty soon, he thought; he did not yet; it seemed likely to be beyond endurance when he did. As he passed the door some one opened it, and the lamp-light streamed about him; Winifred looked around and saw his face for an instant, and then he had slipped away through a side gate.

He walked out from town across miles of dark plain, until he came to the empty channel of the stream by which they had sat in March. Underfoot not a blade of grass or green thing; no stranger would have believed that living thing had ever grown there. The flocks and herds had long since gone to the mountain pastures. The dry channel between shelvy banks of gravel showed white in the unclouded yet dull starlight. The air was lifeless, and faintly tainted with smoke from forest fires in the mountains.

Will threw himself down on his face, clutch-

ing with his fingers at the gritty dirt. He knew as surely then, looking forward to his life, as he will know at the end looking back, that this would never be an out-lived romance. Nor could he creep back into that temple of dreams from which Winifred's own hand had lured him—it had crumbled to dust behind him. Nor was he like one who, losing a woman, loses only his best pleasure and best ambition; she was the vital condition to every pleasure, every ambition; losing her, he lost all. The realization clutched him by this time like a tiger. There was not a living creature within miles; a man might go down to primal depths, might drop even the restraint of the human in outcries and struggles as free as a tortured beast's. It may be that solitude sees more such scenes than a decently decorous world would like to think.

Yet there was a sense upon him of some moral demand, some decision to be made; and in time he began to try to collect himself for it. It would seem as if there could hardly be a position that left less for him to decide. There was no question of renouncing—he had never had anything to renounce. Nevertheless, his instinct was correct in urging him to a moral conflict and a momentous decision. The question was simply whether he could pick up his life again, could find faith that anything was worth living for; or whether life was to be a hollow going through the forms—frustrated, purposeless, full of brooding regret and jealousy, shame, and sense of wrong. But he could not drag his bruised mind up to the question; he could not even think what it was. He lifted himself up, stepped down into the dry channel, and knelt on the white stones, obeying old association with the attitude; laid his arms and head on a shelf of the bank, and let the stunned and nerveless will lie passive, while the accumulated forces of years—of generations—passion and pain and despair and love, shame and bitterness and loyalty—trampled back and forth over him, fighting out for him his battle.

It was deathly, aggressively still; not an insect to chirp, not a tree to rustle; only bare earth and sodden air. After a long

time Will raised his head and threw it back, looking up at the dull stars, while his outstretched hands lay clasped before him; he began to breathe more deeply. Not many minutes later he rose and walked homeward across the dim, wide waste.

It was afternoon of the next day when he stood at Mrs. Stutt's door again. Mrs. Stutt looked at him with the embarrassment of conscious pity as she admitted him. People had been looking at him all day, on the street and in the office, with the same embarrassment and pity. Miss Northrop was packing, the good woman said; and, in answer to her call, Winifred came out from her room into the little sitting-room. She, too, was evidently under agitation and embarrassment. Will had no doubt, from his first sight of her face, that she had seen and understood his haggard flight the evening before. He was himself entirely calm, as he held out his hand with a grave smile in silence.

Winifred tried to speak naturally.

"I had just sent a note to you, Will," she said, as they sat down.

"About the school, I suppose," he answered, quietly. "You are going away at once?"

"Yes." There she stopped, with her eyes downcast. She looked up to his face and caught her breath to speak, stopped, and began again.

"You have been very good to me all this year—" there she hesitated. Her difficulty was to choose her words so as to ignore his secret, and yet not part from him in a cold or inadequate way.

He rose, and crossed over to her.

"Winifred," he said gently, "you are distressed on my account; and so it is better that I should speak of what otherwise it would be better to ignore. I want you to know that you have not harmed me."

She rose quickly at that, and they stood near together, with their eyes fixed on each other's; the fullness of expression in her face seemed to take the place of answer. He went on steadily, speaking low:

"I have thought it all over, and I find these two things stronger than any pain that

may have come to me. Winifred, I cannot do you this wrong, to make you the instrument of evil to me. That is one of the two things. And the other is that there is nothing to reproach any one with; no one has done wrong; there is no cause for shame, or resentment, or bitterness—only for clean pain. Pain is no great evil, Winifred, when it is clean, no matter how sharp."

He smiled at her tranquilly enough as he spoke. In truth, he was not unhappy at the moment. It is not during but after the parting interview that the pinch comes. She answered him only with her deeply attentive look, and he went on:

"I did not come to those convictions; they came to me; or rather, they were in me, and bore down all the other feelings. All the noisy passions dropped away before them, and left just those clear voices in my soul. They made all my love and loyalty work together, instead of tearing me in opposite directions. For, see, Winifred, hasn't it been our moral faith for years that to do spiritual harm to another is the greatest evil than can befall one, and to do him spiritual benefit, the greatest good? All these years since we were in school together, I have been proud to think that it could be only a good to you to have me think of you as I have thought, because it was only a good to me. And I will not be so disloyal now as to let my life be spoiled because of you."

Winifred looked at him aghast. "All these years"! It was a revelation intolerable at first shock to a woman that was no coquette.

"I think it was all the time dimly in my mind what *your* last year had been; at last I went out of my life and into yours. I want you to understand that I do not think of it with bitterness, because I entered so little into it; I realize, Winifred"—his voice broke from its steadiness—"that you have been good, *good* in it all. If you had not been—if you had trifled with me—I think I should be at the bottom of the river to-day. But since no one has wronged *me*," he went on more quietly, "since nothing monstrous or unnatural has befallen me, everything I be-

lieved in has the same claim on me as ever.

"And I want you to know that you need not *mind* my love, Winifred." She dropped her eyes and stood mute. "It is something you may be willing and glad to have without troubling yourself because you cannot return it. For any pain that has happened, do not trouble yourself about that either—if I don't mind it, you needn't," he said, smiling a little, with a certain manly sweetness quite new to him. "I find one gains something in having no longer to struggle with pain and try to keep her at arm's length."

She looked up then, and cried out passionately. "O Will, Will, if only there was anything in all this world I could do to make it up to you!"

"There is nothing to make up," he said. "I would rather have pain from you than pleasure from any one else. But there *is* something that you can do; this: not to feel my love a burden laid upon you, an annoyance or trespass, an anxiety or self-reproach—or anything that will make you want to get rid of it," he finished, smiling again; and to let me give you all I wish, on the condition that I ask no return. And if, in a few years, I should ask to come and live near you, and be good friends—may I? It would be hard," he urged, less quietly, "that I should have to lose your friendship, when I ask nothing more. Would you take away the crumbs from me, just because I have lost the loaf?"

"Is that best, Will?" she began, anxious and hesitating. "Oh, I mean for you. It isn't *possible* that you can always—think of me—so. There is no reason. If you do not see me—somebody else—"

"Have I been seeing you these dozen years?" he said very gently. "You may trust me to know what is best for me. Why think—think a moment, dear friend, and you will understand. You, of all people, *can* understand the plane I want you to take me on."

Winifred's eyes kindled and her face flushed. "I see. I *do* understand. I can meet you on your own plane, and I can trust your

friendship and you. I am not afraid to have you come—after a year or two."

"Thank you," he said, shaken as he had not been.

"It is because you are very noble that any good can come out of this harm," she went on, with an eloquent tremor in her voice. "I can see that before very long I shall be, as you said, willing—glad—for so great a gift—only always sorry for your sake. I am very grateful *now*—I cannot tell you how great a thing I think it is—from such a man as you."

They had both become embarrassed and shy now, and both stood silent to recover their ease. "You leave by this evening's train?" he asked in a minute.

"Yes."

"Then this is good-by."

"For a while."

They moved together to the door. As they reached it, Will turned and held out his hand, with an attempt at a smile. They stood a few moments with hands clasped. Winifred's downcast eyes were filling.

"Good-by, Winifred," he said.

"Good-by," she answered, faintly. A minute later she had thrown herself sobbing on her bed, and he was walking down the street.

He met Winifred's lover, coming from the ticket-office—a gentleman high-bred and handsome in every line, a scholar by his appearance, a good man by his eyes, a good companion by his smile. There were all those differences between him and Will that the young man had talked of and Winifred in all sincerity had called nothing; and, moreover, she would never in the world have loved him if there had not been. The girl was an aristocrat after all, when it came to a question not of friendship but love. And Will knew it; love is penetrating enough to divine that much from scanty data. He looked at the stranger with a sort of transferred reverence—what a king of men must he be whom Winifred could crown! And if he did not look at him without a blinding pang, it was, nevertheless, a test of the thoroughness of the night's work that there was neither bitterness nor aversion in it. Something that

sense of having disarmed pain—not dodged nor outwitted it. but disarmed it forever—must have been in Winkelried's consciousness as the spears pressed in.

But, after all, it is *taking* the second place that costs—not being there after it has been once sincerely and thoroughly accepted. Bunyan knew long ago that it was easy walking in the Valley of Humiliation, once you had come safely down.

On the street an acquaintance met Strong and turned to walk beside him. It was the man who would not trust Judge Garvey out of sight with his baby's silver mug.

"I was just going to your office," he said. "It's something very important." He spoke with a marked friendliness, and a transparently covert sympathy. "You see," he went on, confidentially, "we fellows that have been against Garvey begin to think our minority's about over. The whole affair of Miss Northrop has hurt him. He was shabby when first she came, about that Coakley business, and he's been ugly about her ever since in a sneaking sort of way. Such a lady, too! And there's a thing come out to-day—if you'll excuse my speaking of it." He showed a certain embarrassment. "Uncle Billy Green gave it away first—he knew, being postmaster—but Garvey's been boasting of it himself, too, in the bar-room. You know you used to write to a fellow in the States, and haven't written to him so much lately."

"Yes, I know," said Strong. The man caught a hint of what he did not say in what he did.

"Uncle Billy gives away any interesting point he gets in the post-office," he said apologetically. "You knew that before, Strong. Well, Garvey got out of him, too, that Miss Northrop didn't have nor write any letters; and he got it into his head she was hiding. Anybody could see she wasn't used to working for a living—"

"Look here—"

"Bless you, Strong, I sha'n't say a word disrespectful to her. This is something you'd ought to know. He just did up a 'Clarion' with some notice about the school in it, and her name marked, and sent it to that fellow

you used to write to; and he wrote on the margin: 'Please forward to Miss N's friends.' He said in the bar-room, to-day, that he didn't know just what would of come it, but it stood to reason if she was on the hide, it would damage her or you, somehow."

"It hasn't, however," said Strong. "But if I stayed round the bar-room—"

"Oh, we choked him off. I tell you, Strong, everybody thinks it was a pretty dirty trick. The people don't care so much about his big tricks but they won't stand any such small ones. No money in it, either,—only spite! Well, the long and the short is—it's only a few weeks till convention; and if you'll take hold now while they're mad, you can

name your own man for Senate, and we'll send you to Assembly."

"I don't want to go to Assembly," said Will, standing on his office-step. "I'll gladly do my best to defeat Garvey for Senate."

"Well, you just decide on your man, and bring him out in your next paper and we'll elect him. The people are strong for you just now. And I should think you would look on going to Assembly as a sort of duty—purify politics, you know."

"Well—I'll think about it." And young Strong walked into his shabby office, stopped to give Jim directions, then went in behind his screen, and sat down to write a proper editorial for beginning the reform campaign.

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

PERÚ, BOLIVIA, AND CHILE.—IV.

CHILE.

COQUIMBO is, next to Valparaiso, Chile's most important port. It stands on the southern beach of the large bay into which empties the waters of Rio Elqui. The anchorage is excellent, and protected from the southern gales and swells by a high headland. Thus, the waters of the harbor are seldom agitated. The custom-house buildings are new and well constructed, and the chief hôtel, situated on the square of the landing, offers good accommodation for travelers. Looking across the bay, La Serena is visible about four miles to the north, wrapped like in a veil of bluish atmosphere, alike the ranges of hills shooting seaward in the background. There is a large smelter in town, and another one, the Huayacan, across the low ridge of the headland at the bay of Herraduras. Here the large strait-steamers of the P. N. Company call in to load copper bars from Coquimbo on their homeward bound trip from Panamá. The export of copper amounted in one year to as much as 15,000 tons, chartered chiefly to England. Besides copper and silver, there is a large export of chinchilla skins.

The railroad from Coquimbo to Ovalle

leads through the plain-like valley of Bella-Vista, irrigated by a canal led off from Rio Elqui. The estates are large, but suffer from scarcity of water, thus that they can hardly be considered more than semi-estancias.

Ovalle, in the department of that name, is situated S. S. E. of Coquimbo, on the northern bank of the Rio Limari and midway between the coast and the Cordillera. It is the seat of the departmental Government and legal authorities, and owes its existence to the rich farming country, the mines, and smelting establishments around. There was a time when it was greatly favored by its proximity to the famous mineral of Tamaya. The suburbs of Ovalle abound with valuable vegetable gardens, *chacarás*, and fields of rich pastures. The station of the railroad leading to Coquimbo is, owing to some circumstances connected with the granting of the concession, situated three miles above the town, at the junction of the valley of Hurtado with that of Limari. Here is a smelting establishment for low-rate ore.

The basin of Limari, comprising the val-

ley of the river by that name, and those of the rivers Hurtado, Huanilla, and Rapél, is one of the most fertile in Chile. Wheat ranks foremost among its productions. The raising of stock, and the fattening of oxen imported from the Argentine, is here not so much based upon the export to the North, as upon the great demand for beef in the department itself.

The *hacendados* are, on the whole, skillful cultivators; prompt to adopt any modern invention applicable to the nature of the soil and climate. The *hacienda* of La Puntilla, where some capital improvements have been invented during late years, bids fair to become a model farm of its kind through the industry and intelligence of its proprietor, Don Juan Miguel Cortes Monroy.

Four miles below Ovalle, and overlooked by the lofty hill of Tamaya, extends the largest estate of the basin, the *hacienda* of Limari, covering an area of more than two thousand acres. This fine estate, to which are attached vast *estancias* both in the Cordillera and in the hills of the coast, is the property of the family of Ossa. The valley below, occupied by small estates and *chacararas*, suffers greatly in dry seasons from want of water, the stream of the river having been exhausted in the irrigation of the upper part of the valley.

A few miles above the station of Ovalle is a village, surrounded by valuable *chacararas* and vineyards. Here in the church is an image of the child Jesus, which is said to possess healing power. Poor and ignorant people, suffering from some bodily ailment, come often to offer up their year's savings on the shrine, trusting to thereby regain their health. An annual festival is consecrated to the public exhibition of the sacred image. On that occasion there is a great gathering of people come to join or to witness the procession. The pilgrims from far away arrive on the eve of the "great day" and many make it a point to foot it all the way, even if they possess horses. They camp outside the village, or put up with their friends or acquaintances. Early in the morning they dress in fanciful garments, and thus arrayed appear

at the altar of *el niño de dios* with their gifts, and dance in homage before the procession. The step of the dance is a jumping one, and in time to a monotonous music, which the performers themselves keep up by blowing into a trumpet-like flute. After the ceremony, several of these devotees go on a good *remuela*, or spree, mixing with the host of gay visitors from around the locality, especially from Ovalle, who have come to embrace the opportunity to make merry. Above Ovalle the viniculture begins to be of some importance; the largest, best, and most productive vineyards being those of Huillilinga and Mal Paso. The proprietor of the latter estate, Señor Manuel Alvarez, has brought his stock of white wines up to the standard of fine Sauterne; while from the vineyard cultivated by Don Vicente Calderon in the small mountain town of Rapél is exported a most excellent dried Malaga grape. On the smaller estates the entire crop of grapes is generally sold in the vine. From the grape is distilled an *aguardiente* or brandy similar to the Peruvian *pisco*, and *chicha* or cider, agreeable to the palate, but rather intoxicating. This latter beverage is sold cheaply in the taverns, and in fact, almost everywhere in the villages, and constitutes the national stimulant. At the *hacienda* of Las Juntas, a few miles above La Puntilla, and some thirty-six miles above Ovalle, Rio Rapél enters the Limari, which here takes a decided bend to the southeast. Both valleys, especially that of the principal river, continue for many miles inland, abounding in rich pastures, *chacararas*, and vineyards, often extending down hill from the margin of irrigation upon the steep slopes of the narrow valleys.

Of the several estates in the valleys opening into the Limari, the *hacienda* of Huanilla, occupying for miles the entire lower part of the valley of that name, is the most important. It covers fully a thousand acres, and constitutes the principal portion of the marquesate of Huan y Huanilla, the other portion being the *hacienda* of Saturno in the valley of Elqui. To this hereditary estate, which at present is in the hands of Señor

Don Francisco Cortes Monroy, is attached the spacious and very valuable *estancia* of La Peña Blanca. The Cortes Monroys are descendants of a relative of the famous conqueror of Mejico, Hernan Cortes, who, for his great services, was created by the Crown a grandee of Spain, and endowed with the above-named property, with title of Marquis of Huan y Huanillo and Lord of Peña Blanca.

The basins of Illapel, Choape and Aconcagua constitute other important tracts of farm land in Chile. Upon the alfalfa fields of the large *haciendas* of the River Aconcagua and affluents herds of oxen, mostly imported from beyond the Cordillera, are fattened chiefly for exportation to the North. San Felipe and Santa Rosa delos Andes are the leading towns of the interior, and are connected by a branch line with the railroads leading up from Valparaiso to Santiago. Santa Rosa might be considered the *rendezvous* of the cattle traders in Chile, as the herds of oxen, either belonging to the *hacendados* of the locality or on their way to the northern farms, must pass a time here on the pastures in order either to fatten for sale or regain strength to proceed. This is also the town where travelers for the Argentine procure their animals and guides, and make their last provisions for a long, wearisome journey across the icy region of the Cordillera. A prolongation of the branch line from the Valparaiso-Santiago railroad to Santa Rosa, has long ago been projected across the Corderilla, to connect with Mendoza in the neighboring republic to the east. The preliminary works were started in 1873, but, owing to some discouraging circumstances, proceedings ended here. Now, however, it appears that this important enterprise will soon be resumed and accomplished.

Valparaiso, the principal port, and the second largest city of Chile, presents a most magnificent panorama to behold. In the foreground, as seen from the bay, the lower town, on an average only three blocks in width, extends fully three miles along the curve of the beach, the upper town furnishing a superb background, with its handsome

dwellings, gardens, and groves of evergreen profusely scattered in artistic disorder, and step-wise on the steep bank of a triple-clefted promontory and on the slopes of a cordon of hills in the rear, the profile of their half verdant, half siena and sepia-colored surface, now rugged, now smoothly rolling, and here and there set off by a lone cactus or dwarf-palm, sharply outlined on the blue sky of a bright spring morning, or swimming out in the dizzy atmosphere of a hot summer day. To the right, upon the point that forms the southern extremity of the bay, frowns the fort of San Mateo, commanding the inlet from the south; whilst to the left and upon the point that forms the northern extremity of the bay, stands the fort of Maypú. Fifteen forts in all defend the bay.

The business center of Valparaiso is the western part of the lower town. The waterfront has several fine edifices, and a long, broad, well-paved quay with a double railway track, connecting the new, solidly constructed edifices of the *aduana* or custom-house, to the right of the landing, with the railroad depot at the extreme north end. The edge of the broad quay, constructed of solid rock intermixed with gravel, clay or sand, is a timber frame resting upon wooden piles. This frame constitutes the wharf, along the rim of which steam-cranes are hoisting goods up from launches, and placing them in carts or trucks pulled by strong mules or Normandy horses. At certain suitable places the wharf has short and narrow piers. Some of these are for the purpose of shipping or discharging into or from river vessels, whilst others conduct out to or are lined with baths, some of which are for the gratuitous convenience of the public. The transfer from steamers to the shore is accomplished in boats to the landing abreast of the *portal del resguardo*, or toll-gate, above which is a *mirador*, or look-out tower, where signals are hoisted when steamers are in sight, and indicating whether they come from the north or from the south. A multitude of embarcations especially ferry boats, are always attached to this landing, hovering about it or moving to and from it, upon the approaches to which

ferry-men are ever on the alert for customers, stationing themselves even at the toll-gate, the main entrance to or outlet from the spacious place before it. Hackmen, hotel-runners, and longshoremen, all extremely polite, but all with the same knowing and patronizing air about them—characteristic of their class all over the world—rush immediately to the boats in which passengers are landed from steamers, disputing with each other the chance of being the first to get hold of some luggage, and thus get an opportunity to strike a bargain with its owner for taking charge of his goods until the custom-house inspection, which is never exacting, has been conformed with, after which the new arrival is hurried into a hack and driven to his destination in town—if he does not take passage in the train at the Central Station which starts for Santiago at about 8 o'clock A. M.

The wharf presents during the day-time a spectacle of brisk business, but at six o'clock the cranes stop working, indicating that the lading and discharging is at an end for the day. Chains and ropes are coiled up in ship-shape, and goods stowed aside so as to occupy the least space possible upon the platform, which, at the same time, receives a general cleansing. The mule carts and trucks gradually disappear from the quay, and with them the noises of their heavy wheels and the shouts of their impatient drivers. Gradually, too, a calm descends upon the entire water front, and at seven the wharf, now transformed into a fine promenade in a serene quarter, invites most alluringly to a ramble along the blue waters of the bay, especially during a brilliant sunset. The bay displays a great number of stately vessels, carefully drawn up in files; even the small vessels are arranged, by order of the harbor master, in the same way. South of the landing are noticed the two huge bulks of the floating docks, capable of taking in the biggest and heaviest vessels of the Chilean fleet, the iron-clad frigates Blanco Encalada and Almirante Cochrane, of 3,560 tons each. Millions of dollars have been expended by a company in the construction and mainte-

nance of these docks, which, ever since their completion, have been ably superintended by the skillful sailor and active business man, Captain George Schroeder, General Consul for Denmark in Chile. Nearly 3,000 vessels of about 700,000 tons enter and clear the port annually; the imports, which value about \$17,000,000, being chiefly cotton, silk, and woolen goods, hardware, iron, sugar, wines, spirits, tobacco, etc.; and the exports, which value \$9,000,000, being chiefly copper bars and copper ore, silver, gold, wheat, flour, tallow, hides, and wool."

Upon entering the town through the portal of the *resguardo*, above which is the hall of the exchange, an oblong square, slightly inclined toward the cliff, is arrived at. This is La plaza de la Intendencia, longest in its extensions east and west. Here is the bronze statue of Admiral Lord Archibald Cochrane, (the founder of the Chilean fleet in 1818, during the war of independence). It is erected in the center of the lower part, facing the ocean. Beyond is the somber-looking edifice of the *intendencia* or provincial government, outside which a soldier of the police is on guard. Above its portal can be seen the balls, which, launched from the bombarding Spanish fleet in March, 1866, lodged in the thick walls of the structure. Ten lives were lost on this occasion, but the property that was destroyed is variously estimated from \$9,000,000 to \$20,000,000. From either of the long sides of the square three streets lead north and south, continuations of each other. Nearest to the *resguardo* are the streets Blanco and Maypú, broad and well paved. To the north it terminates in the northern extremity of the quay, which it meets in an acute angle, forming a triangular block, with its point toward the north. All the houses of this street are new and spacious, and are constructed, like all important business houses in Valparaiso, in European fashion. The entire quarter rests upon made land. The buildings of the blocks between the streets of Blanco and Maypú and the street of the quay are remarkably fine, and it is the façades of those facing the bay which give the water-front of Valparaiso its hand-

some appearance. Above the streets of Blanco and Maypú, and cutting through the center of the Plaza de la Intendencia, is the Calle de Cochrane, the statue of the hero from whom the street has taken its name rising in the center of the part of the square below it, the west side of which is occupied by the edifice of the Hotel Inglés. The Calle de Cochrane is old, narrow, and slightly inclined upwards to the north. The rear of its houses on the west side, now rebuilt and improved, constituted in 1873 a rather rude water-front to the city. This street is the thoroughfare between the northern and southern portions of the town; it was originally the only street of the center along the beach, before ground for building purposes was obtained by cutting down and leveling off the slopes above, and filling the waste into the bay below. At the south-east corner of the Plaza del Almendral is the thoroughfare of pedestrians to the quarter of the town above; it is a steep, winding path, with occasional stairs.

From the upper corner of the east side of the Plaza de la Independencia, occupied by the spacious postoffice, departs northward the Calle de la Aduana, the principal channel of business life in Valparaiso. At the extreme end of the postoffice the street turns abruptly to the right, and then, a few feet farther on, as abruptly to the left or northward of this, thus forming a short zig-zag. Upon passing this, the Calle de la Aduana proper is entered. Here are the principal banks of the port—El Banco de Londres y Sud America, El Banco de Valparaiso, El Banco de Edwards, etc.

From the point of union between the two streets above mentioned, the thoroughfare takes the name of Calle del Cabo. It is the channel of all the traffic between the southern and northern parts of the city, and the principal commercial stores, shops, etc., are to be found here. Some of the edifices in this street are of very large dimensions and of fine modern architecture, with sandstone facings and broad sidewalks, often paved with marble slabs, upon which can be found in beautiful mosaic the names of the

commercial or professional firms, having the entrances to their establishments or offices abreast of them. After a decided bend to the left, the Calle del Cabo opens into the southwest corner of the small square La Plaza de la Independencia. Crossing diagonally over the square, the thoroughfare enters the Calle San Juan de Diós. At the upper end of this street to the right is seen, half hidden by the rich foliage of shady trees before its portal, the gothic gable of the Protestant chapel.

La Plaza de la Victoria, the principal square of Valparaiso, is finally reached. It is very spacious, and has a handsome fountain in the midst of a well-kept garden, surrounded by an alley way, which is the customary *paseo* of the *porteños*, or people of the port after vesper meals; especially in the evenings when the band of the garrison is playing. The thoroughfare from the south opens into the eastern half of the square. Close to the right on the east side rises the modern church of San Agostin, and to the far left, on the west side, is the huge structure of the theater, rebuilt since its predecessor burned down some eight years ago. But the most attractive building of the Plaza de la Victoria is the one occupying the larger and northern portion of its east side—the mansion of the Edwards—erected by the late Don Agostin Edwards, founder of the bank named after him. At a first glance the beholder is struck by its palatial appearance and dimensions. However, this costly structure can not be deemed a monument of art. Its architecture belongs to no certain school, being a mixture of some sort of French renaissance with a modern North American touch, having large bay-windows, especially for the lower floor. The complete lack of basement extinguishes even the air of grandeur which its large dimensions might have otherwise given it.

Traversing the square from the west, and following the thoroughfare until abreast of the southwest corner of the Edwards mansion, the Calle Victoria is entered. Towering up beside the mansion is the tall structure of the Masonic Grand Lodge and Club,

its mold, ornaments, and the symmetrical columns that support the massive portal bearing witness to the professional skill of its designer. In 1877 it suffered somewhat from an earthquake. The Victoria is a very broad street—the broadest in Valparaíso, and has many fine residences. At some considerable distance from the square of Victoria it splits into two, forming a triangular block, called the *crucero rubio*. The eastern street is the continuation of the principal thoroughfare. It is long, crooked, and narrow, constituting part of the old town. Near its extremity the thoroughfare makes a sharp curve to the left upon a bridge, over a narrow creek, the *estero de los delicias*, continuing to curve on the opposite bank until it enters a broad alley, bordered on the left by the quay of the creek, and on the right by a file of residences and pleasure-gardens; and leads straight to the grand depot of the Valparaíso-Santiago Railroad, a short distance further on at the beach. This is the northern terminus of the city. Here, too, is the street car depot, from which every ten minutes a car starts upon the route just described. Here is the terminus. The full trip from the depot to the west end costs ten centavas for a seat inside, and five centavas for one on top.

The streets mentioned are the principal ones of Valparaíso. Of some importance is also the Calle de la Independencia, departing from the Victoria Square a little above the San Juan de Diós, with which it runs almost parallel till it is cut off by the creek. There is a church of noble architecture in the gothic style on this street, the *Colejio de los Jesuitos*, which certainly does not deserve to be crammed up in a narrow and second-class street, where it is usually passed unnoticed. This is undoubtedly a monument of art, and the finest church of Valparaíso in outward appearance.

Hacks can easily be procured in the lower town of Valparaíso, and cheaply, too. If no special arrangement is made with the driver for a monopoly of the hack, the seat only is paid for at the rate of ten centavas, for which price you can travel from the east to the

west end, but are liable to see others ushered in as long as there are seats unoccupied.

The upper town of Valparaíso is situated, as before said, in terraces upon a triple-clefted hillside, its principal quarter being situated on the Cerro Alegre, or "Gay Hill." At the central and western part of the town, the ascent or descent is very steep, and winding paths between precipices or lanes, with occasional stairs, are very frequent. Some of the edifices of the Calle del Cabo and Almendral are built close up to the sometimes almost perpendicular walls of the cliff, cut off thus in order to give room for the rear premises. There are edifices above which appear suspended over those below, as seen from the lower town. At night time, when brilliantly illuminated, a fine mansion upon a more than usually advanced promontory has this appearance in a very high degree. When its windows pour forth a blaze of light in a dark night, reflecting upon its balcony, and dimly marking its outline but not its foundation, it might be fancied a castle afloat in the air. The passer-by wonders whether the house above, or even those below, are safe to inhabit, in view of the frequent earthquakes on the coast. In fact, it appears as if it might tumble clear down to the street where he is walking. The great earthquake of 1822 did well-nigh obliterate the town; and its growth since then has several times been checked by earthquakes—but only checked, for in spite of them, Valparaíso has grown from a population of 10,000 in 1825 to about 100,000 at the present date.

The leading journal of Valparaíso is "El Mercurio," conservative. The "Chilean Times" is a mercantile and shipping gazette for the west coast of South America. Besides the fashionable club of the Masons and others, mostly frequented by liberals, there is the club of the Young Men's Institute, opened in April, 1883, under the auspices and control of the Valparaíso Young Men's Christian Association, where conveniences can be found and opportunities are offered for mental improvements. The reading

room of the Institute is supplied with a good assortment of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, both English and North American. Other rooms are supplied with billiard tables and chess; and doughnuts, tea, coffee and non-intoxicating drinks can be had during the hours that the Institute remains open. There is a "Reference Library" for the use of subscribers, which comprises works of travel and history, technical, scientific, classical and theological works, and general literature. The "Literary and Debating Society" holds its meetings in the rooms during the months of March to October, and these are open to all subscribers to the institution, and any friends they may introduce. Officers of foreign men-of-war and of Strait steamers are free to the use of the Institute, and so are new-comers to the west coast. On an application to any of the committee, the visitor's name will be booked in the "Visitors' Book" for the term which the by-laws of the Institute allows.

The Strait steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's fleet, numbering not less than forty-one boats, call each fortnight at Valparaiso on their trip from Liverpool to Panamá and return, touching in the Straits at the Chilean Convicts' Colony, Punta Arenas, in the Argentine at Buenos Ayres, and in Brazil on alternate trips at Rio Janeiro and at Bahia, at the mouth of the Amazon. The strait-steamers offer great accommodation for travelers. They are all over 4,000 tons, the largest being the "Iberia" and the "Liguria," respectively of 4,670 and 4,666 tons. The P. S. N. Company's steamers, plying on the coast, depart twice a week from Valparaiso for Panamá, touching Chile at Coquimbo, Caldera, Chañaral, and Blanco Encalada. Shortly before the late war, the *Compañía Sud Americana de Vapores* ran opposition to the English line on the route mentioned, and about that time an arrangement was made whereby the English Company was given the control over the Chilean line of steamers. Cabin passage from Valparaiso to Panamá costs on the average \$150, and from Valparaiso to Liverpool, \$350.

Valparaiso has a naval academy and train-

ing school, which has turned out officers of marked distinction; also several colleges, literary institutions and hospitals. Identified with the history of prosperous Valparaiso is the name of its late Governor or Intendente, Don Euliojio Altamirano.

Though Santiago is situated east south-east of Valparaiso—the distance between the two cities being about ninety miles—the railroad to the capital leads north-east from the port for about fifty miles before it turns south at Quillota. The original project of constructing a railroad via the estate of Casa Blanca, on the direct route, has at last found approbation, and is now likely to be carried out soon. The Valparaiso-Quillota-Santiago Railroad was chiefly constructed in 1863 by the late Mr. Henry Meiggs, who, by the enterprise, established his reputation on the coast for being a man of extraordinary resources in the task of carrying out grand railroad schemes. It also founded his subsequent wealth. The cars on this road are of English pattern. Immediately upon leaving the depot the track leads along the beach on a rocky embankment at the foot of the cliff, and then, after perforating a sharp point, it turns away a little from the sea-shore, passes a village of rustic frame-houses, nestling up to the hillside, and finally enters the fashionable summer resort and bathing place, Viña del Mar (vineyard of the ocean), where is to be found a commodious hotel, surrounded by a little park, and villas, or *quintas*, to rent during the season. Some of these latter are private, owned by the rich families of Valparaiso and Santiago. Near by is the valuable estate of Viña del Mar, from which most likely the village has taken its name. It is owned by the late Minister of War, who so brilliantly carried his point in regard to the Lima campaign—Colonel Don José Francisco Vergara.

The fine little town of Limache is next reached. This is an inland resort for the fashionable world. Here is the estate of Limache, with the vineyard which produces the famous Urmeneta wine, a claret, which, though expensive, finds a ready market in Paris, and even in Vienna, and has received

the gold medal in both cities. In Chile it is sold for a dollar a bottle.

After passing several other places, the road climbs the coast range, and gradually, as the grades become steeper, the scenery becomes more and more wild and desolate. The monotonous puff, puff, of the engine resounds between the mountain sides. The road leads along the rugged incline of a *quebrada*. Far below in the dizzy deep, a rivulet labors its way through the narrow passage, jumping and thumping over boulder and rock. The altitude increases slowly but steadily. Now the train dashes into a tunnel, and the passenger is left in utter darkness, whilst the roar of the engine and the clatter of the wheels are making a deafening noise. After a while it gradually becomes lighter. It is as if day was dawning, and quickly, too. The rays of the sun at last strike the window-panes of the coupé, and the peculiar clatter of the wheels upon the track indicates at the same time that the train is upon a bridge. The passenger mechanically lets the window-sash down and looks out. If of nervous disposition, a chill creeps instantly over him, as he looks down and his sight is lost in the depths of a mighty chasm. The train is upon a bridge, the *Puerta de Maquis*, suspended in midair from the mouth of the tunnel to the precipitous bank opposite. Slowly it progresses, as if conscious of the solemnity of the situation. Is there any treacherous place lurking ahead? any tie accidentally loosened since the last inspection was made? These are queries apt to occupy the mind of one not over anxious to be hurried into eternity, for, off the track, there is no possible escape. But the engineer is watchfully spying ahead, and the brakemen—sturdy fellows—stand in mute attention at their posts, ready to check the train at the least warning of the whistle. And so, amid a profound silence, the transfer is accomplished from precipice to precipice.

Again the train is winding along the mountain side, now following the contour of its slope, now perforating its sharp points. Small, dusty mining towns are passed, and

then again villages and ranches, surrounded by gay looking *chacaras* and pasture fields. At some of these the train stops. At about 11 A. M. the station of Llai-Llai is reached. Here the up-train meets with the down-train from Santiago, and twenty minutes are granted the passengers to breakfast in the commodious restaurant. But here it might be as well to mention that in all Chilean railroads the traveler need not in the least be dependent upon the restaurants for a meal. He may feast, if he chooses, in a picnic-like manner, in the very coupé he occupies. At the arrival of the train at any station he need only to look out of the window, and he will find the platform crowded with women of all ages, matrons and young girls, and with boys, their hands full of eatables and drinkables, both cold and hot, and ready at a glance from you to proffer their wares at an extraordinary low price, especially considering the prices charged for meals at the restaurant. Here is a choice fruit made up in small baskets. There are small home-made loaves of bread, boiled eggs, fresh goat cheese and milk—yes, even coffee; but these articles are by no means considered the luxuries of the market on the platform. It is the *empañados*, or hot dough-cakes, filled with highly seasoned mince-meat, and the equally highly seasoned green corn, wrapped in a leaf of maize, and mashed and tied up with the same material, the *humitas*, that are attacked by hungry travelers acquainted with their merits. Bottled *chicha*, and even native beer, can be had cheaply. Many of the girls offering these articles for sale are extremely young and good looking slender lasses, quick to return the jocose remarks, no matter how audacious these may be, directed to them by impertinent travelers.

Quillota is the next place of importance arrived at after leaving the Llai-Llai station. It is a country town of large dimensions, but apparently not progressing much at present. Its houses are mostly of adobe, one story high, and surrounded by valuable orchards. Its large square, with the customary garden and fountain in the center, surrounded by an alley, affords to the inhabi-

tants a pleasant walk in the evening. Soon after leaving Quillota, the station is reached where the line for San Felipe and Santa Rosa de los Andes branches off, and where there consequently is a transfer of passengers from one train to another. The road, which, until this point has kept a northeasterly direction,

now turns southward, and enters the plateau extending between the Coast Range and the Cordillera de los Andes. After several stoppages at minor stations, the train finally, at an altitude of 1800 feet, pulls up at about two o'clock, under the shade of the depot of the Chilean capital, Santiago.

Holger Birkedal.

ETC.

THE political campaign now in progress is in several respects the most significant that has taken place for a dozen years. We might even say for twenty years, but in saying so we should have to define the meaning of "significant" more narrowly. In the presidential elections of 1868 and 1872, there were questions probably as important as any now concerned; but they were only continuations of old questions that had divided the parties from the first—mainly connected with reconstruction, for the effort of 1872 to make a square issue of administrative reform failed. The only political issue of the present and the immediate future is undoubtedly administrative reform. Any attempt to produce any other is a device to divert attention on the part of party leaders, an illusion of memory or hope on the part of party followers. Between the importance of administrative reform and reconstruction, as issues in a campaign, there is no need of drawing comparisons; both are of, one may fairly say, infinite importance; and the differences of value among infinities are for mathematicians to discuss. But we call the campaign of 1880 more significant than those of 1868 and 1872, for the reason that there is a great question in the field, and yet no question between the parties, and that such a state of affairs signifies with unmistakable emphasis the close of an era; one lesson has been learned; the book is being shut and laid away. Of the vital questions that so passionately divided parties for twenty-five years, not enough remains to make a showing in party platforms. The new issue cuts sharply across parties, sections, households; and great pieces of each party, severed by the cut, drop over into the other. Large groups in both parties who are untouched by the new issue, none the less demonstrate the looseness of party coherence by perfect willingness to throw away their votes, merely to make a demonstration of strength on side issues. At the same time, the virulence of party feelings and the unscrupulousness of party combat is more intense than form any years—a natural result of the alarm of party leaders at the mutinous condition of the ranks. To what can all this point? At first guess, to a formation of new parties; perhaps, merely to a re-draw-

ing the lines of the old; perhaps, to a great rejuvenation of one or the other—which, it will take another administration and the following nominations to decide; possibly, only to a great increase of political independence among the voters, the growth of a large body, who will shift readily back and forth at national elections, as is now done in many States at State elections.

THE first of these results is the one most desired by the young and eager in both parties: to throw aside the old forms; drop the names that have ceased to mean what they once did; and, most of all, to level the meaningless barrier which now separates men of exactly the same convictions, that, instead of working against, they may work with each other. The misfortunes to our finance that happened from the presence of Hamilton and Gallatin in different parties, instead of in the same, have parallels in our later history—innumerable parallels, in a small way, in the ranks of the parties. Many old-school voters, who would oppose any policy or any man that bore the name of the opposite party are yet secretly dissatisfied with their own, and would leave it for a new one to which they could go without the sense of capitulation. And a new party would have the inestimable advantage of starting free from the horde of camp-followers that have gathered about the old ones. The more cautious friends of reform, however, do not talk "new party" as much as the ardent ones. There seems little difference of opinion as to its being desirable, but little faith that it is possible; and this for the simple reason that there are no permanent issues of a popular nature before the nation. Honest government is certainly a question on which public feeling can be roused; but honest government is a thing that no party will openly pronounce against as parties did once openly pronounce against human freedom. A party might be formed upon the issue of honesty with the utmost good faith; and every opponent of honesty would enroll himself in the opposite party, and with the utmost bad faith proclaim *that* the real party of honesty; and while exceptional circumstances might occasionally give the voter

a decisive glimpse of which was which, he would most of the time be hopelessly confused between them; the result of which would be that so many honest men would go and ally themselves with the party of dishonesty that the real as well as the apparent difference between the two would soon be obscured. Nor does a question of revenue, in which no immediate personal interests of the mass of people are concerned, offer a very hopeful rallying cry. A few elections might turn upon a tariff issue; but it is hard to see how it could supply the emotional quality necessary to divide the popular vote into two great ranks. Thus far the mere words "The Old Party" have done it better. Labor questions, temperance questions, and immigration questions are all capable of making parties; but they are not on the stage, as yet.

THE permanent re-drawing of the lines of party, so that the present Republican bolters shall stay with the Democrats, and the present Democratic bolters with the Republicans, seems highly improbable, though not impossible. The chief reason against it is that while a section of the Democratic party is in working harmony with the Republican bolters, and a section of the Republican party with the Democratic bolters, there still remains in each party a mass that has hardly an idea or motive in sympathy with its new coadjutors, and the least shifting of the position would at once bring a breach. Again, even the sections of each party who were permanently agreed with the new members as to the present, would not be as to the past; and the constant embarrassment in the way of reminiscence that this would produce is a sentimental reason which—as sentimental reasons habitually do—might have a more powerful influence in preventing party spirit, and therefore party existence, than much more solid ones. If the great moral rejuvenation of either party took place, however, the re-drawing of lines would certainly happen; however reluctantly and with whatever personal discomfort, the best element of one party would go over to the other and stay there; and the best young voters would grow up to it, till old differences were forgotten.

THE most discriminating of the critics of the situation, however, seem to see in it only the promise of a great increase of that non-partisan vote that is the safety and strength of a government by the people—either here or in England. The tenacity of life in a party is tremendous; the descendants of Roundhead

and Tory in both England and America preserve their partisanship bitterly to-day, and prejudices inherited from that struggle have some weight in determining present party allegiance. The prejudices of the immediately post-Revolutionary period affect men's position on tariff reform and foreign diplomacy and Westerners have been known to distrust Eastern ideas about gold currency, because of the behavior of Salem in the witchcraft matter. Names are more potent than facts to the rank and file, and there are few times when the parties might not swap off policies even, without being detected by the orthodox voters, if they did it gradually enough. The relative positions of Whig and Tory in England have demonstrated this often enough. Yet each of these swapping movements, or even a movement to filch some popular weapon from the other party's armory, detaches from each party a few who go to swell the non-partisan vote. The end of the present breaking up and regathering may be that this element will become more formidable than it has ever been, and a feature, hereafter, of American politics. If so, it will be an occurrence of even more significance than a new party; for it would be a political phenomenon new to the world if such a body should become the ruling one in politics. It would put a new face on representative government, making it respond to the will of the people as nothing but local government has hitherto done. It would constitute a check on abuse of party power whose strength was tremendous. A great number of people who in every political conflict studied the question from other than partisan sources, and voted, talked and wrote accordingly, would be a source of terror to political leaders more potent than police to the wrong-doer. The lowest and most ignorant vote can never be truly non-partisan; it is often loosely bound to the existing parties, and forms cliques of its own; but it is always more or less calculable. The greatest danger to the power of the non-partisan vote of the future is from this ignorant vote, which parties will bid against each other for, if it is larger than the free vote, to neutralize the latter. It seems, therefore, a vital thing that enough of the present intelligent partisan voters shall become habitual non-partisans to create a body large enough to make the bidding for the ignorant vote useless. The young men now growing up to vote, especially the educated young men, will be the main source of recruits; and let them remember that they are true to the oldest traditions of patriotism in refusing allegiance to any party; for Washington was the first American non-partisan.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Recent Verse.

*A California Pilgrimage*¹ has attracted more attention than any volume of Californian verse for a long time. It is peculiarly appropriate to the occasion of the centennial celebration at Monterey this month, for the "pilgrimage" is to the old missions, in order, from the southernmost to the northernmost. A historic account of each one is given with reference to its special legends and stories, heroes and saints, and with descriptions of the site and present condition, in verse of long rhymed couplets—octometer catalectic, by the way, not English hexameter, as we are surprised to see them called in one review. The verse is better in description than in narration. The few stanzas that we quote will give a fair idea of it at its best.

"Here the time-defying olive to the morn' its slim leaves turns,
And in colors of the sunset all its burnished silver burns.

"Still pomegranates spread their blossoms, strangled by the tall weeds rank,
And the fruited Aztec cacti grow against the adobe bank ;

"Here the princely aloe raises penciled tree-top 'gainst the sky,
Rugged leaves, like faithful subjects, round their monarch abject lie."

The volume is one of the best pieces of Californian book-making, and therefore the more appropriate as a souvenir of the Junipero centennial. The device on the cover is fitting—the old bell-tower of the San Bernardino mission church. The frontispiece is a view of the San Carlos mission church, from Keith's painting.

*Echoes from the Valley*² is a book of so naïve poems that the reviewer does not feel disposed to criticize it seriously. There is a sort of honest spirit about them, and the prefixed photograph of the author corroborates it. Of the quality of the poetry this is a fair sample :

"Honor to the woman that dared to do
The right with a will, albeit she knew
She stepped in some untrod ways;
Who banished the demon of crime and care
From the White House tables while she was there;
And all who would her festivities share
Must from the tempting, poisonous cup forbear,
That dined with Lucy Webb Hayes.

* * * * *

¹ *A California Pilgrimage*. By one of the Pilgrims. San Francisco: Samuel Carson & Co. 1884.

² *Echoes from the Valley*. By Rob Roy McGregor Parrish. Portland, Oregon: George H. Hines. 1884.

"Then honor to the woman that dared to do
The right with a will, albeit she knew
She stepped in untrod ways.
Honor to Godiva, the generous one,
Honor to Lucretia, the dutiful one,
Honor to Joanna, the patriot one,
Honor to fair Esther, the beautiful one,
And honor to Lucy Webb Hayes."

There are over a hundred of these poems, and there seems no possible reason why there should not be a thousand, except the expense of printing. Such verse as

"Hope, sweet solace for all sorrow,
Drives our grim despair away.
Brightly gilding dawn of morrow,
Rosy sunset gives to-day."

"Tell me not that love is transient,
That it wings a hasty flight,
Only touching for a moment
Life with fond and sweet delight."

seems capable of unlimited production. There are people who prefer this childlike sort of verse; and it seems an entirely innocent taste. The printing, binding, and ornamentation of the book are entirely in keeping with its contents.

*Above the Grave of John Odenswurge*³ is a curious book. The author has certainly some originality, if not much else that is commendable. Unlike the preceding collection, it does not in the least move to sympathy, but rather provokes severity, by a certain cool and altogether unwarrantable assurance of tone. Here, also, the impression of the book is corroborated by the prefixed photograph. The poetry begins in a somewhat higher strain than Mr. Parrish's, and occasionally recurs to it; in these better poems, the meter is good; there is even a good ballad movement, and the language is sometimes neat. Others are so baldly unmetrical and unpoetic as to raise the suspicion that the presentable ones have been through a reviser's hands. The "Lay of the River Euphrates" is the best in the book. It has over four hundred lines, and none very good; but there is a neat touch or two in it. Most of the poems are extremely long. The longest, which is here in its second edition, contains some six thousand four hundred lines. It is entitled "The Praesicide," and relates in the form of a monologue J. Wilkes Booth's feelings. The author explains that he made up the word "Praesicide" himself, and that it will not be found "yet" in the dictionaries. There is a good deal of vulgarity in the poems. Dr. Hylton is announced on

³ *Above the Grave of John Odenswurge*, a Cosmopolite. By J. Dunbar Hylton, M. D. New York: Howard Challen. 1884.

the title-page the author of several other volumes all unheard of, and of pretentious titles as ceremoniously as if they were well-known and standard works. The title of the present volume has nothing to do with anything in the poems, and seems simply to indicate that the book is dedicated to the memory of this Odenswurge, a personal friend. The poetry is so "strung out" that it does not lend itself easily to excerpting; hence, we will not try to illustrate its quality. The printing and binding are very poor.

Mr. Bowen's *Verses*¹ is a more educated specimen of the same sort of verse as *Echoes from the Valley*. If the sort of stanzas we quote above from that need be limited in number only by the author's supply of pen, ink and time, the same is true of these:

"When my love was true to me,
In my heart such joy I bore,
That I doubted not t'would last
Evermore, ah, evermore !

"But, when false she proved to be,
What was such sweet joy before
Turned to sorrow, which will last,
Evermore, ah, evermore !"

The one hundred poems in the volume are almost all exactly this sort of thing; and in an evidently educated man it seems less pardonable to dream that the world can have any use for his own reputation any benefit from it. The book is this time not congruous with its contents, but a very pretty piece of good Boston book-making taste. It seems rather pathetic to see these commonplace little stanzas, spread out on its thick, creamy pages, as if they were gems—no more than a poem to a page, if it be only four lines long. There are, perhaps, half a dozen in the hundred, besides translations, that were worth printing; these the following strikes us as the best—indeed, as up to magazine standard, and the only one that is

"Red roses need not tell us
That they are really red,
Nor even that the perfume
Is fragrant that they shed.

"But when it comes to mortals,
We scarcely ever know
If they are honest Christians,
Unless they tell us so."

We should add that though there is little poetry in the volume, there is a good deal of feeling that seems genuine, in spite of its very stereotyped expression.

A long step upward from any other verse before us has to be taken to come to *The Happy Isles and Other Poems*. We are still in the region of minor verse, but of good minor verse. If the higher poetic mood is never reached, the poems are still all they pretend to be, and are quite worth reading. They are best in sprightly lyric and in ballad; in ballad, especially, there seems no reason why the author should not make his mark. "The Ballad of Quintin Massy" seems to us far the best thing in the book.

¹ Verses. By Herbert Wolcott Bowen. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1884.

A ballad, however, can hardly be quoted piece meal, so we cannot give the reader an illustration of the poems at their best. We quote instead from "The Coming Man," one of the many local and patriotic poems.

"Who is he who thinks to bē
The sword of our Washington?
And will he not feel the glare
Of this greater, this nobler sun?
Will he stand with an air serene
On the height where Lincoln stood,
Nor falter one moment, nor lean
From the pinnacle, grand and good?
Oh, God, that he could—that he could !

"Electors ! God grant you be brave,
And give us our coming man
Unfettered, no lifelong slave
To party, nor clique, nor clan,
'Twere better a king, at last,
Or a dwarf, or no chief at all,
Than a giant whose limbs are fast
To some party clique, though his form were tall
And his face as fair as that chosen Saul.

* * * * *
"O give us, Electors, our man
From the noblest, the bravest, the best;
Nor ask if he train with the clan
Of the North, of the East, or the West.
Only give us a man fit to lead,
And a noble man—God-like and true,
We'll ask not for titles nor creed,
But, Electors, to you
Heaven's praise, if you do."

The same spirit pervades the poems of the war lyrics which, with all their patriotism, are generous. We quote again, from "A Centennial Idyl":

"Weep, fading clouds—speak, silent guns,
And honor these, her fallen ones !
Dead was the tempter—dead the past,
And men forgot their burning hate,
For hates and angers cannot last
With men whose foes were good or great.
Sleep on, ye braves, ye shroudless ones !
Men may not ask which side ye stood;
Enough, ye were the nation's sons,
And ye are dead, and God is good."

Mr. Byers seems to have been a soldier himself, and it is no new comment that old Union soldiers respect the valor and sincerity of the South more than civilians do.

"For hates and angers cannot last
With men whose foes were good or great,"

is an expression from a patriotic poet worth noting, as applied to his old-time opponents in the Civil War.

Studies in History.²

Mr. Lodge's two volumes in the "American Statesman" series prepare the reader to open with interest

² Studies in History. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

any similar volume from him. The present one consists of a collection of eleven historic essays, some of them slight enough, but all, with one or two exceptions, containing ideas of significance, while several are of weight and value. They are arranged chronologically, beginning with one on the Puritans and the Restoration in England, and ending with the published criticisms upon the United States of a recent French visitor. Five of the eleven essays bear upon the Federalist party and its great enemy, Jefferson, and these are the most important. The most entertaining is, however, the second one, "A Puritan Pepys," which reviews Judge Sewall's diary. This and the preceding one contain chiefly an analysis of the Puritan spirit and polity, at the moment of its downfall, first in England and second in America. Mr. Lodge has a very appreciative understanding of this spirit, but it is a curious illustration of the divergence between Boston and rural New England to find him saying: "It is hardly necessary to say that such religious faith no longer exists. There is plenty of honest and liberal Christianity, of mild-eyed devotion, of enfeebling superstition, but the religion of Puritan Englishmen is entirely gone. We have nothing like it; we can find no present parallel; we can with difficulty form an accurate conception of what it was." The fact is that fragments and relics of genuine Puritanism are to be found in nooks remote from Boston still; and that the Puritan religious theory exists abundantly by tradition in writings and preachings that make no mark, because not backed by any real Puritan spirit or Puritan mental power. But we have not space to dwell on this point, and must hasten on to speak of the papers on American constitutional history. These are "William Cobbett," "Alexander Hamilton," "Timothy Pickering," "Caleb Strong," "Albert Gallatin," "Daniel Webster." Of these "Alexander Hamilton" and "Daniel Webster" are brief sketches, to the same effect as Mr. Lodge's volumes upon the same subjects in the "American Statesman" series. "Albert Gallatin" is a review of Prof. Adams's book upon that subject in the same series; and "William Cobbett" is also a review of a biography. All except "Daniel Webster" are of special interest because of the light they throw upon the Federalist party, and upon its chief opponent, Jefferson. The tendency of all that Mr. Lodge says in this connection is to show Jefferson almost uniformly in the wrong, and his success a misfortune from which the country will never fully recover. Had the Federalist leaders of that day all understood, as Washington did, or as every politician at the Capital now does, the art of pulling together, that most great and able party might have carried on for another twelve years as noble an administration as they had already done, though even at best the loss of Washington would have crippled them.

Mr. Lodge's last two essays (it is, by the way, surprising to note that so educated and pleasing a writer says himself the "two last"), seem to us both trivial, unjust, and unamiable. To sneer at American critics

for rating their own literature low and England's high in the days of Goldsmith; or at those others who protested against raising Cooper to the rank of "The American Scott," is to place patriotism higher than truth. Nor can we see why M. de Bacourt is to be laughed at, for objecting to the following experience in his ministry at Washington: "We had only exchanged a few words," (he was calling on the Secretary of the Treasury) "when Mr. Crittenden, the Attorney General, Mr. Bell, Secretary of War, and Mr. Badger, Secretary of the Navy, came in. Mr. Badger was smoking a cigar, which he did not extinguish; Mr. Bell threw himself upon a sofa, putting his feet upon one of the arms, thus showing us the soles of his boots; as to Mr. Crittenden, as he was very warm, he threw off his coat, and took from his pocket a bit of tobacco, which he placed in his mouth to chew. They all took a joking tone with me, which I was obliged to assume with them, in order not to offend men who are very influential in our commercial affairs."

Johns Hopkins University Studies.

NUMBERS IV., V.,-VI., and VII. of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science are *Samuel Adams, the Man of the Town-Meeting*,¹ *Taxation in the United States 1789-1816*,² *Institutional Beginnings in a Western State*.³

The study of Samuel Adams is a preliminary sketch from material that is to be used by the author (Professor Hosmer of Washington University, St. Louis) in a new life of Samuel Adams. It dwells upon the significance of the folk-moot as the kernel of political existence among all Teutonic peoples; suggests that the most perfect development of the folk-moot was in its revival in New England in the shape of the town-meeting; that the Boston town-meeting was the largest, most powerful, and most typical of all in New England; and that Samuel Adams was the most important and influential man in the Boston town-meeting. Accordingly, Samuel Adams is the flower of the folk-moot, the great exemplar of this great Teutonic institution. Again: Massachusetts led the Revolution; Boston led Massachusetts; the town-meeting led Boston; Samuel Adams led the town-meeting. According to Professor Hosmer, this wily Puritan had laid his plans for separation seven years earlier, and "worked it up" with much shrewd intrigue all that time, even using some very questionable methods in producing estrangement between Governor Hutchinson and the people. The decay of the town-meetings, with the growth of cities and influx of foreign population, is touched upon with

¹ Samuel Adams, the Man of the Town-Meeting. By James K. Hosmer, A. M. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University, 1884.

² Taxation in the United States, 1789-1816. By Henry Carter Adams, Ph. D. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University, 1884.

³ Institutional Beginnings in a Western State. By Jesse Macy, A. B. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University, 1884.

anxiety. The non-Teutonic races seem absolutely incapable of the self-restraint, willingness to submit to the general good, interest in good local government, that is essential to the folk-moot; and therefore, the non-Teutonic races have not proved capable of self-government. The institution has never had any legal existence in California; and it is perhaps one of the evil effects of its absence that there is so little local feeling in our towns, such indifference to local politics and affairs, where each man's vote and influence are worth much, and such excitement and partisanship over national elections, where each man's responsibility and influence are practically none.

Taxation in the United States reviews the origin of the "American System," and shows that the strong predisposition of the young nation was to treaties of reciprocal free trade—that being, of course, the only shape in which free trade was at that time possible. Through Mr. Adams, she tried to establish such free trade with England, and failed only through an English faction. Had it been done, much would be better now. The resolution of the American leaders was, if England insisted on restriction to meet her with the same. The reason for this was not industrial but political; it was to build up the sense and habit of nationality, not to help material prosperity, that the first duties were laid. The present "American System" grew out of the War of 1812, and is totally at variance with the ideas of the statesmen before that war. Mr. Adams, in insisting upon the change in the protectionist position, from political to industrial, either overlooks or is unaware of the fact that a very considerable section of orthodox old-line Whig Republicans do in fact hold their high tariff doctrine on grounds chiefly sentimental, and associated with a certain political hostility to England. They grow bitterly excited on the tariff question, as they would not on any other question of finance, infusing into it a feeling toward England that one would hardly expect to find in any one but an ex-Revolutionary soldier or an Irishman; they regard faith in the "American System" as a sort of test of patriotism, and in defending their position always fall back, in the last resort, upon the assertion that we should be independent of England, that a country should have all its resources in itself, even at cost of pecuniary loss. Is not this a direct bequest from the day of political tariff, and a very curious survival? Yet, that it is wide-spread is evident from the fact that the protectionist newspapers play upon the feeling, and do much to keep it up. Dr. Adams makes several other points which we can perhaps best indicate by quotation:

"The truth regarding this industry [textile] is that, previously to 1816, the tariff had no potency in effecting its establishment or maintenance. The energy and capital of this country flowed in the channel of least resistance, or what amounts to the same thing, followed the greatest inducements. Previously to 1807 the neutral carrying trade absorbed all surplus

energy, but this field of activity having been closed by the diplomatic events of that year, and later all trade having been cut off by the declaration of commercial war, the capital and labor, freed from its accustomed employments, undertook a new form of industry. . . . It was the destruction of the carrying trade that occasioned the establishment of manufactures in this country; the potency of the tariff was very slight. If further proof of this were desired, it would only be necessary to compare the rate imposed before the United States were cut off from the European market, and the rate conceived as necessary to maintain these industries, thus abnormally developed, after the return of peace again permitted importations. . . .

"There is here enforced, by a chapter of industrial history, a doctrine of capital sometimes lost sight of in discussions upon the policy of protection, namely: National industries are limited by national capital. . . . In a country that produces raw material and food supply, the growth of commerce and manufactures are proportional only to a very limited extent. Intensity in the one necessitates a languishing condition in the other."

"The financial history of the United States points with peculiar emphasis to one fact, and that is the danger of employing a power granted for one purpose for a purpose entirely different. . . . Although, as has been shown, the distinctively protective character of revenue acts does not make its appearance till much later, it yet remains true that a precedent for using revenue machinery in a loose manner was then established, and out of this precedent have grown many of the abuses which subsequent history discloses.

"Looked at from this point of view, one may hold the first Congress responsible for the dangers that threatened the country in 1831, for the disasters that followed the distribution scheme of 1836, and for the absurd position in which the people of the United States now find themselves—with an overflowing treasury, and yet unable to shut down the flood-gates of revenue. The financial reform which this day requires is more than a modification in tariff-rates; it consists rather in such a revolution of public sentiment that finance laws will be judged on the basis of financial principles. . . . If the disturbing element of protection can in this manner be separated from questions of finance, the injustice and expense of paying a subsidy out of public funds for the support of losing industries will clearly manifest itself."

In *Institutional Beginnings of a Western State*, Prof. Macy, of Iowa College, reviews the curious situation of absolute freedom in which the early settlers of Ohio were placed. They moved across the river for mining purposes, and thereby took themselves outside of all jurisdiction. The western settlers, under such circumstances, never proceeded to govern themselves with the deliberation and extreme order that the New England settlers observed. In New England a fully organized government, with laws and penalties, with written records, was always established by every little knot of settlers who found themselves outside of other jurisdiction than their own. The Iowa settlers possessed the instinct of government in a much less degree, but they were orderly and appreciated the value of coöperation, and not merely enforced a certain amount of lawful behavior, but organ-

ized to make the holding and transfer of land possible, outside, as they were, of the operation of the United States land laws. In fact, they were settling on these still unopened lands in defiance of a statute (whose existence most of them did not know) forbidding settlement on public lands that the United States had not yet put into the market and extended jurisdiction over. When Iowa was admitted as a territory the bulk of her settlers were there in disobedience to this statute, and liable, by strict construction, to be expelled and punished. There seems to be no case on record of the statute's having been enforced. After the territorial government was fairly established, Iowa-men seem still to have been left very much to their own government in local affairs. The curious phenomenon occurs of a total want of connection between the laws and the customs on many minor points. The legislature, for instance, passed laws providing for an elaborate public school system, and worked over them with interest from year to year; the people went on building their school-houses by local "clubbing together," and supporting the school as they might, by tuition fees, by contributions, and managing it as they wished, apparently unaware even of the existence of a territorial system of public schools by which they were supposed to be doing all this in an utterly different way. In fact, the early Iowa legislatures seem to have regarded their work rather in the light of an interesting amusement than otherwise: "They had collected copies of nearly all the statutes in the Union. They went wandering about among these statutes, copying whatever happened to strike their fancy. There were members from nearly every State in the Union, and each felt called upon to get as large a part of the statutes of his own State enacted into the laws of the new territory as possible. One member introduced a bill on the subject of *Jeofails*. It was read to the house and voted on by the members, under the impression that it was a private bill for the benefit of Joe Fails, a man whom they all knew." Prof. Macy's facts are mostly gathered from old inhabitants; their less formal and deliberate method of self-government having left early Iowa destitute of the documentary evidence so abundant with regard to the Colonies.

Briefer Notice.

Six little elementary books, that have been already issued under the series name of *Science Ladders*,¹ are now brought together in one volume. They are "Forms of Land and Water"; "The Story of Early Explorations"; "Vegetable Life"; "Flow-erless Plants"; "Lowest Forms of Water Animals"; "Lowly Mantle and Armor Wearers." They are intended for little children, and to introduce a more scientific and living method into early instruction. Unlike many of the new departures in primary instruc-

tion, these little books do not tend toward the trivial and superficial, but are real steps in the right direction—that is, toward bringing little children's studies into line with the real scholarly work of the world, so that the very first steps taken may be so much gained on the path of genuine scholarliness. We do not think they are perfect of their kind; on the contrary, we note several defects, chiefly in adaptation to the child's mind, but also, in one or two instances, statements that are not in accord with the best science. There is too much condensation and too many facts; with children it is always better to impart fewer facts, and those in more detail. Nevertheless, the principle is correct, and the books on the whole the best for this class of school work that we have seen. Still more excellent are they for the use of a parent or governess in home readings. The most useful is that on early explorations; it is in accord with the true method of teaching geography as an accompaniment to history—a method by which twice the work can be done, twice as well, and with twice the pleasure, in the same time. Beginning with the world as known to the Egyptians, the child is to follow the fascinating story of explorations, tracing everything on the map, until the few outlines about the Mediterranean have expanded to the present known world. The fact is, that when the habit of reading history and travels, and of reading them with a map, is acquired, geography is learned, and years of foolish drill eliminated from school work. The little treatise under review is not very well done; but it is infinitely better than present methods, and in the hands of a good teacher can be trimmed here and expanded there, and aided by map and blackboard devices, with the happiest results. We recommend *Science Ladders* heartily to teachers, school-boards, and parents.—A little synopsis on *Local Flora*² is welcome. It will, perhaps, be especially welcome to beginners; for it is really an attempt to arrange the genera according to evolutionary principles, and would therefore save the young botanist much of the confusion he often feels in the apparent arbitrariness of relationships. The distinctions are confined to points discernible by the naked eye, in order to increase the convenience of the book as a manual for field work; but its usefulness in this line is much marred by the fact that it includes only genera and not species. The field botanist, even the most casual amateur, likes to know *exactly* what plant he has found—not merely to know its genus. The attempt at a new classification, in face of the eminent botanists who hold to the old, is certainly somewhat daring; but it is attractive, and we should like to see it succeed; it is modestly put forward, too, and in a tentative sort of way, by using it only for a limited local flora. The territory covered is from

¹ *Science Ladders*. By N. D'Anvers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

² *Local Flora*. Synopsis of the Genera of Vascular Plants in the Vicinity of San Francisco, with an Attempt to Arrange them according to Evolutionary Principles. By H. H. Behr, M. D. San Francisco: Payot, Upham & Co. 1884.

Sonoma to Santa Clara and from Niles to the coast. The manual seems in a certain sense to emanate from the California Academy of Sciences, as the author has not only depended upon the botanical collections of the Academy, but has been aided by the other botanical members—Dr. Kellogg and Rev. E. L. Greene being the best-known botanists among these.

—*The United States Art Directory and Year Book*,¹ whose second issue is this of 1884 (covering the year from October, 1882, to November, 1883), is quite a cyclopedia of art matters for the year. It chronicles the exhibitions during the year (of which there were eighty-four, exclusive of those in the smaller cities and of the numerous special exhibitions of single artists), the sales at exhibitions and auctions, the prizes and competitions, the year's necrology, its occurrences in monument-erection, architecture, decorative art, reproductive arts, etchings and engravings, art books and periodicals, etc.; gives directories of academies, collections, clubs, etc., of journals, of artists, of art-teachers; and the copyright law; with some minor indexes and topics. The sales of the year are reported unsatisfactory, showing a falling off from 1882. The best prices at an important New York sale ranged from \$200 up to \$790 for pictures of Wyant, McEntee, Inness, De Haas, Gifford, Bridgman, and a few others, with \$1,500 for one picture by J. G. Brown, and one bid of \$2,300 for one by Bridgman; while the worst ones went down as far as \$5 for a picture in a \$22 frame. The low prices at San Francisco sales are specially mentioned. The most important names in the necrology are Albert F. Bellows, painter and etcher, Thomas Le Clen, portrait-painter, and Martin Milmore, sculptor. Two curious items are Clarence Boyd, of Louisville, Ky., shot by his brother-in-law, and Edward Jump, caricaturist, shot himself in Chicago. Appended to the volume are over fifty excellent reproductions of pictures of the year, besides about twenty architectural illustrations.—*National Academy Notes*,² issued for the fourth time this year, adds to the notes upon leading pictures the full official catalogue. The descriptive memoranda of the pictures illustrated and the biographical notices of the artists accompany the illustrations this time—an innovation that increases the convenience of the book. There are also a historic sketch of the Academy; diagrams of the different galleries with the position of the pictures on the walls; and one hundred and twenty-two illustrations, one hundred and fifteen of which are reproduced from drawings by the artists.—Last winter the Rev. R. Heber Newton, an Episcopal clergyman of New York, began a series of lectures to his people upon the book of Genesis, embodying

in general the view of this book put forward by Robertson Smith, in Scotland, and especially by Kuenen and his school on the Continent. This view may be roughly stated by saying that the researches of this school of very learned Hebraists have convinced them that the book of Genesis is a compilation from a number of earlier sources, and very much more recent than the tradition of its Mosaic authorship assumes. That the book bears unmistakable internal evidence of compilation from at least two earlier sources, has long been conceded by reading men of all denominations; that these sources were largely traditional, and the compilers priests of a date very much later than Moses, is a farther conclusion of the Kuenen school, which only the Unitarian churches and the advanced branches of the Congregational and Episcopalian churches have so far showed any hospitality to. Mr. Newton was stopped by his bishop midway in the delivery of these lectures, and now publishes them with the title *The Book of the Beginnings*,³ on the ground that this "very unusual, if not unprecedented episcopal interruption" has laid him open to misconstruction from people who do not know what he was saying and intending to say, and may, therefore, suppose it much worse than it was.—Mr. Oscar Fay Adams has followed his "*Brief Handbook of English Authors*" with a similar *Brief Handbook of American Authors*.⁴ It is a most convenient and compact index of one hundred and eighty-eight pages. The principle according to which names have been admitted or excluded is somewhat obscure, for we note a number of far more trivial importance than others that are omitted. Possibly, the principle is that very recent authors, even the obscurest, are given place in preference to better known writers of earlier date. Pacific Coast authors, with the single exception of H. H. Bancroft, are omitted, unless their books were printed by eastern firms—an altogether illogical omission; for, although our most widely known authors have published with eastern firms, several who have published here are of more literary standing than a number whose names are found in the *Handbook*. One of the best points is the appending to the author's names of references to whatever articles of importance or books there may be about him.—The eighth issue of the excellent *Théâtre Contemporain* series is Victorien Sardou's comedy *La Perle Noire*.⁵—We receive from the publisher a tiny pamphlet—*Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon*,⁶—which is announced as a tenth edition, and

³ *The Book of the Beginnings*. A Study of Genesis, with an Introduction to the Pentateuch. By R. Heber Newton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

⁴ *A Brief Handbook of American Authors*. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

⁵ *La Perle Noire*. — Comédie en Trois Actes, en Prose. Par Victorien Sardou de L'Académie Française. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1884.

⁶ *Gill's Complete Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon, English-Chinook, and Chinook-English*. Portland, Oregon: J. K. Gill & Co. 1884.

¹ *The United States Art Directory and Year Book*. Compiled by S. R. Koehler. New York, London, and Paris: Cassell & Company. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

² *National Academy Notes, Including the Complete Catalogue of the Fifty-ninth Spring Exhibition*: Edited by Charles M. Kurtz. New York: Cassell & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

a great necessity in the Sound region. This jargon is not to be mistaken for the real Chinook Indian language (which is almost extinct), but is a composite "pigeon" dialect. Several little books for traders' use have been written in it, and some hymns, translated by missionaries. — In a general way, the instructions in *The American Horsewoman*¹ are good and to the point, written by a lady who has not only had the best of training in riding, but who has ridden a great deal, and evidently loves and studies her horse. She makes a few statements about the various breeds of horses that would be hard to verify, but her advice on stable care of the horse, saddle, bits, and position on the saddle are excellent. A great deal of stress is laid on the necessity of instruction in riding. If the author were to see some California girls, who can ride any horse without anything but a strap and blanket, and sit erect and gracefully, she would, too, conclude that some people, at least, do not need to attend riding schools. The book is full of useful instruction; every lady rider would profit by a reading of it. — A very attractive book is *Discoveries of America to 1525*.² It is printed with the typographical appearance that we find most agreeable for a book of scholarship, is well indexed, provided with a goodly number of rare and interesting old maps, and contains a large collection of information with regard to the early voyages. Faith in the historic judgment of the author is shaken at the outset by his naïve, even childlike, acceptance of the Atlantis myth — even to the extent indicated by the following quotations: "The Egyptians . . . furnish the earliest known account of the inhabitants of this continent. . . . The discovery of the continent . . . confirmed the statements of the Egyptian records descriptive of the civilization of the Atlantic country. The tradition of the peopling of the continent by the descendants of Euenor, the good man begotten in the beginning from the ground, and of the residence of celestial beings among the inhabitants, peculiarly confirms the account in the Bible of the creation of the first man from the dust of the ground, and of his descendants having communications with angels." "Incredible as this information concerning the residence of a person possessing a divine nature on the earth, and his matrimonial relationship with a woman, seems to be, there are some remarkable statements in the traditions of the ancients, respecting celestial beings dwelling among men, and, by marriage with their daughters, being the progenitors of an illustrious offspring." Then follow serious quotations from the Old Testament and from Greek mythology. We need hardly add that this credulous faith in Atlantis is founded on no farther argument than the old ones — the Platonic

myth, the shallow belt in the Atlantic, and certain alleged similarities of customs between Plato's Atlantis and ancient Mexico — the last argument being stated with the following convenient vagueness: "The remarkable accounts given by Bernal Diaz and other contemporary writers respecting the people, the kings, the cities, the palaces, the temples, and the public works seen by the Spanish invaders, verify, in many ways, the declarations of the Egyptian priests concerning the Atlantic race." It would be the part of candor in a historian in thus alleging what, if true, would be the only valid argument for America as Atlantis, and basing his allegation on a rare and hardly accessible authority, to cite the "many ways" in which so surprising a verification is made, instead of giving a few vague and general references in a foot-note. The whole statement of Atlantis as historic, and of its identity with America as admitted, when the one has never been to educated people any more than, at the utmost, a possible suggestion of fact wrapped in myth, nor the other than a daring speculation — is provocative of the liveliest distrust. In the next breath we find this credulous believer in Atlantis most cautious and skeptical as to the Norse voyages — which rest upon evidence, that, though slight and vague, is of real historical character. After we reach the period of undoubted history, however, the defect of historic judgment is less glaring, and the material collected is of value. There is no special literary quality. — A second volume of extracts from Thoreau's journal is published under the name of *Summer*.⁴ The same order of dates is followed as in "Early Spring in Massachusetts"; that is, each day of June is followed through the journal for all the different years — 1840, 1851, 1853, 1854, 1858, 1860 — in which, for that day, it has any entry that is to be used. For instance, the first extracts are for June 1st, 1852, and June 1st, 1853; then June 2d, 1853, June 2d, 1854, June 2d, 1855, June 2d, 1858, June 2d, 1859, June 2d, 1860; June 3d, 1838, etc. This order is occasionally departed from to complete the account of a trip of several days, and in one case for a trip of over two weeks to the White Mountains. It is, on the whole, a good arrangement, and fulfils its intention of giving the reader a complete view of the advance of summer; but it should be supplemented by a second reading of the extracts in chronological order, for their biographical value in revealing the variations from year to year in Thoreau's mood. For instance, all the extracts for 1840, or earlier, are speculative, in the transcendental manner, yet of little real profundity; later, the thoughts are interspersed among observations of nature, and are far simpler and sounder. Of the three hundred and seventy-two pages of extracts, two hundred and sixty-nine relate to June, and the

¹ *The American Horsewoman*. By Elizabeth Karr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

² *Discoveries of America to 1525*. By Arthur James Weise, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1884. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

⁴ *Summer*: From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

remaining one hundred and three of July, leaving none for August.—*The Reading Club, No. 13*,¹ is the latest issue of a small pamphlet series of selections from standard and current literature for reading and recitation. The present number contains fifty selections of fair merit.—*Beginnings with the Microscope*,² is, as its title-page calls it, a “working hand-book,” treating in seventy-two pages—of the “Science Primer” size—of the construction and handling of a microscope, the preparation of specimens, and so forth. It does not pretend to take the place of a teacher—for no way to learn to use a microscope can ever be so good as to watch a skilled microscopist and practice under his eye—but only to be the next best thing for beginners unable to have the first best. It is a useful little book.—Wendell Phillips’s two most popular lectures, *The Lost Arts*,³ and *Daniel O’Connell*,⁴ are issued separately by Lee & Shepard in neat pamphlets.—The Bureau of Education has issued a *Preliminary Circular*⁵ of information as to the educational branch of the Cotton Exhibition at New Orleans next September.—*Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes*,⁶ is a much needed little treatise on a dimly understood subject, and seems to be already accepted as the best statement of the phenomena in question hitherto published in our language. Though the subject is one alluring to popular curiosity, the light reader will hardly be able to manage this monograph. It is by an instructor in Harvard College, formed the basis of a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute last year, and has already been printed in “*Science*.”—*What is to be Done?*⁷ is fairly described by its sub-title, *An Emergency Hand-Book*. It is especially intended for use in the nursery, and its range of topics covers most diseases that any child could have. As the name of a physician to the Boston Dispensary seems to be good guarantee for its soundness, it may be consid-

ered an excellent thing for the inexperienced.—*Neighbor Jackwood*⁸ will be recognized as a republication of a popular story of many years ago by J. T. Trowbridge—a story of adventurous escape from slavery. It shows much of the quality of entertaining narrative, and gentle though by no means subtle humor, that has since made Mr. Trowbridge so pleasing a writer of boys’ stories; but now that its subject has lost any especial timeliness, it is easily evident that his later work is better. There is a certain confusion of arrangement in this older novel—it lacks unity; and there is occasionally a visible effort to be funny, and to be dramatic.—A most interesting biography is *James and Lucretia Mott*. It is edited by their grand-daughter, who had been selected to write the memoir of Lucretia Mott, but found it, as she went on with the work, so difficult to write or think of the one apart from the other that she ended by making her work a memoir of both James and Lucretia Mott. She says: “Who can tell what blight might have befallen Lucretia Mott if her energy had been drained by domestic discord, her hopeful spirit crushed by discouragement and disagreement at home?” “She was fortunate in herself—blessed with divine gifts; but she was doubly fortunate, doubly blessed, in the companionship of a noble, loving husband, who, so far from being a hindrance to her in the path ‘whereunto she was called,’ was a support and an inspiration. Although he was not so widely known as she, and his field of usefulness . . . might seem more restricted, yet no one can contemplate the lives of two so united . . . without realizing that *his* life made *hers* a possibility.” This might, by a mere change of the pronouns, and substitution of “wife” for “husband,” be the tribute of many a biography to the wife of its subject—an inversion of relations by no means uncommon among the Friends, who seem to have always solved the “vocation versus marriage” question with the greatest ease. A full account of ancestry is prefixed very rightly; people ought to be reminded as often as possible that such lives as those of the Motts flower only on long-rooted stocks of virtue and intelligence. The chief interest of the biography, of course—the main reason for which it was written—is in the anti-slavery experiences; yet to many the record of the Motts’ “Hicksite” beliefs and their effect will be no less significant and newer.

⁸ *Neighbor Jackwood*. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1884.

⁹ *James and Lucretia Mott. Life and Letters*. Edited by their grand-daughter, Anna Davis Hallowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

¹ *The Reading Club*. Edited by George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale by James T. White.

² *Beginnings with the Microscope*. By Walter P. Manton, M. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1884. For sale by Chilion Beach.

³ *The Lost Arts*. By Wendell Phillips. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1884. For sale by James T. White.

⁴ *Daniel O’Connell*. By Wendell Phillips. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1884. For sale by James T. White.

⁵ *Preliminary Circular respecting the Exhibition of Education at the World’s Industrial and Cotton Exhibition*. Washington, 1884.

⁶ *Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes*. By William Morris Davis, Instructor in Harvard College. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1884. For sale by Chilion Beach.

⁷ *What is to be Done?* A Hand-book for the Nursery. By Robert B. Dixon, M. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale by James T. White.

VOL. IV., No. 22.

SECOND SERIES.

THE Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

OCTOBER, 1884.



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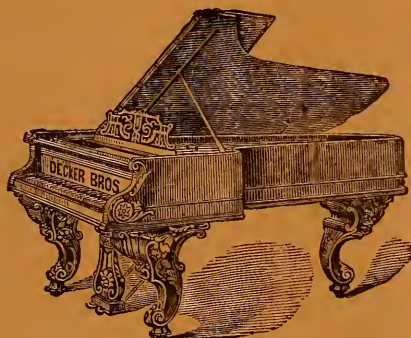


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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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A CITY IN THE OLD WEST.

SANTA FÉ is interesting mainly as the seat of three widely differing civilizations. These, though successive, were gradually so. The last two coëxist. The first projected itself in lighter and lighter shades through the second; and perhaps even yet, with a subtle pervasion through the Mexican life and character, lurks about its old home and its ruined buildings, like a ghost of a shadow.

Relics found' along the Santa Fé valley show that the city enjoyed its greatest prosperity and grandeur as a prehistoric Aztec pueblo. The glories, wealth, and achievements of Aztec civilization are more for imagination to outline, than for history to describe. From accounts of Spanish warriors, priests, and explorers, from ruins and hieroglyphics, from Aztec language, tradition, mythology, and custom, we can gather enough to excite deep interest in and sympathy with the unhappy people of Montezuma. We know enough to induce investigators to enter the field disclosed, and by close life with the remnants of tribes to explore it more thoroughly. Spain, by virtue of gunpowder and treachery, overcame the native races, robbed them of their wealth and freedom, killed their chiefs, and stamped out their sacred fires; but we know enough of

what Spain thus destroyed to doubt that the civilization that she substituted was much of an improvement.

The Indians tell a story of the birth of Montezuma near the southern extremity of the Santa Fé mountain range; of his journey southward on the back of an eagle, the people following and founding cities where the eagle had rested each night; and of the founding of the capital city of Mexico at the end of the long march. This myth suggests that New Mexico is in reality the old Mexico, and was once the center of Aztec power and culture, and that the tribes found there by the Spanish were but the weak and more unprogressive of the race. They were not of the stuff of which Argonauts are made. They had looked askance at fortune, and their faint hearts did not win her encouragement. So they had quietly stayed in the peaceful and fruitful fields of the Rio Grande, or labored at the old turquoise mine by day, and spent the nights in their safe, rock-protected pueblos. Their prudence brought a tame prosperity, which met a common fate at Spanish hands with that of their more adventurous brethren.

About 1538, when the masts of the Mayflower yet grew in the forest, and the Pilgrim

grandfathers were in their cradles, Cabeza de Vaca, a Spanish Æneas, led his shipwrecked party through the Rio Grande valley. Priests, chieftains, and explorers followed, each drawn by zeal in his profession, until, by 1600, the country was overrun with Spaniards. The Indians were enslaved, and toiled in the mines, that hidalgos might wear jewels. A successful revolt in 1680 freed the Indians, until De Vargas, about a dozen years after, reconquered them.

The third civilization appeared on the scene in the first decade of this present century. Not conquest, not religion, but trade was the incentive; for the new comer was a Saxon, and particularly a Yankee one. Profit multiplied his footsteps into a well-defined trail to the Missouri river, and the wagon road that the traveler on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad sees continually near the track is this same old Santa Fé trail.

Regardless of political history, the American invasion of New Mexico is one of peace, trade, and railroads, and is essentially the same, in its inception and spirit, as that now taking place along the line of the Mexican Central. It has penetrability; it enters but does not banish; it rules, but tolerates.

Santa Fé is the striking and sensible effect of this in the contrasts everywhere to be seen. It would almost seem that Nature herself had caught the spirit of contrast. A southern sun; scenery brought to the eye as by a lens, thus shortening the yellow roads which quiver in the fierce rays, bringing brown hills with their square tops closer, and making the little green prison trees stand stiff and distinct like toys; the distant mountains, like white-robed priests with fingers pointing to the blue heavens; it all seems suited to a Spanish land, and makes one remember that one is seven thousand feet above the mists and murmur and restlessness of the crawling human sea at the common level. But the air over this torrid scene is for Americans. It stimulates and braces. It fairly snaps with electricity. It is cool. It is without a particle of that haze so suggestive of dreaminess and languor. The streams, too, are

American. They move at a lively pace, are dashing clear, and grasp the offered hand sharp and fresh as the snows from which they spring.

The Rio Santa Fé boldly rushes through the center of the town, putting to its left the staid old Mexican residence portion that clusters around venerable San Miguel, and reserving to its right the blocks where American business moves on, though slowly, and weighted with Mexican conservatism.

The town, on the whole, is sleepy and ancient looking; crooked streets, too narrow for but one sidewalk, find their ways like paths among the jutting, irregular fronts of adobe buildings. Then there is the Plaza, a Spanish feature which always makes small towns look less like lively cities than ever. Around this are the most of the American business buildings, but Mexican adobe structures are inserted between them. The old, crooked walls of Jesus Ascencion Garcia's Broad Gauge Saloon are buttressed by a brand new brick bank building. On the street a stylish dog-cart dashes past its original undeveloped type—a great, heavy structure resting on two oxen and two thick disks of wood, which creak on wooden axles. More primitive even than that, comes a drove of small donkeys known as burros, each bearing much more than his bulk of cordwood or hay, and all driven by an Indian from the pueblo of Tesuque or by a darker looking Mexican.

Among the hotels, the modern and American structure called the Palace rivals the old Mexican building called the Exchange. The latter corners the Plaza; its veranda furnishes the sidewalk for one street—the other is too narrow for a sidewalk, and a carriage once entering is destined for the other end. All guest rooms are on the ground floor for the best of reasons, and nearly all front on the street, in a way, one would think, very suggestive to delinquent guests. The rooms open in the rear to one of two *placitas* which the building surrounds. You naturally expect, in such a building, to find a typical Spanish inn, innkeeper, and table; but you discover everything but the

building to be American, and the incongruity of surroundings and service, appearance and experience, is a daily agreeable novelty.

On Sunday afternoons it has been the custom of all Santa Fé to promenade on the Plaza. Time was when the Plaza was a bare market place, but American innovation and improvement has made it a park. In the center a monument commemorates the soldiers who died for the Union in New Mexico. Here are fountains supplied from the Santa Fé reservoir three miles away. A heavy growth of alfalfa covers the ground, and cottonwoods wave above. The military band plays in the pavilion, and the audience is of many nationalities and languages, drawn here by music, the language of the world. They fill the benches in the park; they throng the long veranda of the old Palace; they promenade along the paths, or drive stylish teams. There are Mexican matrons, with the indispensable mantilla, a head-dress after the manner of some village gossip who is just going over to some neighbor with a bit of news. Their faces are old and wrinkled—sad prophecy of the future in store for the fresh faces of the young señoritas!

Here carefully steps an invalid, watchful of his small reserve of strength, and enjoying the air which he came so far to breathe. Yonder are negroes, in conspicuous spirits and health, delighting in bright colors. A party of tourists pass the monument, and read every inscription, because it is their duty to. They are here but two days, and must see everything. Who can learn about three centuries in two days? A glimpse of a switching cue shows that Santa Fé is not unblest with Chinese. On a bench near by, three or four soldiers from the military quarter, in bright uniform, lounge and gaze at the passing señoritas. These Mexican maidens have discarded the mantilla for the nonce, and in Sunday bonnets and ribbons suited to their dark faces, move gaily past, "with all their bravery on, and tackle trim." A representative of the wealthiest and most influential class of Santa Fé passes in the contented looking person of a Jew with his wife; they

are followed by an unmistakable Bridget with their little Jewish baby.

Pueblo Indians attract attention amid the crowd by the profusion of red color in their principal garment. This blanket is thrown loosely about the body, and seems always about to fall to the ground. They wear white leggings, looking as if cut when loose trousers were in vogue, and since then made tight and stylish by an extra seam. The red paint on their cheeks is so blended with their bronze color as to produce a by no means bad effect. The hair is black, and too coarse to seem human. It reaches everywhere down from the crown like a thatch on a haystack, and in front is cut off square with the eyebrows, banded, without a doubt; and we were centuries behind when we adopted the style. The beauty of this *coiffure*, though sometimes adorned on state occasions by a feather or two, is always unconcealed. Whether the Indian is selling fish in the streets, or plowing behind his black and white oxen with a stick for a plough-share, or making Aztec pottery in front of the laddered entrance to his house, he is bare-headed.

Castilian ladies, though rarely seen in public, appear on these Sunday afternoons. The quiet dress and demeanor, and the intelligence seen in the countenances, give evidence of the advantages of families of long continued wealth, power, and culture. But the power was hereditary; the culture was made possible by leisure afforded by wealth; and the wealth came as large land-grants, gifts of a government ever partial to its nobility; a government possessed of land undiminished by any homestead laws for the benefit of its common people.

To this bright colored crowd of human contrasts, thus moving among themselves, the long, one-story palace is a background. Its stirring history comes to the mind in pictures quickened and made vivid by the heroic music of the bands, a background to the thought. The park is gone; Indians are toiling with huge blocks of adobe, building thick walls for the palace that will stand so long. Now comes the resplendent Spanish army—they enter in triumph—they christen

with the new name Santa Fé. Many affairs of State follow; decorations and costumes brighten the scenes.

Now it is dark and still; a light from the palace window aids the Captain-General within to plan his battles from the surrounding maps. Troops gather on the Plaza by early morning. When they return, they lead captives within those gloomy walls. Some are led out again to be shot; others remain—their fate, *quien sabe?* All is again changed; Indians supplant the native Spaniards; heathen rites and the *cachina* dance celebrate success. Now, between lines of men on the one hand and women on the other, De Vargas and his band make their triumphal entry; "*Te Deum laudamus*," sing the priests. The man of the palace is again a Spaniard.

Now more familiar faces appear—sun-browned, but shrewd. They come with long wagon trains and mule teams and cracking whips; the town gathers to receive them as to a great event long looked for.

Another rebellion, and a turbulent crowd follows a man carrying a human head—that of the Governor Perez. With Mexican suddenness, change again occurs, and the Plaza is again the scene of the customary wholesale execution of gentlemen with political tastes.

Now appear the stars and stripes, and soldiers in our uniform of the Mexican War. Rebels succeed and tear down the flag, but the reign of the stars and bars is soon over.

What unknown scenes and events those thick palace walls have concealed! How well they have kept their secrets; like Hamlet's friends, they disclose nothing in their dull looks—not even a wise "We could an' if we would."

Sante Fé is full of churches, cathedrals, and religious schools. Every one has heard of San Miguel, part of whose adobe walls have been standing for nearly three hundred years, and which has stood in its entirety as at present since 1710. The visitor is directed by a notice that he is to pull a cord three times; a deep-toned bell solemnly re-

sponds to the action; and this somewhat mysterious preliminary brings to the door a boyish looking "brother," who repays one's entrance fee with a description of the objects of interest. The old, clear-toned bell is of pure copper; the carved vigas are quaint and curious; the paintings are the same sort of works of early Spanish-American art (it is a pity to apply that word to them), that is to be found in all the old churches of New Mexico. Opposite San Miguel is an old pueblo house, apparently used by several Mexican families. It is the oldest house in this old town.

I attended a service in San Francisco cathedral. This structure surrounds an old cross-shaped building—the new enclosing the ancient: stone around adobe. The front part of the congregation was seemingly composed of the more aristocratic of the Spanish-speaking Catholics that worship here; while the plebeians, "some in rags, and some in tags, and some in Sunday gowns," stood at the dark rear. The dim religious light in front seemed like a glare viewed from the gloom, and the variety of color in the costume and paraphernalia of the votaries who conducted the service was striking. The dark Mexican boys looked darker faced than ever in their white robes. The rising and kneeling of the great congregation to the intense, solemn organ tones, the uplifted arms of the priest, the sonorous tongue, and all accompanying impressiveness devised by the Roman genius, had strong and solemn influence on a stranger. But I noticed that, once the service ended, the Mexican youth waited about the door to see the señoritas; the old folks broke into talk; and all did much as at an after-meeting in any sociable Protestant American congregation. We are all alike when church is out.

The old business activity of Sante Fé has departed, apparently forever. Situated behind the Santa Fé range, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road could approach it only by a spur from the main line, and Las Vegas and Albuquerque have divided its trade between them. Much is hoped from a line projected north to Española, to con-

nect with the Denver and Rio Grande system, but it will be seen that even this would not bring the city into the world of commerce. The mining districts are all at a distance. No stock country is tributary.

Agriculture is limited to the possibilities of irrigation in a small valley. Santa Fé is destined to be renewed as a picture of the past—a peaceful seat of learning, a quiet health resort, and a Mecca for the antiquarian.

Clarence A. Miller.

THE CAMPAIGN AT WIDDLETOWN.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

CHAPTER X.

TIME sped on. The term was far advanced and had been unusually prosperous. We had begun preparations for the public examination, and a healthy spirit of emulation prevailed. The noise and confusion of politics on the outside had not interfered with our work.

One day I went home to dinner as usual, and while returning congratulated myself that the lines, in very deed, had fallen to me in pleasant places. I made up my mind that many of the perplexities of teachers, of which I had heard so much, were due to their inaptness either to teach or to control, and that extraneous influences had in reality but little to do with a teacher's success. My own happy experience surprised me. I almost concluded that I should accept teaching as a vocation for life, though from early youth I had formed quite different plans.

As I neared the school building I thought I heard an unwonted noise. Had some accident happened, or was the building on fire? I could see only the cupola on account of foliage and intervening buildings.

A moment's walk and an abrupt angle in the street brought me directly in front of the Academy and within a few feet of the yard. An unpleasant sight met my eyes. Two of the finest lads in school were engaged in a fearful hand-to-hand conflict, nearly in the center of the yard. The rest of the school, flushed and excited, were looking on, and as

in an uproar of old, some cried one thing and some another. The most that I could distinguish was, "Down with the P'ublicans, up with the Dem'crats! up with the P'ublicans, down with the Dem'crats! Give it to him, Vin! give it to him, Date—thrash the 'Pubs, Date! thrash the Dems, Vin!" and each, as he appeared to be in the ascendant, received the vociferous cheers of his constituents. It was more like pandemonium than the orderly school I had left an hour and a half before.

I walked directly up to the combatants and separated them by sheer force, though it taxed my strength to the utmost. I then marched them into the school-room, seating them in front of my desk, one on the right and the other on the left. Their fellow pupils followed with tense muscles and suppressed breath, and took their seats in silence. The stillness of death reigned. Books were opened, and eyes rested upon the pages with mechanical vacuity. Vin and Date sat like two battered statues, great in their ruin.

Of all the lads in school, they were the last I should have expected to see in such an affray. Both were about fourteen years old, good students, and well brought up. Vin, a handsome, dark-eyed boy, was tall and lithe; while Date was stout and muscular, and had rosy cheeks and clear blue eyes, as beaming and pleasant as a June sky. Their names were Vinley Cook and Dayton Hall. Vinley's father was a thrifty mechanic, well read and intelligent; and Dayton's a clear-headed, even witty, hardware merchant.

I concluded to ask no questions while the

severe tension lasted. I thought reflection would be the better regimen. The first recitation passed off with a repression which was painful in the extreme. I felt relieved when it ended, and have no doubt that all concerned shared the feeling. I was about to begin the second, when I heard a peculiar rap on the inner door. I answered the summons, and found Uncle Mike in waiting. I remembered that when I returned from dinner I had seen him sitting on a rustic bench beneath one of the trees in front of the academy.

"I thought ye might be taken a little aback by what's happened, and I've come to tell ye the facts in the case, so ye won't be thrown off yer pins of a sudden," he said, looking very sympathetic.

"Thank you," said I. "It's very kind of you."

"Wal, ye see, I know what ye've got to go through with better'n ye do yerself, so, come what will, keep a stiff chin an' yer tongue in yer head, an' let 'em fight it out themselves—the old folks, I mean—they won't need any of yer help."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Jest what I say. But I'll tell ye in the first place what's happened. Ye see, I was sittin' on the seat under the elm, a watchin' a couple of squirrels kitin' about—I'm desp'rately fond of squirrels—when the boys come out an' began to play ball in the yard. 'Twas a new kind o' game, and full o' fun. Wal, after a while they all got out 'cept Date an' Vin, an' then the question was, which should beat. The boys who had been on Date's side in the game cheered him, and the boys on Vin's side cheered him. For a spell all went on as smooth as ile—one was jest as quick as t'other. Then Date lost a little, an' his side said Vin wasn't fair, an' Vin's side said he was, but they went on a spell for all that. Then things got wuss an' wuss, an' Vin's side called Date's cheating old Dem'crats, an' Date's called Vin's cheating old 'Publicans. Vin said he wouldn't stand it any longer, an' struck Date with his fist, an' Date struck back, an' so they got to fightin' like tigers, an' the two sides cheered

'em on, an' so they had it till ye took 'em apart; an' 'twas a marcy ye come when ye did, for I do believe they'd a killed each other afore they'd 'a stopped. Ye see, when pol'tics gets into a thing, they sets the very Satan ter work. The boys hain't done any wuss than their fathers would 'a done in their places. *They're* a fightin' one way an' another, day in an' day out, an' will be till after 'lection—then they'll be likely to ease off a leetle, so's to get a chance to sharpen up afore the next pull, an' so it goes. Now remember, keep yer tongue in yer head, no matter what they say nor what they don't say," and he started to go.

"Wait a moment, please. I want a little more explanation," I said.

"Never mind yer explanation. Ye've got the whole on't, an' I hain't told yer particulars 'bout the grown folks, nuther. They're to the head on't. Now, I've put the handle o' the whip inter yer hand, an' if ye can't crack it yerself 'twouldn't 'mount to anything if I should crack it for ye. Good day, sir. I'll trust ye to take care yer own whip."

"Good day, sir," I said, "and I thank you for your kindness."

"Ye're all right. Good day," and he walked away at his usual rapid pace.

I returned to the school-room and went through with the next recitation, but meanwhile I was making up my mind what to do. The class, to all appearances, was fully as preoccupied as myself, and no doubt our interest in the chemical facts under consideration was of about equal intensity. By the time the allotted half hour expired, I had concluded to make no inquiries of the pupils that day, at least, and to send the belligerent lads home without comment or reprimand.

Accordingly I excused Date from further attendance at school that day, and after waiting long enough for him to reach home, excused Vin also. Although their homes were in opposite directions from the academy, I deemed it prudent to provide against any further collision for the time being, at least.

After they had gone, the tension seemed to relax a little, and the recitations were not quite so spiritless and repressed, yet there

was nothing like genuine interest. Such a preternatural silence had never reigned in that school-room before since I entered it.

A little past the middle of the afternoon, another rap summoned me to the door. I found Date's father, Mr. Hall, in waiting. I had had several agreeable chats with him, and felt pretty well acquainted.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hall," I said, shaking hands with him as cordially as though nothing unusual had happened.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said stiffly, and with an effort to appear reserved. This was quite unbecoming to his style of dignity, for he was a broad-faced, jovial man, with a pleasantry or repartee ever at his tongue's end.

"A very pleasant afternoon," I said, not appearing to notice his coolness.

"Yes, rather, though I haven't been in a mood to notice much about the weather," he replied, with an air of constraint.

"Been occupied with something of more importance, I suppose. You business men always have your hands full," I returned, in an unconcerned voice.

"By heavens! Don't you know what's happened?" he broke out, losing all patience.

"I suppose many things may have happened of which you know all the particulars, while I may know nothing about them whatever," I answered with unperturbed voice.

"Didn't you know that Date's almost killed?"

"Certainly not."

"Didn't you know that Vin Cook had almost knocked the breath of life out of him?"

"Most certainly I did not."

"Didn't you know they'd had a tussle?"

"I knew they'd had a little quarrel, as boys do have sometimes, but was not aware it was anything so serious."

"Well, it is, and it's something that won't be hushed up in a minute, either. The Republicans'll find they can't smother this by throwing cold water."

"What are Date's injuries?" I asked with an air of concern. "Are they internal or external?"

"I haven't found out, but I've no doubt he's hurt shockingly."

"What doctor have you had?"

"We haven't had any. It don't take a doctor to make us understand how dreadfully he's hurt. It's a case that shows for itself."

"But, judging from what you say, it doesn't seem safe to wait—what if he's hurt internally?"

"I haven't much opinion of doctors. I've no idea they'd do him any good. I shouldn't have cared so much if he hadn't been bullied by that Vin Cook. He's the meanest little rascal that ever trod shoe leather—not that the boy's so much to blame himself—it's his father that sets him on. I've no doubt but Cook planned the whole thing himself and told Vin to carry it out—'t would be just like him; he's one of the vilest men on the footstool; he's always planning to play some mean game on our side; he don't care what 'tis, the meaner the better. I don't know as he cared anything in particular about hurting Date, but he wanted to come a grind on me, and so took this miserable, underhand way to do it; he wanted to give me to understand our party'd be beat—that's what he's up to—he's chuckling over it now; that's what cuts so. If he'd only taken me, I shouldn't have cared. I can hoe my own row with him any day, give me a fair chance."

I heard footsteps and looked up. There was Mr. Cook close upon us. We had been so deeply absorbed that we had not observed his approach.

"So you are here to fill the preceptor's ears with your blackguardism," said Mr. Cook in an irate voice, addressing Mr. Hall, without so much as waiting to pass the civilities of the day with me. Mr. Cook was a dark, tall, muscular man, with a sedate but genial face, and a not unpleasant voice.

"I've told him some truths about yourself which have not much blackguarding in them, I guess," replied Mr. Hall in a high key.

"It makes no difference what you've said; no one with common sense would believe you under oath. But that isn't what I'm af-

ter. I want to know what Date fell foul of Vin for. He's about killed him. I tell you, he shall suffer for it, and you, too, for you're the one that's to blame. You set him on. It's a shame and a disgrace to the whole town."

"Now, Cook, you needn't come here playing that dodge with me. You can't make it go down. You know you planned the whole thing yourself, and set Vin at it. You did it as an insult. You're full of such miserable plots. You know—"

"Jake Hall, you know you are lying when you say so," interrupted Mr. Cook with a menacing gesture.

"I'd throttle you, Jim Cook, if it wasn't for disgracing myself by touching you," retorted Mr. Hall, shaking his fist in Cook's face.

"No doubt you would. You're a born criminal any way. Nothing but fear of the law keeps you from showing your hand," returned Mr. Cook with a sneer.

"You'll suffer for this, I can tell you, Jim Cook. The law's as strong to-day as it ever was."

"A good thing 'tis—that's all that keeps you from breaking it."

"Jim Cook, I'm not going to stand this any longer. I'll have the papers made out against you in less than an hour, and then, Jim Cook, you may sail your boat," and Mr. Hall started off in the direction of the lawyers' offices.

"I guess you'll find it's a game two can play at, Jake Hall; if you get in ahead of me 'twill be the first time," and Mr. Cook started off in the same direction, taking the opposite side of the street.

As I gazed in astonishment after the two men, Uncle Mike's words occurred to me: "Keep yer tongue in yer head, an' let 'em fight it out themselves. They won't need any of yer help."

I watched the two men as they strode along, and thought What a humiliating spectacle! Two respectable, intelligent, practical, common-sense men, thus demeaning themselves—and why? Perchance, because one believes in a higher tariff than the other,

or something else equally inadequate in itself to such an effect.

I returned to the schoolroom, fully resolved to keep my tongue in my head, and to let them fight it out themselves, and also deeply impressed with Uncle Mike's sagacity.

The afternoon wore on in discomfort and suppression, till, at last, schoolroom duties were finished for the day. The pupils departed in almost unbroken silence, speaking only in occasional monosyllables. In knots of two or three they went homeward, looking as though a smothering pall had fallen over them, almost stifling their usually exuberant spirits.

I concluded to go down town before returning home. I was not a little curious to know the state of the social and political barometer in that region. Nor was I wholly without anxiety in regard to the direction public opinion might have taken. That variable element in human affairs, especially when generated at white heat, may not be tintured with profundity or justice, but nevertheless, it is all-powerful for the time being. Whether the results of my conscientious and painstaking labors in the schoolroom were to be injuriously shaken, or perchance swept away, by its volatile fiat, was a matter of intense interest to me.

As I passed down the street, I observed small groups of men at the corners, and on the steps of stores and groceries, conversing for the most part in low and earnest tones, yet, now and then, one more excitable than his compeers would speak in a key so high that he would be chided by his fellows for his imprudence. From a few words I thus caught, I soon became satisfied that the unwonted occurrence at the Academy was the subject under discussion. I also noticed, as I neared the business center of the village, that these groups became more and more frequent.

I bowed as usual to such of my acquaintances as I chanced to meet, and passed on. I entered the post office, and received my mail, but saw no one of whom I thought it would be judicious to make inquiries. I lingered a few moments, hoping to meet Mr.

Henderson, as he often came for his mail at that hour. But I lingered in vain. As I went out I paused on the steps, looking in every direction, but no Mr. Henderson was to be seen. So, as there seemed nothing left me but to return as I came, I started homeward.

A feeling of depression crept over me. Passing a group of men, I heard one of them say, "He's cool, any way." I felt sure this was said of myself, but did not know whether to feel complimented or not.

I soon turned into a side street, concluding to take a circuitous route home, hoping to meet some one of whom I could obtain the desired information. I had not proceeded far, when I suddenly came across Uncle Mike coming out of an alley.

"Ye're the very one I'd set out for—guess there's a storm brewin', but keep yer tongue in yer head—that's about all ye'll have to do—the rest of 'em can do the fightin'."

"Well, what's in the air now?" I asked.

"It would be mighty difficult to tell. One thing's sartain—it 'pears to be loaded down with everything but jest the truth; that ar element hasn't made its 'pearance yet. Tim Cook and Jake Hall are makin' the very smallest kind o' creatures o' themselves. They've been to the lawyers' to git papers made out agin each other; the political heads are a trying to stop 'em for fear 'twill spile the 'lection, but each side is tryin' to provoke tother to go on, an' they're layin' all kinds o' plans. What 'twill 'mount ter can't tell yet."

He turned to go.

"Will you come round to Miss Gould's to-morrow at dinner-time and tell me the news?" I asked.

"Never ye fear. I'll see to it that ye have the news. Just keep yer tongue in yer head an' ye'll be all right," and he went off muttering something about fools.

On reaching home, Miss Gould met me in the hall, asking what new bone of contention had made its appearance. Winn had just been over in a perfect tremor of excitement. Date and Vin had been fighting—had breached the peace—and their papas

were going to breach the peace too, and everybody was going to breach the peace; and they were going to have a big meeting, and take care of all the fellows who had breached the peace, and were going to have great times generally.

I gave her a detailed account of my afternoon's experience, and when I had finished she said: "Uncle Mike's advice is sound. He's true as steel, and you can rely upon him."

CHAPTER XI.

The next morning I went to school as usual. I had received no intimation of what was going on in the outside world since my street interview with Uncle Mike. The pupils, all of whom were in their places except Date and Vin, gave no sign, and I flattered myself that I preserved a perfectly non-committal exterior.

The exercises dragged heavily. The tension and repression of the previous afternoon had given place to listless nervousness, which is an inexorable foe to all healthy mental exertion. I thought I had never before known such tedious hours. How the pupils regarded them I do not know. I could scarcely realize that I had ever been pressed for time, and yet lack of time had been my worst trouble heretofore in the schoolroom. To-day I had time enough and to spare. The morning hours, however, at length wore away, and noon came. I was only too glad to be in the open air once more. I had gone but a little way homeward when I overtook Uncle Mike.

"Wal, yer livin' yet—a feller don't die till his time comes—sometimes it's comfortin' to think on, an' sometimes 'tisin't," he said, giving me a searching glance.

"Oh, yes," said I. "I haven't even had a thought of doing anything else. Living my appointed time is a fixed plan with me. What turn are things taking?"

"Wal, yesterday it 'peared more'n likely they'd be for tearin' the school to pieces, but to-day they're more set on tearin' each other to pieces, an' if they'd do it, once for all, 'twouldn't be a bad thing, maybe. Hal's

been givin' on 'em Kerlumby; an' Square Stone an' Judge Bradley ain't nat'ral fools, an' they couldn't help seein' if the thing went on as 't'ad begun, 'twould bust the whole political machin'ry, so they've been pourin' on ile, an' they've got em to 'gree to have a meetin' at the 'Cademy to-night, an' each side's going to tell their story (what on 'arth they've got to tell 'cept that they've acted like tarnal fools, is more'n I can disarn) they're goin to tell their story afore Judge Blake—he happened to come inter town yesterday a'visitin' his sister—an' they're goin' to 'bide by his decision an' let that end it. But 'twont end it. It'll stop their makin' out papers agin each other, an' all that sort o' thing, but 'twont stop the pizun's workin' where it's fell—'twill keep a breakin' out somewhere, makin' folks that are nat'rally kind o' decent keep on a hatin' each other, an' actin' like a pack o' snarlin' cats. But the Judge and the Square's done pretty wal, considerin' what they've had to deal with—though they've caught it, I can tell ye, an' so's Hal. But the more they fire away at Hal the more it suits him—it's jest like a coolin' shower to his burnin' bones—it makes him feel comfortable. But 'tisn't nat'ral for the Judge an' the Square to take it that 'ar way—it nettles 'em, even if they don't say nothin'. Some o' the Judge's fellers has been tellin' that the Judge is a showin' the white feather, 'cause he's got scart 'bout 'lection; an' the fellers on t'other side's been tellin' that the Square's showin' the white feather 'cause *he's* got scart 'bout 'lection; but I tell ye what 'tis, their common sense has begun to work a leetle—they'd got clear to the end o' things, an' had ter turn round an start back. Things has got ter their *wust*, judgin' by the cant on 'em."

Uncle Mike started to go, but stopped short, saying, "I haven't told ye about that 'ar meeting ternight—all yer'll have ter do is ter keep yer tongue in yer head. Some on 'em'll come round this afternoon an' notify ye that the 'Cademy Hall is to be used ternight, an' all ye'll have ter do is ter tell the boy that keeps the buildin' ter get it ready, an' ter light all the lamps—folks ain't

so apt ter make fools o' themselves when it's too light as when it's too dark. Now jest keep yer tongue in yer head—ye've got the credit o' that a'ready—an' yer'll come out as clean as a chimney; nobody'll know by yer looks on the outside that the smoke's been through yer at all."

He started again to go.

"I thank you for your kindness more than I can tell you," I said, in an emphatic tone, feeling that I was under the greatest obligations to him.

"Yes, I know—yer thanks is as much in yer face as yer mouth," and with a wave of the hand he departed.

Reaching home, I found Miss Gould had just returned from the Judge's, and what she had heard there agreed in all essentials with what Uncle Mike had told me.

"Winn ran in a moment on his way home from school in a fever of expectancy," said Miss Gould, as we sat down to dinner.

"What's on the tapis now?" I asked.

"Something in the decorative line, I should presume, judgin' from Winn's statement," and she laughed. "'Papa's got a white fever—the boys say so—and Stware Stone's got a white fever, too, and I'm going to ask papa if he won't let me wear his in my cap when I play soldier,' and out he ran in quest of his father. I can imagine the scene when he finds him. Winn will ask him if he's got a white feather, where he got it, and what it's for—all in a breath. Annie hopes he'll have enough of the business before he's through with it. He's too much of a man to waste his energies in political squabbles."

I told her what Uncle Mike had said in regard to white feathers.

"Little things like that tantalize the Judge more than they do most men of his caliber. He's particularly sensitive in that direction," she remarked.

In the afternoon, according to Uncle Mike's prediction, some one came round and told me that the Hall was to be used in the evening.

Nothing occurred to lessen the listless uneasiness of the morning. It increased, rather than diminished. The long hours crept op

at the same snail pace. My views had become materially modified in regard to the pleasures of a teacher's life.

When, at the close of school, Mr. Henderson drove up in his carriage and asked me to drive, I could have clapped my hands for joy. I accepted the invitation gratefully.

"Well, how do you stand the conflict," asked Mr. Henderson, as soon as we were on the way.

"I've kept out of it entirely," I answered.

"How did you manage to do that?"

"By following Uncle Mike's advice to keep my tongue in my head."

Mr. Henderson laughed heartily.

"Uncle Mike's a philosopher, second only to Socrates," he observed, steadying down his blooded horse into a gentle trot. "But haven't you heard how near you came to upsetting this equable community?" he added.

"No, certainly not. Uncle Mike told me yesterday it seemed 'more'n likely they'd be for tearing the school to pieces,' but that to-day they were intent upon 'tearin' each other to pieces.' That's all I know about upsettings," I replied.

"I must tell you, then. Yesterday afternoon, Cook and Hall went down town as rabid as two mad dogs. Each had his clique, and the absurd rumors and speculations that were set afloat there within half an hour, were enough to smother a man's senses. At last, one set of fellows got to 'scandalizing' the school. 'There were Date and Vin nearly killed, and the preceptor, so far as could be learned, had not lifted a finger—had even sent them home without inquiring into the matter, and to all appearances as unconcerned as though they had been a couple of cats. It was outrageous! The idea of paying a man a high salary just to see the boys murder each other! Things had come to a strange pass! Such quarrels should not be tolerated in school. The preceptor should see that nothing of the kind happened. Such doings were a positive disgrace to the community. 'Twould be a pretty sound to go abroad!' and so it went. Many of them thought the first thing to be done was to oust the preceptor. Hal was within ear shot

but kept about his business without speaking, though I could see by the working of his face that they'd hear from him sooner or later. At last, one of them said, 'Why, the community ought to rise up as one man and condemn such a teacher. If our boys can't be he taught better morals than that, they'd better not be taught at all. Yes, the community ought to——'

"'Rise right up and meet the Lord in the air,'" put in Hal solemnly. 'That's the next thing for you to do. It's my opinion, though, that he'd give you an almighty thorough airing before he took you up any higher. After the preceptor's ousted, and the school broken up, what then? You haven't got so much forethought as old Millerite Zach had, when he was going up to meet the Lord. 'Twas New Year's morning between twelve and one, and bitter cold. He concluded the top of the shed was the most eligible place to ascend from; so after deciding upon the spot, he put on his overcoat and started. An unbeliever present rallied him on taking his overcoat, since it would be of no use where he was going. Zach gave him a knowing wink, and said: "The command is, occupy *till I come*," and you aren't even for doing so much as that. You'd better not throw away what you've got till you're sure you won't need it any longer. Now I, for one, don't believe you're such fools as to *believe* what you're talking. The truth is just this, and you know it: The boys began to play in good nature—got mad and then went to fighting. The preceptor was at dinner and knew nothing about it. There'd be just as much sense in blaming a man for letting a thunder storm come up on a hot day. And you know, too, there's not a word of truth in what Jake Hall says about Jim Cook's setting his boy on, nor in what Cook says about Hall's setting his on. Neither of the men knew anything about it; nor the boys themselves till they were in head and ears. The boys aren't a millionth part so much to blame as you fools are for making such a hullabaloo about nothing.'

"Hal stopped short, and went about his business as cool as though he hadn't spoken

at all. It was plain to be seen that the whole set was angry—they looked darker than a thunder cloud—but they knew it would be of no use to pitch into Hal—he would only give them a worse riddling; so they slipped off one by one, as surly as dogs. After that, they, with a lot of others, raised a big brawl, and were for going up to the Academy to put you out. But Judge Bradley and Squire Stone got wind of the project, and put a stop to the whole thing. It's my opinion these two men are getting enough of the furore of politics. So you see, young man, what a narrow escape you had."

"I don't know whether I'm surprised or not. I'm not used to this kind of thing. I'm glad, however, that I didn't know anything about it," I said.

"I'm glad you didn't. Your walking down town after school, so cool and unconcerned, was the most cutting rebuke they could have had. Now if you had known of this senseless furore, it would have been hardly possible for you to have carried yourself with as much ease as you did in your ignorance of it."

"No, I am certain I could not have done it. Of course, Uncle Mike knew of all this," I said.

"Yes, he must have known it. There isn't much going on that he doesn't know about; besides, I saw him once or twice in the very thick of the snarl."

"You know about the hearing at the Academy to-night," he added after a moment's pause.

"Yes, I've been *notified*."

"That's an improvement, certainly, on yesterday's programme," replied Mr. Henderson laughing. "Hal said the best thing on the meeting I've heard yet. He said he didn't see what under heavens they'd got to tell Judge Blake, except that they were cursed fools, and he knew that already, and all he'd got to do was to say Amen."

We both laughed at this statement of the case, and were not inclined to dissent. We dropped troublesome subjects, then; and away from the babble of politics, among the hills we rode, our bodies refreshed by the

invigorating air, and our minds by the beautiful scenery.

CHAPTER XII.

Evening came. I went to Academy Hall with some interest, but more curiosity. It was lighted to its utmost capacity; the janitor had been faithful to his instructions. I asked him if he could not provide three or four extra lamps. He said he could, and in a few moments they were brought in. The hall was then one blaze of light.

I retired to a small ante-room and watched the arrivals. By seven o'clock, the hour appointed for the meeting, the hall was pretty well filled. Soon Judge Blake appeared, escorted by Judge Bradley and Squire Stone. He was a tall man, with a fine physique, and as he took his seat upon the platform he impressed me as being clear-headed and possibly humorous.

I then entered and took a seat in a conspicuous place. As I felt sure of being able to maintain a non-committal exterior, I did this with the greater confidence. I knew instinctively that all eyes were turned upon me. I gave a careless glance around the assembly, and settled back in an attitude of composure.

Mr. Henderson and Uncle Mike were there, but Hal was not; in fact, I did not expect him, as I had been told that he had declined an urgent invitation to speak on the occasion by saying he would as soon be caught robbing a hen-roost as speaking in that crowd.

The meeting was called to order. Messrs. Hall and Cook were the first to have the floor, precedence being given to the former on account of his being the senior complainant. It was one of those peculiar cases in which there is no defendant, but all concerned are complainants.

Mr. Hall was slightly embarrassed, but smothered embarrassment in verbosity. The gist of his speech was, that his son had not been so seriously injured as he had at first feared (had hoped, Hal would have said), but that he himself had been abused beyond

measure, beyond endurance, by Mr. Cook, and that therefore he deserved redress at the hands of the honorable referee.

He sat down, his brow beaded with perspiration, evidently dissatisfied with his effort. He had not made out so impressive a story as he had anticipated. It was a much more difficult task to stand out in bold relief, and that in a blazing light, before an audience, and especially before such a man as Judge Blake, and give crude, incoherent complaints the impress of weight and credibility, than to make the same complaints unimpressive to an excited rabble.

The speech fell like a dead weight upon the audience. As I looked around, I thought I detected something of the listless nervousness I had observed in school.

Mr. Cook rose with confidence. He could but see that the effort of his adversary had proved a partial failure, almost a total one. The ready wit which he had most feared, had for some reason been paralyzed.

A barely audible sound, caused by slight changes in posture, ran through the audience. Mr. Cook stepped forward to a more conspicuous place. He began by relating a facetious anecdote, which was well received. His friends looked confident; Mr. Hall's, logged. Then he went on to a long recital of his wrongs, so managed that his own unexampled forbearance stood out the most prominent feature in the foreground. He referred to his son in the most affecting terms, though happily, he, like his adversary's, had not been so seriously injured as had been at first feared.

If he had stopped here he would have made at least a partial success; at any rate, he had done much better than Mr. Hall. But the sluice-gates were open, and he went on to restate his grievances in another form, so that his antagonist, as a low-bred and underhanded cross between a knave and a fool, stood out the prominent figure in the foreground. But he had overdone the work, and it fell worse than flat upon his hearers. His friends began to look uneasy, and his foes triumphant. But he had yet other things to say, and seemed bent upon saying

them now that he had the floor. He next proceeded to inform the learned referee that his persecutions were in a large measure on account of his devotion to principle, and his signal services to his party. He expatiated upon this till the whole became as attenuated as a spider's web. I heard one of his friends say in a low whisper to his neighbor: "I didn't know Cook was such a donkey before." At last he sat down, his own party disgusted, and the opposing one both disgusted and rejoiced. If Mr. Hall's effort had been a partial failure, his had been a total one.

Judge Bradley and Squire Stone looked extremely uncomfortable, and Judge Blake passive—but it was that schooled passivity which long public service not unfrequently produces. I was certain that humor was lurking underneath.

The chairman announced that the meeting was open to all. For a few moments there was breathless silence, but no one rose. The chairman then said there were several present who had been expected to speak, and he hoped they would not disappoint their friends. But no one seemed inclined to take the rostrum. No one was ambitious to wear the lion's skin in presence of Judge Blake, seeming to have a prescience that long ears would not be likely to escape his penetrating glances. The chairman tried again to rally the remiss orators, and hoped he should not be under the necessity of calling their names. No one rose. Finally he said, "I think all present would like to hear from Mr. Michael Anderson." As Mr. Anderson, or more familiarly, Uncle Mike, was a privileged person, and could say whatever he chose without let or hindrance, he showed tact in selecting him to break the silence.

Uncle Mike, who sat in a corner nearly facing the audience, rose slowly, and said: "I think the chiefest trouble with boys is apt to be, that they go ter imitatin' their fathers afore they're old enough to have the savin' grace o' policy to keep 'em from showin' themselves jest as they are. If we should go to showin' ourselves jest as we are, we shouldn't make any better showin' than boys do. When folks get into a ferment they act

rather ridiculous sometimes. But when men have been frothin' over, there's no use of their tryin' to make it appear as though 'twas anything *but* froth. The best way's to leave it, and let it go for what 'tis."

Uncle Mike sat down. Profound silence reigned. The chairman began to grow uneasy. It was indeed mortifying to have called Judge Blake to hear a case of importance, and then have only the ghost of a case to present. He made another effort to rally the remiss speakers. But all in vain. Their mouths, to all appearances, were as effectually closed as Zacharias's. Finally, after waiting a painful length of time for a response, he announced that the decision of the honorable Judge would next be in order.

I wondered what he could find to say.

The honorable Judge rose, and said with deliberation: "I was forcibly struck by the remarks of Mr. Anderson. My decision, or rather my advice, is, like his, to let the past go for what it is, and make the most of the future."

He sat down. A painful stillness reigned. The chairman rose, and dismissed the meeting. Silently the belligerent gentlemen passed out, and in less than three minutes the Hall was cleared.

As I was passing through the yard, some one tapped me on the arm. I turned, and saw it was Uncle Mike.

"Wal, I reckon its pretty much over with. Jim an' Jake'll be likely to keep their boys home a spell, jest for the looks on't—to git wal, you know. The Squire, and the Judge, too, looked as though they'd be glad to go right down through to t'other side o' the world, out of sight. They're getting about enough o' such doin's, I reckon. The lamps worked wal—didn't smoke an atom," and with a low chuckle, he started homeward.

As I passed from the yard to the sidewalk, some one behind me said, "Wait." It was Mr. Henderson.

"As there are no ladies present, I think it would be in order for you to walk home with me," he said jocosely.

"I should be most happy to do so," I replied, and we walked on together.

"I think Hall and Cook have done as the old woman did with her trouble," he remarked.

"What was that?"

"Made the most of it. She was thinking one day she had never had as much trouble as a true child of God ought to have, and she began to fear that she had not been accepted, but finally comforted herself by saying: 'Although I've never had any big troubles, yet thank God, I've been enabled to make my little troubles go as far as most people do their big ones.'"

"I suspect Judge Blake took a similar view of the case to-night," I said laughing.

"Yes," replied Mr. Henderson, "but he got out of it capitally. He's a long-headed, humorous old fellow. Hal has long been a protégé and friend of his. It has proved about as Hal said, that all they had to tell Judge Blake was, that they were cussed fools, and all he'd have to do would be to say Amen."

CHAPTER XIII.

A few days afterwards, the election took place—or rather non-election, for a division prevented either party from electing its candidate. It was a day of strife and bitterness and wild excitement. The polls were kept open until midnight, but finally, seeing a choice was impossible, the conflict was abandoned.

But this did not end the strife. It was the first time in many years that an election had been prevented, and recrimination followed recrimination. Old feuds were rekindled, and new ones lighted. Both parties cried fraud, and both candidates clamored for a seat in the Legislature. But as neither could substantiate his claim, neither obtained a seat.

The air was full of rumors and startling reports. Some cried one thing and some another. Not a few charged Judge Bradley and Squire Stone with secret coalition—their appearance at the Academy Hall meeting was suspicious—if each had taken the stand he should have taken, and stood by his own party instead of slinking out of his duty,

results might have been different. They might have known that men like Hall and Cook, unused to public speaking, would fail, and they should have taken the floor and carried the matter through in a manner worthy the cause. Thus, by friend and foe alike, they were in danger of being run through by both horns of the dilemma simultaneously. The lesson of the Academy Hall meeting had been lost upon the rabble, but not upon the Judge and Squire.

At last, however, the fire died down to a smouldering heap from the sheer exhaustion of those who supplied the fuel. Neighbors, who had always been on friendly terms, did not speak to one another, but this was better than altercation. Children, who had been the most congenial of playmates, kept aloof simply because their papas had had a "misunderstanding," though as to what that meant they had only the vaguest of ideas. All genuine social union in the village was at an end, for the time being, at least. Everybody by turns was assailed or praised by foes and friends, regardless of whether he deserved censure or praise. What one set approved, its opposite disapproved, and *vice versa*. Of just discrimination there was none.

On one occasion, when this state of things had been painfully apparent, Miss Gould said to me with a significant gesture: "*There, I told you so.*" I had been through it in kind, and knew whereof I affirmed, although I had not in degree, for this last unpleasantness far exceeds in rancor all its predecessors. I suppose, when, at the appearance of the first small cloud, I hinted my fears of what it foreboded, you thought me needlessly alarmed!"

"I did, most certainly. I could not conceive that a sky so clear could be so suddenly in a storm. But I don't know that anything would astonish me now."

"Bad as this is," she replied, "I think good may come out of it. I'm sure both the Squire and the Judge have had their eyes opened as they've never had them opened before. I think they've begun to see the folly of carrying politics, or anything

else, for that matter, to extremes. I predict they'll be saner and wiser, if not sadder men in the future; and when men like them lead off in anything, there are always plenty to follow. I'm heartily thankful there can't be another election for two years—four would be better. Annie said to-day she hoped the Judge had had his last run of political fever. It would be a relief to her not to have it to dread in the future. She feels, and with reason, that this periodical political mania has been a detriment to him as a man and a Christian."

My first term of school closed the week after the election. All genuine progress was checked by the unfortunate episode culminating in the Academy Hall meeting. Date and Vin did not make their appearance again that term; neither were they seen off their respective premises. It is only charitable to suppose they were recuperating from the injuries of the conflict under the vigilant parental eye.

After a short vacation the second term opened. All who had attended the first, Date and Vin included, were present. Vin privately told me that he had not been really hurt at all, only scratched a little, and that he had nothing against Date, but liked him as well as ever. His father, however, had forbidden his speaking to him, or having anything to do with him whatever. Date told me substantially the same story. The bitterest thing to him was that he and Vin could not be friends any more. He liked Vin better than any other boy in the world, and he knew Vin cared just as much for him as he ever had, which was a great deal. They could look at each other—that was better than nothing.

One day, not long after town meeting, I met Uncle Mike on the street. "Wal," said he, "I've larned one thing: there's no tellin', when the line storm's really on, whether it's got to the wust or not. More'n likely when it 'pears like clearin' 'way 'twill bust out wuss than ever. I thought sure the 'Cademy Hall meeting was the clearin'-up shower, but the rale pourin' hadn't so much as begun even. May be there'll some good come

on't, though. May be 'twill work like as when a feller takes an overdose o' pizun—instdid o' killin' on him, he's more'n likely to throw it up, Jonah fashion. But he's wuss off then though he hadn't a took it, an' there's no use saying he aint; why, sometimes the har all comes off his head, an' he'll be weaker'n a baby. May be his friends think 'twas better'n dying though, an' may be he'd think so himself, but it allus takes a pizuned feller a long time to get wal, even if he ever gets over it. Those ere political pizuned fellers have got to have a hard time on't. It's going to be hard on 'em, but if they'll only larn to let pizun alone, it won't be the wust thing that ever happened," and with a jerk of his cane the eccentric old man went on his way.

The mysteries of politics proved too subtle for Winn, though his efforts to understand them were of the most persevering kind. On the morning of the town meeting, he was in such a hurry to be off after poles to carry to 'lection, that he could scarcely eat his breakfast. Papa, he said, told a man about poling votes—he helped Jim pole the beans, and now he was going to help papa pole votes.

One day he ran in to inform Miss Gould that he was not going to speak to Carley Stone, and Carley Stone was not going to speak to him. She asked him if they had been quarreling.

"Quar'ling? No, we haven't been quar'ling, but men won't speak to each other, and we are going to do just what men do—we're 'most as big as men," and Winn straightened up with an air of importance; "and we're not going to speak to each other till to-morrow night," and off he started for school with a face as resolute as a Spartan's.

One day my coachman called at the Academy to deliver a message. After doing his errand, he lingered a moment, and then, with a slight hesitancy in his voice, but a twinkle in his eye, said "Things run toler'bly smooth since Date and Vin's resurrected?"

"School prospects are certainly better than they were at the beginning of the term," I replied.

"I was sure on't, but 'spose you haven't got 'em back to where you had 'em 'fore the head splittin'?"

"I can't say there is quite so much enthusiasm as during the first few weeks of my teaching, but there is daily improvement."

He laughed. "I'll risk you. You know how to answer a feller civil without sayin' nothin' in particular—that's what saved the the school from going to flinders 'lection time. I told 'em when you first come you'd be equal to both sides of all the squabbles they could get up," and with a smile of approbation, he took his leave.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Henderson returned to his home in the early winter. Just before he left, he invited me to spend an evening with him, and I found it a very pleasant one.

After discussing the news of the day, current literature, and art topics, the conversation turned upon the recent campaign at Widdletown.

"I see signs of a healthy reaction," he said. "I know several farmers and mechanics who have been disgusted with political extremes, and indignant at the immorality of what is usually termed political expediency, but which is only too often fraud and trickery under cover of a respectable name. This fall's campaign has been to them what Uncle Mike terms an 'overdose of pizun'; and taking the elections of the last decade as a whole, it does seem as though the country has at last taken an overdose which, let us hope, will tend towards purification."

"It looks to me as though the cleansing would be an Herculean task," I remarked.

"Yes, the stables of modern American politics apparently rival the Augean. I say apparently, for I think beneath the surface there is a potent stratum of integrity that will eventually assert itself, though sometimes it seems as though the day must be far below the horizon. I remember being greatly shocked in reading certain assertions made by Joseph Cook, in a lecture delivered in the fall of 1878."

Mr. Henderson took a volume from the table and read the following extract:

"I suppose it to be true that a great number of average voters in both political parties expect to sell their votes in closely contested elections. Riding down the Hudson the other day with a prominent politician, he told me that with his own eyes he saw, in a city outside of New England, church members going about with their hands full of currency, and offering \$2, \$3, \$5 for votes on election day. An important measure was up, and these church members were determined to carry it through; and in the case to which I am making reference, they did carry an important reform in a city of 50,000 or 80,000 inhabitants. They carried it by open bribery at the polls. Now, what are the churches to say in such a case? . . .

"You say we shall get rid of this evil by our growth. That growth is sure to increase the temptation to election frauds. It has been my fortune again and again to point out here that the political prizes in the United States are now greater than they ever were in the Roman Empire, and they are doubling in fatness and value every thirty years. Cæsar and Antony and Lepidus were never tempted by spoils as great as will dazzle, and perhaps derange, the American political future. We are as honest as most men can be expected to be under our present immensely mischievous civil service. A hundred thousand men turned out and put in every time we change our National Executive; soon 200,000 to be turned out and put in, if you follow the accursed spoils system! You expect men to be honest with this immense patronage to be won by purchasing a Canvassing Board in Louisiana, or Florida, or South Carolina, or Oregon! Statesmen of the first rank will be honest, but to expect fourth-rate politicians to be so in the presence of these temptations, is to fly in the face of the teachings of all history.

"These immense difficulties are rising before us, and church members sleep; dare not criticise open bribery in their own circles; participate in it; sift out poisonous bribes publicly between the fingers—I will not say of deacons, but of able men, and persons in high social position. "Why," they say, "we must carry through our measure. Are we to be beaten by the slums? The slums bribe, why should not we?" The reply is: "If you bribe, why should not the slums? If you do evil that good may come, why may not secret election agents do the same?" We shall never come to the perfect healing of our election frauds by a change in electoral machinery, merely. We may put up the wires, but without electricity to pass through them there will be no message; and these lofty telegraphic arrangements without messages are scandalous in the face of high heaven. The electric reservoir must be in the moral sentiment of the educated class."

"Pray, what do you think of that?" he said, when he had finished reading.

"I think the doctrine is true, and the facts hard, if true," I replied.

"I have no doubt of their truth"; and then he showed me letters and papers of his own, bearing testimony to the same effect.

"Political corruption has poisoned the whole moral atmosphere," he said, returning the letters and papers to their niche in his desk. "It is the malaria that breaks out in strikes and incendiary movements against capital. If a man may prevent the election of his neighbor by fraud, he may also take his property by fraud, or destroy it out of revenge. Those whose votes can be bought can easily be made to believe that the property they have been instruments in helping their employers to amass is at least in part their own. A conscience stultified in one direction is apt to be more or less stultified in every other. Not that I think the wrong in labor-conflicts all on the workingmen's side; but they are in the more obvious moral confusion about the matter."

"I have often been struck by the injustice with which politics treats its votaries, especially when they become candidates for public service. Seemingly, there is no honor nor conscience in the matter," I observed.

"As for honor, it is not so much as thought of; and as for conscience, there absolutely is none," replied Mr. Henderson with emphasis. "No matter how irreproachable a man's record may have been, how great his services to mankind, the moment he becomes a candidate for office, he is regarded as a legitimate subject for coarse innuendo, for vulgar dissection and vilification. No wonder our best men shrink from the ordeal, and that many of them abandon the field to the lower strata of politicians who have no purity to be smirched. The looseness of morals that will sanction such fraudulent treatment of a man's character, will not scruple to use fraudulent means to defeat him, whether it be casting false votes, or preventing the casting of honest ones. I am convinced politics have had more to do with engendering the gigantic financial corruptions that have startled the country within the last few years than many politicians would care to acknowl-

edge, than many honest men would like to believe. In fact, it would be difficult to find any department, or even crevice, in the whole social fabric into which their pernicious influence has not crept. The investigations of the last ten years may not, on the whole, prove injurious to public morals. Not that they have often been undertaken with honorable motives, for it is only too apparent that they have frequently been wielded as battle axes for party purposes. But evil must be disclosed before it can be fought. Then again, outrage will sometimes open the eyes to the hideousness of a cherished evil as nothing else can. The assassination of Garfield roused the people to a sense of the danger of those partisan elements, permeated by the rule or ruin poison, as nothing else could have done. Certain recent elections have administered a stern rebuke to this ruinous policy. Yes, this nation has intense vitality, and I have no doubt it will be able equably to sustain the shock of throwing out the accumulated corruption from its vitals, and that it will rise from the ordeal the better for it."

"My brief experience in teaching has led me to suspect that far too little pains is taken to teach children the political history of our country," I observed. "Most of the historical text books used in our schools dismiss the subject by merely giving the name of the political party electing the President. Some give a brief resumé of the principles held by the contending parties; but this amounts to little so far as practical information is concerned."

"Yes: in my connection with the public school board of my native city, I noticed that frequently, and in a few instances succeeded in applying a partial remedy. But the subject has fallen far short of commanding the attention it deserves. I had the good fortune to attend the American Institute of Instruction at its first White Mountain session, in 1878, and there heard the subject well treated.¹ The topic discussed was:

'The schools should teach the principles of our Government, and the duties of an American citizen.' The ground taken was that if governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, the governed should be capable of judging; and that no republic could stand, except upon the broad basis of the intelligence of the masses. Hence, the principle that the property of the State must educate the children of the State, and that, therefore, they should be so educated as would best subserve its interests. It was shown that the power of the demagogue lies in the ignorance of the voters, and that the primary object of the schools should not be simply to prepare the young to earn an honest living, but to make them honest and useful individuals, to teach them to perform their duty faithfully to society. A sensible view of the situation, indeed," and turning a little away from me he gazed meditatively out of the window.

Then rising and pacing the floor, he continued: "The creation of the Bureau of Education was a move in the right direction. Its reports are exercising a silent but beneficial influence. It will go far toward breaking down sectionalism, and lead to sympathy where there is now hatred and vituperation. Teachers have a great work in the future. Their influence is destined to be more and more felt in the political world, not as partisans, but as reconcilers and purifiers."

"I was just thinking that the same cry against political as against religious instruction in the schools, might be raised," I observed.

"Yes: but as a pure morality is vital to the well-being of a people, I think all agree, or will eventually agree, that its principles without sectarianism should be taught in our schools; and as a knowledge of the principles of government is vital to a commonwealth, there can be no valid objection to the unpartisan teaching of political science. A diffusion of such knowledge would beget courage, true political courage. I have noticed a lack of this, particularly in connection with reform movements. Men of the most decided prohibitionist principles, for instance,

¹ Political Education in our Schools, discussed by Prof. W. A. Mowry, Providence, R. I., before The American Institute of Instruction, July 11, 1878, at the Fabyan House, White Mountains.

will not dare to take a firm stand against the rum power, lest they upset some political alliance, or blight some cherished political ambition. This catering to the arbitrary mandates of politics is carried into every department of the social structure. Our supposed political necessities are a herd of lean kine, devouring the choicest products of our free institutions"; and Mr. Henderson paused before a picture of Lincoln with a look of reverence in his face.

"What vituperation this good man endured," he said at length. "Those were dark days. You must have been a mere child, then."

"Yes; but I remember perfectly well fingering the bright buttons on my father's uniform, and my mother's crying when he went away."

"Then your father was a soldier?"

"Yes; Colonel of the — N. Y. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, but finally recovered and returned to his regiment, and served till the end of the war."

"There was much precious blood shed; and sometimes, during the dark days that followed, it seemed as though it had all been in vain. But the increase of immorality and recklessness that inevitably results from war, obscured the virtue and integrity that still remained. We can see now that the fruits of the conflict are worthy and substantial. My faith in the grand destiny of the nation is unshaken. Clouds will gather, and clouds will disperse, but the blue sky is ever beyond. Just now they seem to be dispersing. The people are slowly but surely awakening to a sense of the necessity of conducting national affairs upon a sound moral basis. The Civil Service Reform measure is a movement in the right direction, though it will be likely to be attended by discouraging frictions. Temperance reform, too, is making sure if slow progress. I have noticed that here and there various other reform movements are being started. The day is not far distant when integrity will be at a premium, and wire pulling and trickery at a discount. The promise of spring is in the air, although winter is still upon us."

Mr. Henderson paused, and taking up a paper he glanced over the head lines. "The Outbreaks of Socialism," he slowly said at last. "Perhaps there may be something of interest to us in this," and he read:

"It is true that America is a bad soil for Socialism, and that when fellows of the Most type shout 'Kill—kill,' their hearers laugh, when perhaps in some other countries they would set about killing. But such demonstrations as those in New York last Sunday at the funerals of the murderer McGloire and the murdered pugilist Elliott, when the streets of the Bowery were so densely packed with roughs and thieves that the policemen had to club a space for the hearses to pass, show what elements there are in all our large cities ready to rise to the surface on occasion. It was a good-natured crowd, to be sure, and it was not molested in its horse-play; but what if it had been an ill-natured crowd and had been molested? Even here in America it behooves our moralists and statesmen to consider more carefully than some of them are wont to do the nether elements of society, to see what can be done to make them less a peril than they are."

"These questions cannot be much longer ignored," he said thoughtfully, as he folded the paper. "A similar cry is coming up in one form or another from every part of our land. The inquiry of how to wisely govern our large cities is getting to be a serious one. We need to bring into play all the moral forces we can muster."

"And we need to shut out all the immoral forces we cannot manage," I added.

"Yes; or we may find ourselves in the condition of the humane man who warmed the chilled adder—obliged to dispatch the protégé, or flee for our lives."

Thus, in agreeable converse, the evening passed but too quickly; and before I bade my host good-night a plan was made that I should spend my next vacation with him in the city.

On my way home, I stepped into the Club Room to read a letter I had just received from my chum. As my eye followed the pages, I was forcibly struck by the contrast between my present self and the self that had parted from the writer only five months before. Life had become sterner and more real; its horizon broader and more clearly defined. College angles were being rounded, and its proclivities were being modified

by the attritions of a life of active responsibility. I was more settled, more self-poised. I felt five years older than when I entered Widdletown.

CHAPTER XV.

One pleasant Saturday Hal was going to a neighboring town on business, and invited me to accompany him. I accepted the invitation, both for the sake of the ride and still more for the companion. I had found Hal genial and sincere in his friendships, honest in his opinions, and, barring politics, straightforward in his business transactions.

Just beyond the village, the road took us over a steep hill, from the summit of which the view was both beautiful and grand. On the right lay a narrow valley; beyond were hills piled upon hills; and beyond these, two mighty peaks towered upward till they pierced the sky. On the left nestled the village, a picture of beauty in repose.

The contrast, as one looked from right to left, was extremely pleasing. Hal reined up his spirited horse—he always drove a good horse—and for a few moments we sat in silence.

"Who would think by the looks of the place," said Hal at last, pointing towards the village, "that the Devil had reigned there supreme for the last three months? The very mountains yonder," and he turned his face toward the grand and solemn peaks, "look as though they were lifting up their hands to invoke benedictions on this beautiful abode of mortals; and how Satan ever got the inside track is beyond my philosophy."

"From anything we know of his operations, we've no reason to think modesty one of his characteristics. It is recorded that he took even the Son of the Great Architect himself up into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him the glory and magnificence of the Father's works, and even offered them as a bribe to the Son and heir; so I don't know that we can reasonably wonder at any piece of latter-day presumption," I replied.

"Jupiter! that's so!" and he paused as though in thought.

"You've a genius for precedents," he added after a moment's pause. "You're cut out for a lawyer, and there's no use in your trying to wrench and twist yourself into anything else"; and he gave rein to his horse, and away we flew over the smooth road.

"It's a mystery to me how a fellow so professedly conscientious as yourself can ever be a successful advocate when you happen to be on the wrong side," I responded.

"It *is* a mystery. I've saved a few consummate scoundrels in my brief day from merited punishment. But in my soul I hate rascality, and like to see it receive its deserts. It does seem as though the very Evil One himself helps matters along whenever I get on the wrong side. Of course, in these cases I know I'm wrong, and I can see how I would give the scamps Hail Columbia were I on the other side; and I wonder how those who have the right with them can stumble along so confoundedly; so I say every sarcastic thing possible, and put matters in a 'light that never was on sea or land,' and, three times in four, it takes the jury in spite of law, evidence, or common sense. But our political Bedlam last fall has set me thinking. One thing I'm determined on, and that is, that henceforth and forever I will carry an honest hand in politics, or I won't carry any at all. I've been thoroughly disgusted with myself for the last two months. I carried through all my gim-cracks with black Sam and that crew—by the way, Sam got the flour and tobacco from both sides, and Jack Wade made ten dollars out of the scrape—and I carried everything else through, good, bad, or indifferent, that I undertook. But it's the last time I'll be the Devil's bootblack. His old cloven foot was so abominably prominent, 'twould have scared the whole kith and kin out of their wits if I hadn't glossed it over so completely that they didn't recognize the hoofs. There's Jeff Thompson over in Judge Bradley's office—he came to Widdletown the year before I did, and is as sound and thoroughly honest a fellow as ever drew breath—who's hounded down as though he were a criminal, merely because he tried to take a middle course.

It's more than a fellow's life is worth to run such a gauntlet as he's been compelled to run. Not a moment's peace has he had; frozen on one side, and scorched on the other. He told me the other day a fellow had, either got to go in for the largest slice, reckless of honor or principle, or else let politics alone entirely. What surprised me most was, that he seemed half inclined to think it was about as well to adopt the principle that all's fair in politics as any way. He's the last young man of my acquaintance whom I should think of selecting, as being likely to entertain such a thought. But I can see how it is with him. He's been through such an ordeal that he's about stunned, and hardly knows his right hand from his left. But before another two years comes round, he'll get straightened out; though I've no doubt many a straight, honest fellow has been made a political rascal just by being put through a similar course, and then being rushed into the arena again before he had had time to collect his senses. I told Jeff I had no idea of leaving politics, nor of being a political hodcarrier, or bootblack either; that I knew the underground tricks and switch-offs—how the wires are manipulated, and all that sort of thing; and that I intended to use this knowledge to defeat the sharps. The fact, is, just such fellows as I am are needed in this business. They won't stand half so good a chance to pull the wool over my eyes, as over the eyes of one who had never been initiated into the secrets of political black art. Oh, I'm clear about going over to the reformers in politics; but as to the law question—taking a client whom I know to be in the wrong—I haven't settled that yet. If lawyers were more honest, fewer rascals would escape—though so far as my observation goes, the bar averages as many honest men as any other calling or profession. Of course, the political corruption of the day brings a great many unprincipled demagogues to the surface; but it is no more just to take them as a fair sample of the profession, than it is to take the froth at the top of the wine vat as a fair sample of the wine."

Coming to an abrupt turn in the road, Hal suddenly reined out his horse to make room for a fine team to pass.

"I wonder what mission that scoundrel's on?" he said in a decidedly irreverent tone, as soon as the two sleighs had cleared each other.

The man in regard to whom this remark was made was portly and well proportioned, with a not wholly unprepossessing face, though it was not a frank and manly one.

"He always looks like a whipped cur when I meet him," went on Hal. "He knows that I *know* just what he is. There's many a man serving out a term in State's Prison, who's a saint to him in morals and practice. His Irish blarney and duplicity, however, are about played out in this region."

"Then he's of Irish extraction," I said.

"Yes, partially. A good Irishman is as high a type as any in the civilized world. But a low Irishman! The part this class has played in the politics of many of our large cities shows what it is. Their power for evil is greatest, however, when they are led by that hybrid class that comes of crossing Yankee shrewdness and Irish depravity. This man is as perfect a specimen of that class as can be found anywhere. His mother was an Irish woman, and his father a hard, unprincipled Yankee. He has been one of the greatest political scoundrels in these parts. I say has been, for he is now so thoroughly and widely known that he can do but little mischief. Political dupes are generally a pretty good sort of men, not very well informed on the political issues at stake, who think it does not matter so much who administers public affairs, so things seem to be going smoothly. I mean, that class who are too high up on the moral scale to be bought, but who vote according to the dictation of leaders with an axe to grind, as often they would not dream of voting if they saw through the men and measures. This fellow's blarney controlled hosts of such men for a while, but he has run himself out now."

"I wonder if these political rascals carry the same methods into private and social

affairs, when they have a point to gain," I said.

"Most emphatically they do; and that is one of the worst results of political trickery and dishonesty. It poisons the whole social organism. Our hybrid friend is an adept in this business, and in his case I know whereof I affirm. Before I came to Widdletown I was a student in a law firm two or three towns north of here. A man in the office was in with him, and while I was there if I didn't become pretty thoroughly acquainted with applying the methods of political black art to private affairs, it must have been because I was a dull scholar. One of his methods is to smother his victim with blarney, then stab him in the back with one hand, seize his pocket-book with the other, run for the doctor, with expressions of the deepest regret that the accident has happened, attend the sufferer with self-sacrificing devotion, and when it is found that the pocket-book is gone, make almost superhuman exertions to find the thief. He victimized widows and orphans for a while, and then he overreached himself in a scheme laid against the property of some irresponsible persons who happened to have shrewder trustees than he had supposed. He made a desperate fight, and had most of the good people of the town on his side at one time, as the protector of the wronged and helpless; but the end of it was his complete break-down, and the opening of everybody's eyes.

"I remember one thing in particular that I learned at that time," he continued after a pause. "It is, that scoundrels who care for their social standing usually contrive to enlist in their schemes the sympathy and support of respectable but unsuspecting people. These people do the talking, for, as a rule, they are inclined to volubility. Such scoundrels know that a false public sentiment is what they need. If their schemes are big enough, they scoop in, by fair means or foul, a portion of the press—not the best portion by any means. If these schemes are ever exposed, and it is found that people who have hitherto been considered honest and reputable have been in them, then a cry is

raised about the total depravity of the race; that no man can be trusted; that every man has his price, etc. If it happens that any of the dupes are church members, why, so much the worse. But it looks to me as though there is quite as much of the harmlessness of the dove abroad as the wisdom of the serpent. There's dishonesty enough always on one's track, but I do believe there's more honesty and stupidity in the world than it has credit for. I once had a case to be decided by three referees appointed especially for the purpose. Two of them were honest, reputable men, not up in law; and the third a shrewd lawyer, in league with my client—for I was on the wrong side. As a matter of course, the lawyer was chairman, so it fell upon him to decide what evidence should be admitted and what should be rejected. Well, according to what laws of evidence that have been extant during the last thousand years his decisions were made, I don't know; he would have been puzzled to tell himself; but that didn't matter, so long as he succeeded in making matters clear to his coadjutors. My client won his case. Some time afterwards the exact facts in the case came to light, and discredited exceedingly the judgment, if not the integrity, of the referees. There was great excitement, and it was generally said that all three had been bribed; whereas, in fact, two had been misled, and the third well paid for his special services in misleading them."

Hal paused as though in deep thought.

"Jupiter! what a predilection human nature has for humbuggery," he exclaimed at last. "Why, there are thousands of good, honest people who will swallow ten humbugs to one truth, and who would take their oath every time that the ten humbugs are truths, and the one truth a humbug. Unless a truth is stated in a set of conventional terms, they are scared out of their wits, and think it's the wiles of the Devil in disguise. Political hucksters make a great deal of capital out of this class of people. They use 'authorized versions' in converting them, so the poor fellows never suspect the trick."

"And what remedy is there for it?" I asked.

"A better quality of brains."

"Then the case looks rather hopeless."

"Yes, rather. The brain-food fellows must see what they can do about it."

He paused again.

"You're a good listener," he added directly.

"I have often been called so," I replied.

"It strikes me you've had an excellent opportunity to exercise that virtue since you came to Widdletown. Excepting the first few weeks, it has been one continual clamor, each side trying to out-shout the other; and what has it all amounted to?"

"The contrast between the town when I came and the same town now, has made me think of London before and after the plague," I replied.

"If there is any worse plague than the political one, may the good Lord take pity on the victims! What we need is honesty with a backbone to it. There's no such thing as healing these old political sinners. They are gangrened to the core. One divine puts it in this way: 'Old politicians will not be reformed, and undertakers must hurry up the funerals of this class.' He also hit on the right preventative, when he said, 'It is not God in the Constitution that we want, but God in the hearts of the people.' We want more of the stern old Puritan integrity of our fathers. They may have been stringent to narrowness, but we are going to the other extreme. As a people, we get into bad ways more from a sort of laxity than from inherent dishonesty. Our moral principles have been too much diluted by imported immorality. True, Uncle Sam has the most intense vitality, and has survived swallowing that giant of giants—Slavery—but the convulsions that followed, before he was able to disgorge the monster, gave him such a wasting fever that it strikes me it stands him in hand to be just a trifle cautious in his diet, till he has a little reserve vitality to fall back upon in case of an emergency. Judging from appearances, he seems to be given to carelessness in his diet, and the question in my mind is whether the African and Mongolian races, seasoned with European crime, pauperism, ignorance, and bad whiskey,

won't be too much for any constitution. The Roman Empire swallowed everything that came in its way, till, at last, it ruined its digestion, and died a slow and painful death of dyspepsia. In my humble opinion Uncle Sam had better be wary of risks for the present. In the future he may be able to perform feats which would now endanger his existence. But whether—to change the figure—we have on hand just now Christian leaven enough to leaven whatever the world may choose to pour in on us, without having to go through any strainer whatever, is a question. The last census report shows the illiteracy of the country to be alarming. We boast of our country as an asylum for the oppressed of all lands, and it strikes me that it stands us in hand to so manage our affairs that it will continue to be one, and not to admit elements foreign to the genius of our institutions in sufficient quantity to strangle them. We should admit no faster than we can assimilate; else, by and by, the excess will topple us over, and our boasted asylum will be a ruin. There's a limit to the elasticity of any substance, and when we opened wide our doors to all the world, it is possible that we had a very dim idea how big the world was. But the imported immorality has had the indigenous article to help make up the total. Our own apathy to questions of the *moral* results of policies is to blame. We forget that there are limits beyond which a nation cannot go and exist as a nation. I hold that the principles of integrity should be drilled into children as faithfully and persistently as those of arithmetic. The political devilry that is rampant isn't plotted by a set of ignoramuses, but by shrewd, well informed, unprincipled fellows who take care never to come within gunshot of honesty. Educating these ignoramuses that they make tools of would make things a little less easy for them, but not much less if honesty isn't a prime element of the education. The sooner this is set down as a truth, the better it will be for all concerned. This country has been fed on spoon-meat of self glorification long enough. It's time for it to hear its faults."

"You mean, that while 'educating the masses,' as the phrase is generally understood, will not insure their morality, you still believe that there is the capacity of high morality in them, and what the nation needs is an education that will develop it?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I think. The education in dishonesty comes from everyday life. The American idea of getting something for nothing has blunted the moral sense. As a people, we are too familiar with shoddyism, with adulteration in all its forms. There should be the counteracting education in honesty from every possible source—schools, press, personal influence. The churches should remember that there can be no true religion without morality, although there may be morality without religion; their

influence is weakened by not standing strenuously and aggressively enough for that fact. Pony, I judge, by his haste to leave the past behind him, is getting tired of this sort of thing.

"Hold up, Pony, hold up," he added, in a tone of reproof. "I suspect the hostler put too much of the headstrong into your breakfast," and he brought him to a slower pace, much against his will.

After holding the soberer gait a few moments, Pony performed a series of gymnastic feats indicative of disapprobation. This conduct was not in accordance with Hal's ideas of propriety, and giving the rebel a disciplinary cut with the whip, he said gravely, "'A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.'"

L. E. W.

[THE END.]

DISCOVERY OF THE NEVADA FALL.

MANY interesting reminiscences of pioneer excursions to the Yosemite Valley have been published in the shape of fragmentary sketches in the papers and magazines of the Pacific Coast; and some very interesting compilations issued in book form. One of the most complete is that embraced in "The Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California; or Tourist's Guide Book," by J. M. Hutchings. It includes a detailed narrative of the discovery of the valley in 1851, by an expedition under Captain Boling, (the object of which was the pursuit and capture of a marauding band of Indians); also accounts of subsequent explorations by the author of the work, together with notes of local tourists in 1855, '56, and '57. Those who lived in Mariposa County during those years, and had the opportunity of personal observation, will take pleasure in testifying to its truthfulness. It is correct as far as it goes; but one of the early excursions, and one which, from its results—both immediate and subsequent—deserves a place in history, seems to have

been inadvertently shelved. No published account of it has ever been given, and in fact, not even a notice of it has appeared in print, except a very brief allusion to it in the "Mariposa Gazette" in the year 1855, and an article written by George C. Pearson for "The Rural Press" in May, 1873, (eighteen years thereafter), and subsequently republished in the "Chicago Journal of Commerce."

The party mentioned by Mr. Pearson in this article was made up of miners—the old time sort—numbering ten in all, and was organized at "Sherlock's," a mining camp of some celebrity, about five miles from the town of Mariposa. The date was about the 10th of August, 1855. In the sketch given in "The Press" the writer says: "The party was composed of ten as fearless spirits and noble-hearted fellows as ever shouldered a rifle or gathered around a camp-fire." Looking back through the intervening gap of twenty-nine years, it becomes a cheerful duty—even at the risk of being charged with boasting as one of the survivors—to endorse

the sentiment, and supplement the same with a few details.

With one exception, the Sherlock crowd was made up of pioneers of the "days of '49." One boy, a sort of waif, had straggled into camp about three months before the expedition. He had been adopted by a party of big-hearted miners, and was known as "the Orphan." He was a trifle green in camp life, and was taken along out of pure kindness, for educational purposes. The others had "seen the elephant" in his native ferocity—the genuine untamed animal—and in divers places and at sundry times had examined his trunk and taken an inventory of its contents. Our frontier experiences had made us familiar with the perils and dangers of border life. Some had been in the Mexican War; others had fought Indians; all were more than average rifle shots; could pack a mule with the dexterity of a Mexican vaquero; were skilled in wood-craft, and inured to every variety of camp-life. "Hardship" was a word discarded from our vocabulary, and the shorter one, "fun," substituted. It was emphatically a lively crowd.

A roll of the names of the entire party, with notes of the trip, and various other records of pioneer times in Mariposa, laid away for historical purposes, were swept from the face of the earth by the fire of 1866. I suspect that was the only record of the excursion. As I must trust to memory alone for the names of my companions, not even knowing whether any of them are still alive, the list is necessarily incomplete. There were two of the Mann brothers, Milton and Houston, abbreviated to "Milt" and "Hugh," E. W. Haughton, J. E. Connor, Geo. C. Pearson and his partner Dickerman, a man by the name of Priest, the long-legged boy, and one other whose name is forgotten.

E. W. Haughton, who was with the Boling Expedition in 1851, was our guide. Two pack mules loaded with blankets, a few cooking utensils, and some provisions constituted our camp outfit; while a half-breed bloodhound, whose owner claimed that he was "the best dog on the Pacific Coast," and who answered to the name of "Ship," trotted

along with the pack mules. There was some talk about going mounted, but the proposition was voted down by a handsome majority, on the ground that superfluous animals were "too much bother."

Our first day's tramp ended in the neighborhood of "McNeill's saw-mill," since known as "Lovejoy's," and more recently as "Clark's." Here was a magnificent camping ground, with all the essentials of wood, water, and grass. The mules were tethered on a luxuriant meadow; camp made; supper cooked, and the prospects of the campaign discussed. Then followed a general sociable smoke; stories of adventures—marvelous escapes from dangers by flood and field; traditional legends of events located "away back in the States"—"home" we all called it, for hardly any one at that date dreamed of making California a permanent abode; the *repertoire* of songs was opened, for we had musical talent not classical, but melodious and inspiring. How the woods and hills rang! Whoever has experienced camp-life in the mountains can fill the gap in this outline description, and draw a picture of the group of hardy pioneers, all in the flush of young, vigorous manhood, as they reclined in a semi-circle about the camp-fire.

In fancy, I see them yet, and hear the ringing chorus, the exultant whoop, and the genuine, unrestrained laughter. It would be worth a year of humdrum civilized society life to recall the reality of one week of the old time.

Daylight saw "the boys" up and astir. Breakfast was cooked and disposed of, and the animals packed. After a brief parley, it was decided that the main body, under the guidance of Haughton, should make a detour in a southerly direction, by way of the Magoon Ranch, somewhere in the vicinity of which our guide knew they would intersect the old Indian trail followed by Boling; while two of the party, known best as Hugh and Jim, followed a ridge which led up to the divide near the head of Devil's Gulch, from which point it was easy to strike the trail on the northern slope of the Chowchilla Mountains, and follow it up to the

south fork of the Merced, at the old crossing, where it was agreed that the next camp should be.

This side show was not on the original bills, but was an impromptu affair, improvised after this fashion. Hugh, who was a noted deer-slayer, had once killed the "biggest and fattest buck that you ever saw, boys, right over on the head of Devil's Gulch—and," he continued, "the chances are that a fellow might stumble on a deer this morning; and broiled venison isn't bad to take."

Jim, the owner of "the best dog on the Pacific coast," suggested that a deer was "a little too much for one man to pack," and that in case of wounding the animal, "a good dog might be handy to have along."

"All right," said Hugh. "It's a whack. I was just waiting for a pard, and you and Ship will fill the bill."

"We'll meet you at the South Fork!" halloed the hunters, as they started up the divide.

"South Fork goes; and drinks for the crowd, when we get back to Sherlock's, that we are there first," responded Connor, as the train filed through the oaks Chowchilla-wards.

"We take that bet! game's made! roll!" was echoed back as a parting salute.

The ridge, up which the two skirmishers meandered, grew steeper as they progressed, and the summit—their objective point—appeared to be getting higher, or as Hugh expressed it, "We don't appear to gain on it much." Long before it was reached, mid-day was at hand; the scorching rays of the August sun had begun to tell on them; and what with prospecting right and left for "deer sign," making sundry observations on the topography of the country, and examining scattered specimens of quartz or "float," as the miners call it, it was perhaps three o'clock in the afternoon before they rested on the crest of the "divide."

"Now," remarked Hugh, "here we are, twenty miles from home, and about ten from any other place—not a smell of deer meat—not even a fresh track—dry as a powder-horn. Look at that dog's tongue!"

"Ship, old fellow, this is rough on you," said his owner soothingly, as he fondled his faithful dog. "But you are not in the fault—you have *some* sense. If you could talk, you would say that nobody but two dog-goned idiots would have expected to find a deer on the sunny side of a mountain in the middle of the day, in the month of August. You would have got into the neighborhood of their range and camped the night before—wouldn't you, Ship, old boy?"

"Oh, let up, Jim. I take it all on myself," responded Hugh. "But I'll swear I didn't think it was such a climb." And then he explained how he became acquainted with this region through the experiences of a prospecting party of which he was one; that they had penetrated these hills further than any body; that after they had prospected Devil's Gulch and pronounced it "no good," they had followed the south fork of the Merced up to a point higher than anybody had ever gone before or since: and then he was branching off into a story of what an old Indian had told a man who had told his partner—when he suddenly changed the subject with the exclamation:

"Listen! what's that?"

"Deer in a walk?" queried Jim. "I am ready to make oath that no four-footed animal—nothing but a fool man—is going to run, or even trot, in such a temperature as this."

"Thunder?" suggested Hugh.

Jim laid his ear to the ground.

"Keep quiet!" this to Ship, who was getting restive.

"Running water!" by the rod Moses smote the rock with!

"Blamed if I don't think you are right, Jim; and away down, down the slope, don't you see there's a clump of bushes? Looks like a healthy hill of potatoes or a bunch of weeds. You beat me on 'harkers,' but I lay over you with the 'blinkers.' But, there's the water, sure; let's make for it, for my throat is worrying me."

It did not take long to "limber up," and the descent, like that of Avernus we read of, was facile. Ship had apparently snuffed water in the air, for he held his nose know-

ingly in that direction, and led us straight to the little oasis.

Here was, indeed, a welcome discovery—a living spring; and more than that, a flowing stream. Not a trickling, babbling brooklet, but a roaring, foaming stream of ice-cold water, gushing out of the mountain side.

“Talk about miracles, Hugh; did you ever see anything to equal this?”

“Never!” and then the quality of the beverage was tested. Anybody who has been traveling exposed to a hot sun, and without water, for half a day, knows how it was.

A little clump of gooseberry bushes loaded with berries, ripe and luscious, growing near the fountain, next claimed the attention of the pilgrims. As they had eaten nothing since morning, it is not wonderful that they agreed that they were the best they ever saw.

They lunched. Then a brief conference was held, and it was concluded, judging from what knowledge they had of the “lay of the country,” of their own progress, and of the probable course and distance made by their companions, that they were ahead of the main body, that it could not be very far to the old Indian trail, and that the distance to the South Fork crossing would not exceed four or five miles. So they loitered along leisurely, leaving the heavy timber to their right, and keeping a bright lookout for the trail.

“Hunt for it, Ship—look sharp, old boy,” was the order given this intelligent quadruped by his owner.

“Looks like he knows what you want,” said Hugh.

“Knows? I should say so. Why, that dog understands every word I say. Let me tell you what that dog did one day. It was when I was camped up at the —”

“There!” interrupted Hugh: “he’s found it—see, he has changed his course. Now, he stops. He’s beckoning with his tail for us to come on.”

Sure enough, when they reached the spot where the dog was, there were the faint traces of an old Indian trail—barely discernible, but still a trail. Hugh decided that the divide along which it ran led to the crossing.

A further examination developed mule tracks—two mules. These were followed a quarter of a mile or more, till a closer scrutiny showed that they must have been made some days before. Then it occurred that they remembered hearing that an artist and a “magazine man” had gone through Mariposa, *en route* for the Valley. “That accounts for the tracks,” they both said in the same breath.

Ship didn’t appear at all anxious to proceed any further in the direction of the South Fork.

“Look at that dog!” said Jim, with a “proper pride”: “See him turn around and whine. Now listen to that little half-whispered bark. He’s talking, Hugh. Do you know what he’s saying? Just simply this: ‘What in the blazes are you derved idiots going down to the South Fork for? Do you expect to live on air? I don’t—I want a bone.’”

Another council of war was held, and it was then and there resolved to take the back track until they should meet the pack train. Hugh held the opinion that they would collide with them just about the edge of the heavy timber. The arrangement appeared to be eminently satisfactory to Ship, who started in a dog trot as soon as the decision was announced.

By the time the timber was reached, the shades of twilight were upon them. Twilight soon deepened into darkness. The moon had not yet risen, and the only suspicion of light was the glimmer of the stars through an occasional peep-hole in the dense shadows of the overhanging boughs of the lofty firs, cedars, and sugar pines.

“This is about the thickest growth of timber I ever struck,” remarked Hugh, “and *tall*! Whew—w, Jim; did you notice just as we were getting into it—before the daylight had faded out entirely? Why, a fellow had to look twice to see the top of one of these trees.”

“Yes,” replied Jim; “they seem to almost touch the stars. Look up whenever you can see a little opening. Did you ever see a clear sky look so dark blue, or stars so bright and so beautiful? Wonder if any of

them are lost, and looking for a roosting place in the tall tree-tops?"

Before this time the trail had faded out of sight, and the nose of the sagacious Ship had been called into requisition.

"Here," said the owner; "you go ahead of me; but keep close, old fellow—keep close—do you hear? And Hugh, you keep close to me. The dog will nose out the trail—eh, Ship?"

The dog said "yes" as plainly as he could speak it, and in this order they made their way through the dense forest. Sometimes a fallen tree obstructed their path. Then would follow a halt, and a leap over or a crawl under by the faithful guide.

"Where are you, Ship?" An answering whine. "Trail all right?" An assuring sniff. An hour or more of this groping, feeling, climbing, and crawling, and a comparatively smooth, open space was reached.

The situation was getting serious. It was evident that their companions had made camp on the other side of the mountain; but wherefore, when they had agreed to meet them at the South Fork?

"That's not a square way of acting," commented Jim. "They know we have not a thing to eat nor a blanket to our names. It's a blanked mean, miserable piece of business."

Hugh agreed, but suggested that possibly they had met with some accident. "Don't you remember we saw just before sunset some little columns of faint blue smoke rising up in the hills east of us? We agreed that those were Indian fires. About this time of year straggling bands of Monos come over here to gather pine nuts and seeds. Maybe they have lit on to our boys—not that they are unable to take care of themselves, but they might have their mules stampeded, and be delayed and bothered."

It was reduced to a certainty that the meeting on the South Fork was indefinitely postponed. It was also agreed, without opposition, that they wouldn't budge another step that night. "Right here we camp."

A gurgling stream of water was close at hand. Its rumbling underground defined

its locality, while an open pool convenient for drinking was but a few yards away. Ship made this discovery.

"Now for a fire—got any matches, Hugh?"

"No! haven't you any, Jim?"

"Nary match; but I know the trick of lighting a fire without matches"—and then Jim explained to Hugh how he could kindle a fire by loading a rifle with a small charge of powder, "just a squib," using a cotton rag for a wad, and then blowing it into a blaze. "Here are cords of dead wood and no end to dry leaves for kindling," he added; "This is an old Rocky Mountain project. I had a pard once who was an old trapper. We were together two years. There isn't anything worth knowing about wood craft and Indian tactics that he and I don't know—but we'll try it awhile without fire."

So, weary with the distance traveled, the steep mountain climb, and the scramble through the timber, they felt around for a smooth place, stretched out for a nap, and were soon fast asleep—three in a bed; Ship in the middle.

Sometime away late at night they awoke shivering. Jim was the first to speak. "Hugh, I don't know how you feel, but I don't propose to stand this any longer. What in thunder is the use of a man's having brains and not setting them at work. You rustle up some dry leaves and light stuff for kindling. I can't draw this ball, so here goes to shoot it out. As you are a little fidgety about Indians, we'll make as little noise as possible. I'll pull it off easy as I can. Now, then—ready—fire!"

"Bang!" went the rifle, and a thousand echoes responded.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Hugh. "Just listen to it. Will it ever quit? Jee-whillikins! Who ever heard a gun crack like that? It seemed to stop for a while, but it's going yet—broke out in a new place."

"Well, now, I'm happy and content," responded Jim; "for if there are any Indians within ten miles of us, they are going to get up and dust. No little squad of Piutes, Diggers, or Monos are going to stop within hearing of a whole army. They'll think

there's about five hundred of us—won't they, Hugh?"

"Yes, a *thousand*, easy enough. Did you ever hear the like of the echoes? They rattled away along the crest of the mountain, jumping in and out of the ravines, butting against the tops of the tall sugar pines, till they got tangled up and lost in a big cañon somewhere away yonder, where they seemed to die out, muttering and grumbling; till directly they gathered themselves together again, and came rolling out big as pounds of wool. Now I'll gather some dry leaves, and you get your tinder ready."

The process involved some little trouble and patience, but resulted in a cheerful blaze. After they were thoroughly warmed, the fire was removed a few yards away, the place carefully swept, clean leaves scattered over the spot, the soothing influence of the pipe invoked, the events of the day briefly discussed, and they laid them down to sleep.

"It isn't as soft as a feather bed," murmured Hugh, as he gave himself a "good night" stretch; "but it's nice and warm, and beats that first arrangement all to pieces, eh, Jim? Well, may I be blamed if that chap isn't fast asleep." He looked for Ship. The dog had curled himself at his master's feet and was snoring like a man. "So you don't want to be sociable neither? I'm blest if you are going to get the best of me. I'll take a little of this myself"—and in two minutes he was dreaming of his "old Kentucky home, far away."

Daylight had dawned, and the rays of the rising sun were touching the tops of the pines on the crest of the ridge above them before they awoke. A brief observation showed that they were close to the trail, and they were soon on the move. A few minutes walk brought them to the summit of the Chowchilla Mountain. Here they halted for a rest.

"This is the way they must come," said Hugh: "that's as sure as shooting; and we'll wait for them. This is the trail, and Ned Haughton isn't the man to leave it to take any cut-offs. Unless something serious has happened, we won't have to wait long."

The words were hardly spoken till Ship gave a low growl.

"Do you hear what he says? 'They are coming'"; and in the space of a minute the voices of the boys, the rattle of the cooking traps, and the clatter of the hoofs as they toiled up the steep ascent, were audible. The meeting was a cordial one. Each party had felt some alarm about the safety of the other. The main body, who had failed to come to time as per agreement, were profuse in apologies.

"Now you just thank us for not ambushing and killing the last one of you," said Hugh.

"And drive those mules straight to our camp, unpack, and cook breakfast, while we sit down and look at you," added Jim. "Then Hugh has got to tell all about last night's experience, and you have all got to stay and hear it."

"Yes," said Hugh, by way of finish, "and any body who doubts a word of it has got to lick us both."

So everything was smoothed over. Each vied with the other in serving the hungry hunters, and the breakfast, after their prolonged fast, was a regal feast. Under the cheerful influence of a cup of steaming hot coffee, Hugh grew eloquent. His rendition of the passage in which the report of Jim's rifle and its wonderful echo figured, approached the sublime. When he described how it died away in a distant cañon and then came rolling out with renewed volume, or, as he had it, "big as pounds of wool," Connor, a one-eyed genius, the wag of the party, gave utterance to a prolonged whistle. A significant gesture from Jim, and he subsided with the remark: "Boys, I wish I had been with you."

The episode of kindling the fire was done in pantomime with great dramatic effect, and after an interchange of good-humored comments, the mules were repacked and the march resumed.

The intervening distance to the South Fork was made and the river crossed early in the forenoon. Then a camp was selected, and as one of the articles of agreement upon

starting out was, "Never get into a hurry," it was determined to stop here over night. Besides rest and recuperation, which were needed by at least two of us, an inducement was offered in the shape of angling—for the stream seemed to be speckled with mountain trout. The record made by the fishermen, however, was not of a character to entitle it to special notice; hence, with the simple statement that we had trout for supper, the subject is dismissed. Next day saw us rested and refreshed, and on our way to the Valley.

Tourists who roll over the road in coaches by the easy grades of the present day, or who, even at an earlier date, made the trip on horseback by trail, after some improvements had been begun, can hardly realize the difficulties which were ambushed along the route when men had to pick their way through a rough, mountainous region, where there was only here and there a trace of a trail. An Indian trail does not amount to much even when it is at its best, and as this one had been unused for several years, it took pretty good engineering to get over some of the rough places with a couple of pack-mules.

As we were leaving the South Fork, we were passed by a mounted party from Mariposa. We repassed them at Alder Creek, where they had halted for lunch, an example which we followed, giving our animals, as well as ourselves, a breathing spell. It was nearly sunset before we reached what is now termed "Inspiration Point." Here we had our first view of Yosemite. There it lay before us in all its beauty, an oasis walled in by towering cliffs; a virgin meadow threaded by a silvery stream and girdled with a zone of granite—an emerald in a setting of gray. It was a grand view, worth the whole journey; and we would have liked to linger and watch it fade away through the hazy twilight till it was lost in the somber uniformity of night, but we had no time to lose. "It's about four miles to the foot of this little hill," said Haughton, "and it will be as much as we can do to make it before dark. We must repack and cinch those mules for keeps.

From here to the foot of the hill, though not exactly dangerous, is liable to be troublesome in the night time. In fact, it's safe to say it's the roughest you ever saw."

"All ready," sang out one of the boys who had been attending to the packing; "roll ahead," and down, down, we slid, and scrambled, and tumbled—men and mules managing to keep their feet most of the time—now and then dislodging great masses of loose rock, which rolled and rattled like a young avalanche.

"Let the mules go ahead," said one.

"Put Jim's dog in the lead; he's the boss path-finder," said Hugh.

"Look out there!" cried the long-legged boy in the rear, who had turned loose a four hundred pound boulder, which went bounding down the mountain, just ahead of the leading mule.

"None of that foolishness," came from the front. "One more shot of that sort, and some man will lose a mule, and like enough we'll have to pack a boy with blankets and things."

Thus we floundered and rattled along in cheerful humor. Our animals kept their feet without a slip, and no casualty of a serious nature occurred. The previous season had been one of general drought, and this was the driest month in the year, so there was no trouble in finding a convenient ford. We crossed near the foot of the mountain. As we neared the river there was a whirr-r-r of many wings. "Grouse! hundreds of them!" gleefully ejaculated several of the party in chorus. "We'll get out early and pay our respects to them."

We made our camp temporarily on the north side of the river, at the lower end of the valley, just below the base of the grand old cliff now known as Tutockanulah and El Capitan. Then, around the cheerful fire, we went over the experiences of the day and laid our plans for the immediate future. The first item of these was to select another camping ground further up the valley—"a nice, smooth spot," said Haughton, "dry, and with plenty of shade—wood, water, and grass close at hand, and much more conven-

ient as a point of departure for our future explorations," he added.

How still it was! Only the least bit of a breeze stirring tree leaves and whispering in the tree tops. A gentle, soft murmuring rose and fell with the variable wind.

"That comes," said Haughton, "from a waterfall on a stream the other side of the river—a tributary of the Merced. At this low stage of water its volume is very small, and it breaks into a cloud of spray long before it gets to the bed of the stream below." We had no names for the different falls at that time, but this one described by our guide and afterwards visited by us was the Bridal Veil, otherwise known as the Pohono, or "Spirit of the Evil Wind"—a dreadful name to attach to a waterfall that never did anybody any harm.

Haughton next entertained us with a graphic account of the Boling Expedition, of the scouts in search of the Indians, up through the Cañon of Pyweah, and of the capture of their *rancheria* about ten miles above Mirror Lake, on the shore of Lake Tenieya. In time the conversation flagged. The camp fire flickered. At our feet murmured the Merced. Behind us frowned the Tutockanulah, great shadows flitting across his grizzled front as he seemed meditating upon the propriety of toppling over and engulfing us. A solemn rest pervaded the atmosphere.

"Peace breathes along the shade
Of every hill,
The tree-tops of the glade
Are hushed and still,
All woodland murmurs cease
The birds to rest within the brake are
gone."

The valley slept.

Next morning, soon as it was fairly light, the cheerful crack of the rifle awoke the slumbering echoes. Four of the best shots had been detailed to replenish the commissary supplies, and in about half an hour they came in loaded with mountain grouse.

"Looks like you had good luck."

"Struck a perfect streak."

"Did any of 'em get away?"

These were among the congratulatory greetings, to which the response was that the woods were full of them; there were plenty left; that they were fat as butter balls. The prospect of fresh meat in unlimited quantities was encouraging. "Broil the youngest for breakfast and save the others for a grand stew," was the order of the *chef de cuisine*—while we all volunteered in dressing the birds.

After breakfast we moved camp, and drove our stakes three or four miles further up the valley, on the north side of the river nearly opposite the Yosemite Fall. This became our permanent headquarters, and was made the point of departure for all our exploration in and about the valley.

Our first excursion was up the Cañon of Pyweah to Mirror Lake. Pohono, or the Bridal Veil, came in for a share of our attention. As surmised by Haughton, it was only a wreath of spray, which hung pendant and gracefully swinging with the breeze. The great Yosemite Fall was a thing of the past. It had left its impress on the naked rocks in a broad stain, but a meager, trickling, straggling stream, lazily crawling down the face of the seamed cliff, and wiggling among the jagged rocks below, was all that was left of the grand fall, which, with its roaring and thundering, strikes terror to the soul of the tourist who ventures near it during the spring or earlier summer months.

Perilous attempts to penetrate the forbidding looking cañons were made. Usually one man was left to "keep camp"—sometimes two. This meant to go a fishing, and have dinner well under way before the rest of the party returned.

One evening, after a series of dare-devil escapades for no particular purpose, except to demonstrate how near a man can come to breaking his neck and miss it, some one suggested an expedition up the main river, above the valley. Haughton was appealed to for information. He favored the proposition, and said he would cheerfully make one of the party. As for information he had none to give; neither he nor any of the Boling Expedition ever dreamed of attempting it. They came on business—not to see

sights or explore for new fields of wonder. Their mission was hunting Indians. They tracked their game up the Pyweah Cañon to their *rancheria*, where they captured them. As to the main river above the valley, he had taken a peep at it. There was no sign of a trail. It was a deep, rough cañon, filled with immense boulders, through which the river seethed and roared with a deafening sound, and there had never been seen a foot-print of white man or Indian in that direction. The cañon was considered *impassable*.

There was a chorus of voices in response.

"That's the word."

"Say it again."

"Just what we are hunting."

"We want something rough."

"We'll tackle that cañon in the morning."

"An early start, now."

It was so ordered. "With the first streak of daylight you'll hear me crow," was Connor's little speech as he rolled himself in his blankets. Next morning we were up and alive, pursuant to programme. Everybody seemed anxious to get ahead.

Three of us—Milton J. Mann, G. C. Pearson, and the writer of this sketch—lingered to arrange the camp fixtures, for everybody was going up the cañon. When we came to the South Cañon, or Taloolweack, our friends were far in advance of us. We could hear them up the cañon shouting, their voices mingling with the roar of the waters. A brief consultation, and we came to the resolve to diverge from the main river and try to effect an ascent between that stream and the cañon. It looked like a perilous undertaking, and there were some doubts as to the result; nevertheless, the conclusion was to see how far we could go. Away up, up, far above us, skirting the base of what seemed to be a perpendicular cliff, there was a narrow belt of timber. That meant a plateau or strip of land comparatively level. If we could only reach that, it was reasonable to suppose that we could get around the face of the cliff. "Then we will see sights," was the expression of one of the trio. What we expected to discover somewhere up the main stream was a lake or per-

haps a succession of lakes—such having been the result of the explorations up the Pyweah Cañon, and mountain lakes being not unfrequently noted as a feature of the sources of mountain streams.

But to reach the plateau—that was the problem. It was a fearful climb. Over and under and around masses of immense rocks, jumping across chasms at imminent risk of life and limb, keeping a bright lookout for soft places to fall, as well as for the best way to circumvent the next obstacle, after about three hours wrestling, "catch as catch can," with that grim old mountain side, we reached the timber. Here, as we had surmised, was enough of level ground for a foothold, and here we took a rest, little dreaming of the magnificent scene in store for us when we rounded the base of the cliff.

In Pearson's letter, to which reference has heretofore been made, the writer expresses his sentiments upon the subject in these words:

"That first view of the glorious scene, as it burst upon us when we raised our heads above the rim of rock, cannot be described and can never be forgotten. It was so entirely unexpected, so utterly different from what we had looked for, that we were spell-bound—completely overwhelmed with awe. We stood motionless and mute—the first of civilized men to view nature's wildest mood, modeled by the Creator's hand from rugged mountain sides."

The oft-quoted phrase, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," was never more fully realized. The picture is photographed on the tablets of my memory in indelible colors, and is as fresh and bright to-day as was the first impression twenty-nine years ago. To the tourist who beholds it for the first time, the Nevada Fall, with its weird surroundings, is a view of rare and picturesque beauty and grandeur. The rugged cliffs, the summits fringed with stunted pine and juniper, bounding the cañon on the southern side, the "Cap of Liberty" standing like a huge sentinel overlooking the scene at the north, the foaming caldron at the foot of the fall, the rapids below, the flume where the stream

glides noiselessly but with lightning speed over its polished granite bed, making the preparatory run for its plunge over the Vernal Fall, form a combination of rare effects, leaving upon the mind an impression that years cannot efface. But the tourist is in a measure prepared. He has seen the engravings and photographic views, and read descriptions written by visitors who have preceded him. To us it was the opening of a sealed volume. Long we lingered and admiringly gazed upon the grand panorama, till the descending sun admonished us that we had no time to lose in making our way campward.

Our companions arrived long ahead of us. "Supper is waiting," announced the chief cook: "ten minutes later and you would have fared badly; for we are hungry as wolves."

"Reckon you've been loafing," chimed in another. "You should have been with us. We struck a fall away up at the head of the cañon, about four hundred feet high."

"Have you? We see your little, old four hundred-foot fall and go you four hundred better"—and then we proceeded to describe our trip, and the discovery which was its result.

The boys wouldn't have it. None of them were professional sports, but they would hazard a little on a horse race, a turkey shooting, or a friendly game of "draw"—filling the elegant definition of the term "gambler" as given by one of the fraternity, viz.: "A gentleman who backs his opinion with coin." Connor was the most voluble. He got excited over it, and made several rash propositions.

"Tell me," said he, "that you went further up the cañon than we did? We went till we butted up against a perpendicular wall which a wildcat couldn't scale. The whole Merced River falls over it. Why, a bird couldn't fly beyond where we went. Of course, you think you have been further up the river, but you are just a little bit dizzy. I'll go you a small wad of gold dust that the fall you have found is the same as ours."

Connor was gently admonished to keep his money—to win it was like finding it in

the road—nay, worse; it would be downright robbery—but to make the thing interesting we would wager a good supper—best we could get in camp, with the "trimmings"—upon our return home, that we had been higher up the cañon, and that our fall beat theirs in altitude. It was further agreed that one of us should accompany the party as guide.

"Better take along a rope—it might help you over the steep places," was a portion of our advice, adding by way of caution to "hide it away from Connor" when they returned, for "he would feel so mean that he would want to hang himself."

To Pearson, who was ambitious to show off his qualities as a mountain guide, was delegated the leadership—an arrangement which was mutually satisfactory—"Milt" agreeing with me that a day's rest would be soothing and healthful. Besides, we had laid a plan involving a deep strategy to capture some of those immense trout, of which we had occasional glimpses, lying under the bank, but which were too old and cunning to be beguiled with the devices of hook and line.

The plan was carried out, on both sides, to a successful issue. On our part, we secured two of the largest trout ever caught in the valley, and had them nicely dressed, ready for the fry-pan, when our companions returned, which was about sunset. Soon as they came within hailing distance, their cheerful voices rang out (Connor's above all the rest), "We give it up!" They were in ecstasies, and grew eloquent in praise of the falls and scenery, at the same time paying us many compliments.

A courier was dispatched to notify the Mariposa party of our discovery. It was a surprise to them, but they had made their arrangements to leave for home early the next morning. They regretted the necessity, but business arrangements compelled their departure. We fell heir to about half a sack of flour—a dispensation of Providence which gave us a day or two more in the mountains.

We were not idle. One day was devoted to another visit to the Nevada Fall, our explorations this time being extended above

the fall into the valley, now known as the "Little Yosemite," and including a climb to the summit of the Cap of Liberty. Rude drawings were made of points of especial prominence and interest. Our evenings were pleasant and sociable. Around the cheerful camp-fire we discussed the grandeur of our surroundings and the possibilities of the future. It was unanimously agreed that for beauty and sublimity of scenery the valley was without a peer: as people from all parts of the world visited Niagara Falls, and our own countrymen made the European tour for the special purpose of viewing the wonders of the Alps, why should not this wonder-land attract thousands from the Atlantic States and Europe, when its fame should become world-wide? An improved trail was suggested, and various places along the route, where steep and abrupt pitches could be avoided and an easy grade substituted, were mapped out and theoretically surveyed.

These subjects were argued at length, and particularly during the evening of our last day in the valley, when the discussion ran on till after midnight. Even the feasibility of a wagon road was suggested, and the construction of a railroad was vaguely hinted at as one of the possibilities of the far-away future—sometime in the next century. "We will none of us live to see that," despairingly remarked one fellow; "nor is it likely that this place will become much of a resort during our life-time."

There was a division of sentiment on this point, some even proposing to give practical testimony of their faith by making an actual settlement in the valley and surveying a route for a road. A stringency in the money market alone prevented the beginning of these measures; but as it was, this agitation bore its legitimate fruit and led up to practical results. The Mann Brothers, erratic in some respects, were energetic and enthusiastic. The following year they went to work to construct a trail, which, in its grade, was a vast improvement on the original, and a comparatively safe route for saddle and pack animals.

During the same season they employed a French artist by the name of Claveau to make sketches of the valley, and paint a panorama embracing the points of greatest interest. They paid him by the month at an exorbitant rate. He was a fraud, and humbugged them—dawdling away his time for the best part of a year, and giving them, instead of a panorama, a series of wretched daubs. They traveled with it to some extent, but the enterprise proved unremunerative, and wound up in a vexatious lawsuit. As to what became of the painting, there is no information at hand. It went out of sight in some mysterious way.

The trail was a little premature, and when its proprietors applied to the Board of Supervisors for a license to collect tolls, it would have been surprising if the enterprise had not been anathematized by some of the intelligent sovereigns as a "monopoly." It is perfectly proper and legitimate for anybody to curse a monopoly unless he is in with it. However, the trail never paid its original proprietors, who were good, big-hearted fellows, and had some excellent ideas of the future of the valley, but lacked a knowledge of the commercial world and were unschooled in business. Their efforts were well meant, as were those of others of their contemporaries, who urged upon the good people of Mariposa the necessity of constructing a wagon road to Yosemite.

Nevertheless, all these incidents which had their origin in the Sherlock Expedition became factors in bringing this wonder-land to the notice of the outside world, and opening up highways over which the modern tourist can travel with comfort and ease.

A residence of twenty years in Mariposa has given me opportunities of frequent visits to this beautiful valley, which have been improved to the fullest extent, and on several occasions extended to the high Sierras, above and beyond, under circumstances differing very materially from those of the expedition herein outlined. Hence, the improvements in traveling facilities and local accommodations which have opened the gates of this mountain paradise to the outside world are

the more fully appreciated; and the day when the iron horse shall be heard snorting and whistling through the cañon of the Merced is looked for as an event of the not distant future. Yet a tinge of sadness comes over me as I travel along the new paths amid the old scenes. The river still meanders its serpentine course, glittering with its ancient radiance as it kisses the sunlight. The majestic water-falls bound from their giddy heights, mocking the thunder in their reckless plunge. The rugged peaks and beetling cliffs, their summits touching the clouds, stand grim and defiant against the march of civilization. But the bed of the valley itself has been roughly handled by the agencies of Nature and Art. The floods have done their work, even to the extent of sweeping away a grove of trees whereon were carved the names of several American citizens—pioneer Californians. Immense slides, avalanches of debris from the mountain sides, have buried many acres of what was once fresh, verdant meadow. Man has not been idle. Dynamite has played its part, and trails have been blasted out, enabling the "Tenderfoot" to reach points once deemed inaccessible to anything but a mountain sheep. The dust of rattling coaches offends the nostrils. The toll-gatherer confronts the wayfaring man, and the camper is abridged of his former vested rights, looked upon as an interloper, and suspected of being "an awful mean man." Hotels, in some of their features vying with the more pretentious metropolitan palaces, have multiplied on a scale commensurate with the demands of the traveling public. Healthy, able-bodied tourists, invalid tourists, lame tourists, fat women tourists, tourists of both sexes, all ages, and diversified nationalities, make elaborate annual pilgrim-

ages to this Pacific Coast Mecca. They bring with them valises, bandboxes, miscellaneous packages, and the traditional horror of the mountain stage driver, the Saratoga trunk. The guide is not insulted if a voluntary contribution is tendered him for extra attention, and the aproned flunkey extends an itching palm for *bacscheesh*, as a reward for ordinary civility, with a coolness and nonchalance which would do credit to one of the regular army at Niagara Falls. The trout decline to be caught except by Indians; and the grouse, in disgust, have fled over the mountains, or scattered among the junipers and dwarfed pines of the higher ranges.

"There is but one Yosemite!" exclaims an enraptured tourist, as he staggers at description in the shadow of its grandeur. There never will be another as it was when there was no print of hoof nor trace of moccasin track within its lonely precincts. Its pristine loveliness is a thing of the past, with the voices which awoke musical responses from its cliffs and cañons nearly thirty years ago living only in the chambers of memory. "The boys" of that period—my companions—where are they?

I bear with me a picture of them grouped together on the homeward march, as we turned to take a parting look at the valley, and another of a jolly, sociable reunion upon our return to the old camp. It was our last assemblage. Soon thereafter our paths diverged; further and further we drifted apart. Some have gone over to the "silent majority." The echoes of their voices have died away beyond the hill-tops. Will they some time come rolling down with renewed volume, like the echo so graphically described by my old friend Hugh?

James H. Lawrence.

MY AMBER PIPE.

I HOPE you do not expect much from this light story of mine ; if you do, I am afraid you will be disappointed. I flatter myself during my life-time I have had some ideas, but there my vanity ends, for my best and dearest friends tell me I can never become a writer, because it is impossible for me to express them. This I have grieved over many times in my sober moods, and have lamented in secret to my amber pipe ; so earnestly, in truth, that I think the little genie of Pipes and Peace (for you know the two go together) took pity upon me one starlight evening, and whispered amid clouds of smoke, that if I really had anything to say (and he was very particular about that point), and would confine myself to simple language—very simple, indeed—why, he would stand by me, and see I did not disgrace my University education.

Now you practical Californians may even doubt me thus far, but when I assure you my genie was real, and that he came to me only in this charmed spot, where I write this tale—a lovely little nook in the Catskills—when I was smoking my pipe—the old Dutch one that is an heirloom, with a curiously carved face on the bowl, and an odd twist in the stem, and the amber mouth-piece which gives the name to this little sketch—then you will take my word for it, and doubt me no longer.

Of course, you know there is a strange superstition about amber ; a witchery as weird as that connected with the opal (which, ridiculous as it may appear to the eyes of sensible people, prevents the sale of the jewel, and makes it a worthless drug in the market). Only with the amber, there is a difference : it brings good fortune and happiness to the wearer, while the opal—but the less said about the opal, the better. My little bit of amber, which is choice, and what you would call clouded, was picked up, oh ! so many

years ago, by my dark-eyed grandmother, a Norse woman, on the coast of the Baltic, when she was only a poor fisher girl, before she met Sir Edward Rae and became his wife—but I digress. It was her good-luck piece ; and it is well for me to stop just here, for I might easily drift into a psychological discussion, which is such a fashionable pastime now-a-days, and prove to you, without any difficulty whatever, that I am not responsible for my stupidity in literary matters, and that my preference for the sea and not for the mountains, for idleness and not for work, for superstition and folk-lore, comes to me direct from my plebeian ancestor, the peasant fisher girl.

I can sit upon the piazza of an August evening, and watch the promenaders pace up and down, round and round, the wide veranda in twos and threes, and the girls in fours, with interlaced arms ; untiringly they go until sunset deepens into twilight, twilight into dusk, and dusk into darkness and starry night. I pass unnoticed, for the most part, in the crowd. You will wonder how. This is the way : I neither isolate myself, nor join one of the crowd ; but, taking an easy chair, tilt it in a shadowed corner of the piazza, and here, with a very old or very young man for a silent companion, or maybe some good-natured old lady, who talks little and thinks much, drone away the evening hours.

To-night my companion is a gray, wizened old man. He draws very close to me, and as he peeks at me now and again in the dusk, his sharply cut face rising out from a long, gray beard, I am not quite sure but that he is one of those weird characters Irving tells us about, which take up their abiding places in these wonderful mountains. Japheth, the young medical student who is here, and has just taken his degree, and is a particular friend of mine, has analyzed him,

and declared to me he is made of nothing but bones, soft and cashy, and but very little phosphorus thrown in. But then, Japheth is not always to be depended on; he is what you might call a well-enough fellow, but his religious views are not quite what they might be. He is from Boston and a Harvard man, which accounts for his sad ideas on such subjects; and he is, I must admit, as much an object of commiseration to me as he is to the dear old "gubbies," who remember him daily in their prayers. There is no room in the short space allotted to me for a commentary abridged, or even the explanation of an asterisk, so I shall simply explain a new word as I write. "Gubbie" means old lady, but with a distinction. It has sprung into use of late years, since our venerable grandmothers and great aunts frequent fashionable places of resort, and in white and gray flannel dresses congregate of mornings in retired corners of the parlor, engaged in embroidery and conversation (improving), one or two occasionally painting on satin or plush (short nap), while another, usually of great character and experience, reads aloud. They are all over seventy, and the one who paints so dextrously is eighty-two. But I would not have you misunderstand, and imagine "gubbie" included the dear old grandmother who remains quietly at home with her Bible and her knitting, and the letters from those who are far away. Alas! no: these are growing rarer and rarer, like delicate old china, day by day, here in America; and we shall have to call on the English people, who set us the fashions, to send us at no distant time a few of the old choice variety; for the "gubbies" are fast taking their places, and the old kind are as difficult to find as the dear old black hen with red ears, which is so valued now-a-days by sensible country people, because it never gads or wanders aimlessly through the neighbors' gardens, but stays at home, and with silent dignity appreciates and scratches its own.

Perhaps you think there is no expression in a cap string. Ah, how mistaken you are, and what worlds exist in a pair of them! It

far outrivals that in an umbrella, or in a dozen umbrellas, for that matter. If I only had pencil and paper I would show you in a very few lines; lines are what tell—only a few bold strokes, and you have it. There are seventy-five old ladies here, and no two have cap-strings alike. Oh, yes, it is really so; I have taken refuge, when no one was looking, behind my pipe and newspaper, and studied them by the hour together. There comes a pair through the French windows of the parlor now, out from a flutter of gray and black, and black and white, and pepper and salt silk dresses, and the same number of same tinted shawls and fans. This pair is of Swiss, long and fine as a hair, beautifully hemmed, and with five exquisitely hand-run tucks on the border. They float just from above her ear, ungoverned by bow or tie; and that indicates, in a measure, a disposition patient and resigned under trial, for none but an exceptional woman could stand the bobbing and fluttering of such yards of muslin in mid-summer with the thermometer at ninety. The face that looks from beneath the cap wears many wrinkles; they may be from age, or have lodged there from care, but so cunningly disposed are the mull and the lace they are fully displayed. Oh, the curious obstinacy of woman-kind!

You would know how accurate I have been in my description of a pair of cap-strings, if you knew Mrs. Anthony Peppergrass. She stands by the door now, and glances to right and left—for Mercy, I suppose, her little granddaughter. Yes, I am not wrong; she is in search of her. "Little Mercy," we call her, although she is tall and wears long dresses, and arranges her brown hair high, after the manner of young ladies. Japheth told me a few days ago—and he is posted on a great many other things besides bones—that she is only seventeen, quite a little girl.

Poor old Bones, I had almost forgotten him, sitting so quietly beside me, leaving me so generously to my recollections. Bones likes Japheth, and I really cannot understand why; for Japheth, I assure you, regards

him in the light of an anatomical specimen; and every day, or twenty times a day for that matter, confides to me the changes his opinion has undergone concerning him. They promenaded up and down, up and down, the long piazza of a summer's morning, together—the old man weak and shambling, with uncertain gait, and knees that hardly bear his light weight; Japheth tall and supple and strong, with the stride of an athlete and the head of a Sampson; for the doctor is a finely built fellow, with muscle like iron.

Japheth belongs to the old-fashioned school, and has imbibed his ridiculous ideas of earnestness in life from some old pedant of a school-master, who has spent his life poring over the theory of earnestness and progression, while the world meanwhile has rolled on and left him. That, I prophecy, will hardly be Japheth's fate. Strange, but there are two or three old-fashioned young men here. Worthy would be a better adjective, but how strange the sentence sounds with the exchange—a word connected with such a signification long in disuse! I am not surprised to find one or two here, however, for they tell me this is a place of resort for men and women of thought. No dancing, no card-playing, no midnight gaiety; but Japheth solemnly tells me he enjoys it, and then as an afterthought hopes I do, and suggests delicately to me that I shall find here an immeasurable quantity of food for moral and mental reflection.

I wish Bones would say something; for that girl with the child clinging to her arm is strolling up this way, and she will glance carelessly at me with her dark eyes, and repeat to herself, sarcastically: "Poor, lonely Englishman," and then laugh quietly after she has sauntered by. That is the remark she made to me, as soon as I was presented by Dick Crosby. It was down on the office piazza, and I had just alighted from the stage, and Dick in his eager, impulsive manner, dragged me up to her, declaring, *sotto voce*, how nice and charming she was, and I, dusty and travel-stained, was persuaded, and was introduced. That is what she said; she knew all the time I came from Ohio, and

when I was stupid enough to tell her so, she lifted her eyebrows and laughed. I do not like dark-haired girls, and it is an old saying but a true one, "Beauty and amiability rarely go together." It evidently holds true in this case. A girl who wears an amber comb in her hair, and affects a white dress modeled after the style of a Grecian Galatea, is not to be trusted; for the costume betokens a knowledge of "art," and a man is never safe, especially if he be a little weak on ancient history and mythology, to tread on that treacherous and subtle ground. Dick is well up on such things—in fact, revels in them—but give me present time and nature. No, I have quite made up my mind how to treat Lydia Delancy—very politely—at a distance—take off my hat—just so. No experimenting for me, thank you, Dick; I should be sure to burn my fingers.

Now she strolls back again, and she does walk well for an American girl, but then she is a New Yorker.

I am interrupted by Mrs. Anthony Peppergrass. "Have you seen Mercy?" she enquires anxiously, looking at me sharply with her small black eyes.

Now, in a summer resort, and this one particularly, there is a certain fine sense of honor, understood among a few, concerning one's whereabouts. I had been duly impressed by Japheth on my arrival as to this point; so that it was with few, if any, qualms of conscience, that I lifted my head and unblushingly answered, "No." I think she doubted me, for she turned her head a little to one side, and surveyed me rather critically from head to foot.

I felt a little uncomfortable under her surveillance, for, to tell the truth, I imagined she thought me a careless, indolent, happy-go-lucky fellow, good-natured enough, perhaps, but with a latent vagabondism that incited her disapproval. Under that sharp eye, I even felt a little ashamed of my dear old pipe, and knocked the ashes from it with an affected nonchalance, as she stood before me. Mrs. Anthony Peppergrass is a renowned philanthropist, and is said to make good use of her millions; but I liked her less

than ever as she stood unbendingly near me, holding her long, thick, black silk train with one heavily jeweled hand, while with the other she stiffly fluttered her lace fan.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "you will be kind enough to hunt her up for me; it is time for her to go to bed."

I secretly groaned, as I straightened my chair and was roused to the activity of real life again. Why couldn't she send Bones? I reluctantly rose to my feet: "You want her immediately?" I queried.

"Immediately," bringing her fan down with a little snap.

I affected to peer into every shadowed nook of the piazza as I sauntered along, and was very much disliked the next day for my trouble. Of course, I knew where Mercy was; I had seen her step into one of the boats with Japheth after tea, while that silly youth, Berry, a college sophomore, who is forever quoting insipid sayings of more insipid writers, was declaiming on the dock to that California girl, Miss Lampson, that summer could be compressed into four words: "Boat, girl, hammock, novel."

I have not quite made out that San Francisco girl as yet, and have not had an opportunity of talking her over with Dick. That fellow is never alone; I wonder who he is off with this minute!

What a shame to send a girl to her room on such a night. I fancy I'll let Mrs. Peppergrass storm, and dodge her. Could anything be more glorious than that star Venus just setting behind "The Spur." Come to think of it, I have not told you anything about this picturesque nook in the mountains; maybe purposely, for I am not good at description.

It has an Indian name, so I shall call it Minnehaha, although you will not find that title on the map. To reach it, you must stage it for several hours from a little railroad jumping-off place called Marthaville, and that is the only clue I shall give you to its whereabouts. After circuitous and heavy climbing, and a great many rests on the part of the jaded horses, you come suddenly upon a little lake hidden in the bosom of

the hills. There is a difference of opinion as to how it came there. We have had extensive lectures on the subject, impressive and accurate, from some half dozen men of science, eminent in their profession, of summer evenings in the large parlor, when the old ladies listened attentively with folded hands, and the young ones toyed over their embroidery, and the young men twirled their mustaches, or toiled over intricate designs for etching linen crash with half dollars or the base of a triangle salt-cellar; but the theories have been so varied and complex, that I have hopelessly mixed up the several discourses, and am very much at sea as to whether the lake was dropped, or whether it was heaved up by volcanic action. In fact, I am reluctant to commit myself, and would feel sensitive concerning my ignorance if it were not that the minds of the other two hundred and ninety and nine boarders (with the exception of Dick) are in as much chaos on the subject as my own, for I have probed them on that point, and satisfied myself.

Nevertheless, the lake is here, exquisitely set, like a beautiful gem, among the fir and hemlock fringed hills. The hotel raises its picturesque gables from the far-sheltered end of the dark emerald pool, and to the right and left of it the weird, honey-combed cliffs rear their beetled sides, the gray, lichen-grown rocks broken here and there in their dull monotony of color by the tall, tufted hemlock, which grows fearlessly out from the gigantic crevices of the boulders.

To-night is a characteristic evening at Minnehaha. The trees shudder occasionally as a light breeze runs through them, and then subside into breathless silence as it dies out, broken only by the ripple of the lake against its pine-strewn banks, or the hum of distant voices in the summer-houses. These are sprinkled about promiscuously on odd little points of the cliffs and unexpected turns in the wide mountain roads, upon rustic twisted bridges built out on the lake, where the tiny waves lap the mossy green logs, and in and out on the under-path which skirts the lake. They remind one of fan-pictures—of Japan-

ese pagodas, with their pretty, yellow straw thatch and curiously artistic shapes.

How brightly the stars shine down upon the mountain-tops. How sweet and resinous the air is with the fragrant wood-odors. How quietly the valley sleeps, all in purplish shadow, save for the lights which twinkle out sparsely in the broad expanse. The humble little farm-houses are hid by the friendly dusk, but the distant tinkle of the cattle-bell is heard, pleasant to the ear, as it revives old forgotten days and sleeping memories. There is no jar to break the tranquility of the scene. It is far from the din and noisy clamor of the great metropolis—oh! what a paradise in comparison with the glare and the roar and the confusion of that vast thoroughfare which has no night, no rest. Do you hear the oriole's low, musical call in the woods? The day is not long enough for it to sing out its heart-full of joy, and the gay little crickets keep it company with their never-failing, merry chirp.

There are some parts of the woods that are deep and dark, but you can wander for a long way down the "sassafras path" and "sweet-fern," where the trees are thin and the starlight trembles through the branches; and the "sassafras path" leads down to the old wood-road, long in disuse, and overgrown in summer time with grasses and great bunches of pink and white clover; but it is a favorite stroll of evenings for those who love solitude and unbroken silence, except for the night cries of the midsummer insect-revelers.

I had completely forgotten Mrs. Anthony Peppergrass and her message, and was irresolutely standing on the piazza steps, contemplating a quiet walk to the old road, when a voice cried mischievously in my ear:

"Is this the way you look for little Mercy?" I turned to confront Réne Lampson, the Western girl, as we called her, picturesquely attired in a dark crimson dress, the long train gracefully drawn about her (somehow Western girls seem to affect long trains), her broad hat pushed back from her pale, clear-cut face, revealing a broad, white brow, and soft, fair hair, which clung over it in fluffy waves. She was slight and graceful, and as

she leaned over the step-railing I was sure I had never seen any one prettier.

"Do you think Mercy would thank me for finding her?" I asked lightly.

"To tell the truth, I do not think she would care very much," replied my companion nonchalantly. "I fancy she would enjoy playing 'Nations' in that stuffy old parlor with the little Stubbses, quite as well as talking small talk with Japheth Coleman."

"Miss Lampson, you are uncharitable!" I couldn't help laughing, nevertheless, for Mercy did seem particularly fond of that absurdly stupid game, and spent hours over it of an evening; while Japheth was a novice at small talk, and would flounder hopelessly, like some unlucky fish in a net, when he was caught in a conversation of banter and repartee.

"O, no," she replied simply, "I am not uncharitable. At least, I did not intend to be. I simply spoke the truth. Mercy is a very dear little friend of mine."

"Then, perhaps, you will join me and help to find her," I suggested, twirling my straw hat between my fingers. "I half prophecy they are down the wood-road."

"No," she replied carelessly, "there is too much dew on the grass; I should get my dress ruined."

"On the contrary," I returned eagerly, "that is one of the peculiarities of Minnehaha; there is no dew. Just run your hand over that grass border—no; there, near the petunia bed," as she ran down the steps; "it's as dry as at noon-day."

"So it is," she said, brushing her pretty hands over the close-shorn clover; "nevertheless, I don't care about going. I want to sit on the steps and watch the stars. How bright they are to-night. That one," pointing to a constellation above our heads, "which seems to flash out brightly at intervals, shines down into my little, old room at home in the far, far West."

There was a little touch of sentiment in her tone, and beguiled by it, I seated myself on the steps beside her, overlooking the lake, which flung up the dark reflections of the cypress trees now and again, in contrast with

the mellow lamp-light which streamed out upon it from the boat-pier, projecting out from the opposite shore.

"What brought you East?" I questioned with the audacity of a summer acquaintance who has met his chance companion three times.

"I came East," she said softly, "to broaden my ideas."

That was good. As I have already remarked, I prided myself on *my* ideas. I was sure I should like this girl, and, by the way, I prided myself on having some knowledge of the character of California girls; for hadn't I read "*Altiora Peto*" and "*The Fair Barbarian*," and from time immemorial haven't they been depicted to us as very fresh and innocent and natural? This one was innocent, and I was quite sure now, after these few words of conversation, that I understood her; she was frank and outspoken, and I do admire sincere women, especially in summer friends; for, as a general rule, you just begin to know them after three or four weeks, and then the time comes to separate, and you have to begin all over again, and become acquainted with new people; and if you waste half your time and opportunity in offishness and affectation, one, two, three—Presto! Hickory! the summer has flown. My first impression of Miss Lampson was, that she was one of those stand-off girls, and now I was doomed to a pleasant disappointment. So I reasoned.

"Were you born out there?" I queried after a short pause.

"Yes," she nodded. "Native."

"And educated East?"

"Oh, no. I have lived my whole life there. Provincial."

"Ah, indeed. You grow pretty big pears and peaches in that direction—as large as our pumpkins," I added, inclined to facetiousness.

"So they tell me," she returned.

"And when you have potatoes for supper you go into the back yard, dig the vegetable up, cut a piece off, put the potato back, cook the piece for a family of five, and the whole lasts a week."

"It seems to me," remarked Miss Lampson with icy coldness, "you are rather vegetarian in your remarks. Perhaps, however, it is a peculiarity of Eastern people."

I was rather dazed for a few moments. "Oh! I hope, I trust, I truly—really," I stammered, feeling desperately uncomfortable. "Have I offended you?"

"Nothing you could say about California could possibly offend me," returned the young lady with considerable dignity, "only it is rather fatiguing to be constantly reminded of the table in connection with one's country. Every one asks you the same absurd questions, as if we were a parcel of ranchmen." Here her indignation gave way, for she laughed. "Cut a little piece out of New York, and you have San Francisco," she added, "only we have not any back yards, but *gardens*; and as for *potatoes*, we see them only in their proper places—on the table. We dine, not sup; and as for pumpkins," she tossed her pretty blonde head and laughed aloud, "do you think *we* have pie and doughnuts for breakfast?"

I thought it wise after this last remark to vary the subject somewhat. "You have very delightful society in San Francisco, I understand?"

"Yes," she replied thoughtfully, looking at the lake with a far-off expression in her eyes, "very pleasant; it is—" Here she paused as if at a loss for a word.

"Colonial?" I suggested.

"Not at all," she said hurriedly, with a little tap of her foot; "cosmopolitan is the term."

"Ah: and may I enquire how it compares with Eastern, or rather New York society?"

"Well," she replied reflectively, "it does not compare at all; the conditions of each are so entirely different, there can be no comparison."

"Miss Lampson, you are non-committal."

"No," she answered. "I have my impressions, but they are a little difficult to convey."

"Which do you like the best?"

"That is not a fair question."

"By your evasive answer, I have made

the discovery I wanted," I announced half-laughingly.

"How do you prove that?" she said.

"If you had been thoroughly satisfied and loyal to your West, your reply would have been: 'I prefer Californian society.' There would have been no incivility to me in such an answer, for I am not a New Yorker, and your home naturally has the first place in your regard. You hesitate; consequently I draw conclusions. You prefer Eastern life, and you are too loyal to your country to acknowledge your preference."

Miss Lampson colored slightly. "You are all wrong in your deductions. I am so situated—so differently—here. I am not the one to judge; you—" She paused and hesitated. "You know," and then she paused again and colored more deeply. I saw her embarrassment; if I had only been aware—but then such an idea had never come into my mind. I was not so much to blame, for, somehow, one always attributes to Californians the possession of illimitable wealth, and it was current that my companion was an orphan and an heiress. "Circumstances," she recovered herself in a moment, "and our relations to society, control our preferences."

"Ah! I have it now. In California a rich girl ranks as an imaginary princess, and commands undivided attention and devotion; in the East she is comparatively unknown, and is but one among many."

"There you are wrong again," she interrupted, and a slightly annoyed expression crossed her face. "The attention of a few is quite sufficient for any ordinary girl in the East. Your men are chivalry itself."

"And the Westerners?" I exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

"I believe that is a quality unreservedly given to all Americans, is it not?" she asked with considerable dignity.

"I am afraid you have misunderstood me," I hastened to explain, but she interrupted me.

"Our men," she added, "brave fellows, too, are easily disposed of. They are not, as a rule, college bred, but they are pioneers'

sons, lion-hearted in the face of all obstacles. They have no summers to dawdle away; for the means of livelihood, for a foothold in the struggle, they are compelled to go to the wilds—to the borders, to the frontier. They lead isolated, lonely lives, and leave lonelier vacant places in their homes behind them. In San Francisco there are few young men."

She spoke impulsively, passionately. Her knowledge had been verified, obviously, by some bitter experience.

"It seems difficult to realize you are speaking of the West," I said soberly. "If you had said there were no women, I could have understood you better."

"I am speaking of San Francisco," she remarked more calmly. "Why do you look so curiously at me? Oh—I forgot," and she laughed a little. "I forgot myself, and was in earnest. I felt what I said; but that is an unpardonable slip."

I said nothing.

"Society men do not swarm with us as they do here in New York," she continued lightly. "The exodus to the mines and the outposts leaves us but the army and very young men for our entertainment."

"But surely they grow older," I ventured.

"So do the girls," she continued, with irresistible laughter in her eyes, "and to marry one of the youths is like taking a boy to bring up."

My laughter caused a couple of walkers on the piazza to turn their heads as they sauntered by. It was Miss Delancy, with my friend, Dick Crosby. She nodded to Réne Lampson as they passed.

"What do you think of the Eastern girls?" I asked in a general way, following with my eyes the gipsy figure of the girl in white:

"I think," she said, lowering her voice, but looking at me steadily, "they are lovely; their faces reflect the beauty of their souls."

"Oh, what a sweeping remark! You particularize and think of some one character in point. You surely do not include all society girls in your category." I still looked at Lydia Delancy.

"I speak of them as a class," she asserted brightly.

"You are intimate with the New York belle," I persisted. "She is a type you would scarcely meet outside of the metropolis."

Miss Lampson turned away her head; I could not see her face. "I admire her," she said frankly. "She is as brilliant in mind as she is beautiful in person."

"And as subtle, and as deep, and as heartless—"

"Don't," she interrupted. "Do not go any further."

"You are generous," I said. "Is it a characteristic of San Francisco people?"

"Mr. Lloyd," she said shortly, "you overestimate my good nature." I winced, and she saw it. "I am simply not over-critical," she added, repenting a little. "It rather puzzles me, the direct and open way which you people have of dissecting each other. Do you never grow tired of speculating, and pulling to pieces, and putting together again; of weighing, and rejecting, and accepting? Why can you not take people as they are? It reminds me of the poor little ant which is sacrificed to be put under the microscope. How can you measure people when you barely know them?" She suddenly paused and checked herself, and then leaned against the piazza railing, looking out upon the darkening of the shadows, for the light on the boat-pier had been out long ago.

"Society girls," she resumed carelessly, smoothing out the wrinkled folds of her dress, "scarcely need their own sex to defend them; they have scores of admirers who would do a great deal for a smile. Do you not think, Mr. Lloyd," she continued after a long pause, "you have drawn me out sufficiently on so short an acquaintance? It is very late for Minnehaha; see," she said rising, "the promenaders have all gone in, and left Mr. Crosby and Miss Delancy in possession of the piazza. Probably they are waiting for us to make the move."

"I trust I have not bored you," I ventured, accompanying her to the door.

"On the contrary," holding out her hand to me in pretty Western fashion, to bid me good-night, "I have found you very amus-

ing"; and then she turned, and leaving me, walked down the hall.

I looked curiously after her, until she joined Miss Delancy at the foot of the stair, uncertain how to interpret her last remark. How would she meet me on the morrow—with a snub or a smile? It was doubtful. I pulled out my watch and looked at it—quarter of eleven—then strolled to the piazza, hesitated a moment, then seated myself on the step, leisurely shook the ashes from my pipe, filled and relit it.

* * * * *

Mountain walks after breakfast and prayers, are a favorite pastime among guests of all ages at Minnehaha. One had been planned by the young people to the caves, and they were to assemble on the "east piazza," prepared for a rough scramble. It was the morning after my sparring conversation with Miss Lampson, and I was speculating as to whether she and Miss Delancy were to be of the party, when they came out of the "Rock reading-room," dressed for walking, in short striped tennis skirts and Norfolk jackets. Several of our number had gathered, and there was a confused hum of voices, in which the words candles, darkness, pitch-black were heard often.

Mrs. Anthony Peppergrass having consented to let Mercy go (who was radiant in an imported scarlet costume), was nervously interviewing each separate member of the company, with more than half a mind to retract her decision. I kept out of her way, dodging behind Japheth, who was tall, and Grace, the brawny athlete. A half dozen of the girls loitered in the parlor, which opened with low French windows to the piazza; a corresponding number of men lounged on the lawn among the flower-beds, while some of the industrious ones pruned and ornamented long staves for climbing.

"I tell you, you're sensible," Tom Larkin, a Harvard man, was saying to Marion Mc-Millan, an English girl, brown-eyed, light-haired, and fresh-colored. "You have a dress without an overskirt—the correct thing." He brought his red tasseled cap down on his hand with some force as he

spoke. "That's what a woman ought to wear when she goes tugging and scrambling over these mountains." He was an eccentric little figure, in his brown corduroy knickerbockers and striped flannel shirt; his good nature shone out in his bright, freckled face, with his honest gray eyes, and large, humorous mouth. "I tell you," he continued, laying down the law, "walking is good for you if you start out properly dressed and do not jump. But look at some of these girls, Miss Pipkin, for instance, standing by that tree, with that—what do you call it?—yes, mouselin de laine dress on, that rigmarole—yes, fichu—around her neck, and that broad hat on with those daffy-down-dillies (I despise yellow; she's a blonde, too, and should never put it on); what do you suppose she will look like when she comes out of the caves—can you tell me?"

Tom Larkin planted his red tennis-shoes firmly on the piazza, and drew himself up to his full height, looking inquiringly up into Miss McMillan's face, for she was taller than he.

"Like a fright," replied the girl with promptness, burring her r in her pretty English manner.

"Good enough," ejaculated Tom, changing position like a jack-in-the-box, and clapping his knees with his hands, "like a fright, exactly so. Why can't she wear a polo cap, a Jersey, and a round, short dress, and broad shoes with flat heels? Oh, we'll teach her after she has taken a walk or two. Ten to one she wears French gaiters and Louis Quinze stilts. By Jove, pretty, isn't she?"

At this juncture Crosby joined me, and the number complete, we started, the girls taking the lead in twos and threes, as was the custom in Minnehaha, while the men followed in the rear, probably to contrast with the return walk home. It is a motley group—a few of the six-footers in white flannel suits and crimson sashes, after the manner of Italian brigands in yellow literature; four or five of the college athletes in red and black striped Jerseys and knickerbockers, while the slight, supple figures of the girls, in rainbow colors, wiry and strong by continued sum-

mers of climbing and rowing, sprang nimbly over the rocks and down the jagged, precipitous paths, made slippery already by the new fallen pine needles and crisp beech leaves.

Dick Crosby slipped his arm in mine, and we walked silently through a clear space in the woods for some distance. Dick is my near friend, and yet I have not told you a word about him. You would not notice him, probably, in a crowd, for he is not striking in appearance, and does not impress one at first sight. Miss Delancy called him on first impression, "a symphony in gray." That very nearly expresses it—drab hair, closely cut, drab complexion, drab clothes, gray eyes: he is decidedly quiet and neutral in effect. He is observant and brilliant, a strong character; but if he did not take a fancy to you, you would not discover it; for, like most silent, deep men, he hides himself under a light, animated surface manner. With me he is natural, so it frequently happens there are long silences when we are together, which surprises neither of us.

We had dropped a little behind the rest, and yet were walking briskly, for we had passed Point Lookout, where the pines are black and sparse of leaves, and where many of the old giants of the forest stand blighted and desolated and dead, killed by the last winter's storm. It had left them blasted, stretching out their weird, twisted branches in dumb mockery, as if in mute acquiescence with their destiny. Crosby gave a sigh of relief as we passed into a more luxurious growth, where the birch trees threw up their long silvery trunks, and the blackberry vines grew thick and long, pushing into the path their wiry, combative brambles.

"Those blackened trees seem to have something human about them," he said soberly. "They are too suggestive of our lives; they represent the great storms and tempests of life, which wither us as they pass. Say what you like about its being easier to bear great trials than daily petty vexations, I prefer the brambles of existence," and he stooped to throw one of the blackberry briars, which encroached on the

way, to the side of the trail. "By Jove," he cried, jumping back half a yard, "it stings."

"My dear fellow," I cried jocosely, "have you just found that out?"

"It seems so," he replied, irritably, rubbing his well-shaped brown hands against his coat to dispose of the thorns; "to tell the truth, it is so long since I have seen blackberry vines, I have forgotten what the confounded things look like."

"You are cured of your morbidness, at all hazards," I continued laughing, "even if you do prefer the brambles of life." "My dear fellow," laying my hand on his shoulder, "you young men live too seriously and earnestly. Look at Japheth, ahead of us there, like the giant in Gulliver's travels walking beside little Tom Lawton. He will be an old man before he is thirty."

"It is all very well for you to talk," said my companion, petulantly; "a rich man with an unlimited bank account; but what is to become of us poor devils if we do not work?"

"Marry a rich girl," I returned promptly.

Crosby colored from his neck to the roots of his hair. "It is so probable they would have us," he replied satirically. "And by the way, Lloyd, I don't like the atmosphere of things." He lowered his voice as we approached the rear end of the party, and caught a glimpse of Miss Delancy's red parashol. "I do not think, my friend, I am doing the right thing."

"Fiddlesticks," I interrupted impatiently. "After four years' grind with no vacations, and an existence you barely dared call your own, you trump up a conscience just as you are beginning to have a good time. What in thunder is up now!"

"It seems to me," he said, bringing his thin lips together firmly, "I am sailing under false colors. "You know what position I am in, and here I am in the society of these rich 'gubbies' and girls, and they know nothing about me; they think me one of their set; if they were told my true standing, they would drop me in an instant."

"My dear Crosby," I cried, shrugging my shoulders, "the net is of your own making; what made you get entangled in the meshes

of that queen of aristocracy, Miss Delancy? Weren't there enough pretty girls in the place without her? Of course, *she* would drop you like a hot potato. What possible interest could she have in a poor devil of a tutor like you."

"I shall get out of it to-night," he ejaculated, "and confess the truth to her. She may snub me, if she pleases. Nevertheless it is humiliating. I have concealed what was no dishonor to me, yet its disclosure will lower me inevitably. It is hard."

"Dick," I cried impatiently, "what is the use of telling now? They would not understand you. They are not made of the same material as you, and would gaze at you in blank astonishment. What is the use of pulling your conscience out, turning it round, and exhibiting it to people who would not know what it was? You came here as my friend; that is sufficient. It is your own obstinacy that prevents you from being my guest."

"But the complications," he persisted.

"Now," I announced, "we are coming to the truth." I stooped to switch some chestnut boughs from our path. "You are in love."

"A poor tutor in love," he said satirically, drawing up his square shoulders in a manner peculiarly his own; then changing his tone, he added frankly, "The facts are these: I have become very well acquainted with Miss Delancy, a mere summer amusement on her part. She knows nothing of me, nor of my antecedents. We talk, we walk, we boat together. At length she naturally asks me something about my previous life."

"Trust Lydia Delancy for that," I interrupted.

He made no comment, but continued: "And as I live in Washington, it ensues naturally she should enquire after possible mutual friends. I am compelled to tell her I do not go into society; my work prevents me. I parry her remarks—in fact, I equivocate—and in consequence, despise myself, all because of that ridiculous understanding of ours."

"You are too sensitive," I sagely remarked,

seeing he was strangely moved about so trivial an affair ; " what does it matter—"

" Oh, Lloyd," he cried, " that false sophistry of yours, I was foolish enough to listen to in the beginning ! I should have stood on my own ground."

I was silenced, and not a little hurt. The truth was, I was very proud of Dick Crosby and wished him to shine as he only could shine. There were the people there who could appreciate and aid him, in a natural way, if he didn't spoil it all. I took to myself the credit of dragging him from oblivion and his shell, into the light of day. I met him in a singular way, when I was interested in a Washington paper and he was a night reporter. His father had been a defaulter and a suicide ; he was hard-worked and poor and sensitive, and the chances of life were against him, in favor of less scrupulous men. I helped him to a higher round of the ladder, and he climbed. He was a great student and scientific in his tastes. By a little extra study he fitted himself to prepare men for college, though not a college man ; by dint of scraping and economizing, he had money enough now for a four years' course in Germany, on completion of which a chair in Physics in a western university was promised him. His worst days of struggle were apparently over ; he was on the eve of his departure for Europe, and was spending his last days in America with me. At my suggestion, when we came to Minnehaha, it was decided to say nothing about his past life, and it was unnecessary except to his morbid sensitiveness.

It was not without some pangs of discontent that I noticed his growing friendships. I was pleased and gratified at the popularity I had prophesied, still I was unwilling to give him up to any one in particular. I knew he admired Miss Delancy ; in a measure, I was not surprised, for he was a critical man, and she satisfied the most fastidious coteries. But she was a woman of the world, born and bred to it, with every charm that breeding and wealth could give ; she was a typical member of a typical circle, with expression in her finger-tips, and the way she lifted her

eyebrows. The world paid homage to her ; there was little her money could not buy her ; and I rebelled at her monopoly of Crosby—she had enough. He was a man from the respectable middle classes, and a clever one ; I wanted him to stand by it and ignore the exclusives, as they ignored his class. Why should they gather, to replenish their chosen circle, the best from what they despised ? Their forced aristocracy was as rigid and conservative as if born on English soil. It should not be encouraged.

" Dick," I said, after several minutes' reflection " how did you first meet Miss Delancy?"

" In the most natural way," he returned laughing, " and the most conventional. I was playing ' Nations ' with Mercy and the little Stubbses in that musty old parlor. Mrs. Anthony Peppergrass sat near by, keeping a strict eye on Mercy. She complained she was in a draught ; I rose to shut the French window, and Miss Delancy, who was coming through from the piazza with Miss Lampson, confronted me suddenly. I apologized, and the good old lady, probably put in good humor by my courtesy, presented me. I bowed my acknowledgments, and Mercy being ordered to bed rather suddenly, I was left in a measure awkwardly *tête-a-tête* ; but with a great deal of tact, the New York girl put me at my ease, and taking up her embroidery began to talk. I think she was working a red rose with silk ; at all events, our conversation related principally to confectionery, and dwelt on preserved rose leaves and sugared violets. I had never heard of them, so she enlightened me, and an hour of this talk ensued. Finally, she looked at me quite sweetly—you know the way she has"—

" O yes," I replied moodily. " Go on."

" Well, she looked at me and said : ' Mr. Crosby, do you mind if we talk sense ? This small talk grows so monotonous, and I am sure it is as tiresome to you as to me.' Well, that is about how it was. We talked sense, and became—quite good friends."

" I see, my good fellow," I said lightly, taking a burr from his coat-sleeve, " you are enjoying yourself ; now let the matter drop

just where it is. We have but a week longer to stay; dodge disagreeable questionings and leave things just where they are." I knew he would understand my remark in its double meaning, for although not a society man, and unused to its quips and its quibbles, there was not an inflection in a voice, or a change of tone, that escaped his observation.

"I don't like to," he said moodily; but here Tom Lawton sprang back a few steps and interrupted us, a little ridiculous figure in his red-tasseled cap.

"What's all this hobnobbing about?" he called savagely. "Pretty fellows you are, to let the girls help themselves. We are coming to the caves now, and each man must make himself useful. A fellow before and a fellow behind each, helps them wonderfully."

The climbing had begun to be very difficult, and in some places dangerous, where deep holes and crevices separated the bowlders, slippery with the dry lichen. At Lawton's reprimand, I left Crosby and sprang on ahead, clearing a pile of stones at a bound. I almost upset Miss McMillan, who was tranquilly resting on an immense uprooted tree-stump, but found myself in a position to help Miss Delancy, who, with one foot on an unevenly balanced rock, was uncertain whether to advance or retreat; but determined on one point, not to adopt little Mercy's alternative, which was crawling (finding herself in a tight place) on all fours to a friendly jutting spur, entirely oblivious for once that summer of her newly acquired young ladyhood. The entrance to the caves lay in the ledge of rocks above us; the dull black cavern's mouth could be easily seen from where we stood; and as I helped Miss Delancy over some rugged places, I felt her hand tremble in mine.

"Do you know," she said, "it is very ridiculous, but I am not going to make the descent to-day. I shall wait for them outside. I do not care to admit I am a coward, but the exploration of those bottomless pits would give me no pleasure."

"Then you will allow me to remain with you," I suggested, "for, to tell the truth, I

am not fond of prolonged exertion. I am lazy."

"You may stay, certainly," she said, ensconcing herself in a shady recess under the great, overhanging cliff, fastening her gay parasol among the loose slate to keep off the glare; "but I doubt if you find me a congenial companion. I have my gloomy thoughts, to-day."

"You have gloomy thoughts?" My voice betrayed my incredulity.

"Now, I do not think it fair," protested Tom Larkin and Japheth, confronting us just as we had made ourselves comfortable, "to back out in this way. Miss Delancy, you really miss something if you do not take in the caves; in truth, there's nothing difficult about it, and there are plenty of us to help you."

"I'd rather not," she returned quietly, looking up into Tom's face with her dark eyes. "I should be no addition to your party, for I am no climber. But do not let me monopolize Mr. Lloyd."

"As for that," I hastened to say, "I am not a climber either, and could help the young ladies but little. There's Grace, now, and Japheth, and Berry, and a half dozen others, athletic fellows, quite enough without me."

So they insisted no longer, and we watched them disappear one by one, crawling on hands and knees through the small aperture of the rocks. I avoided Crosby's eye as he disappeared, scarcely discernible, in his gray clothes, from the rock itself.

It was a perfect day, hazy, but not too warm, and the breath of the pine forests swept up to us from below.

"Perhaps you know," said Miss Delancy, when we were left alone, "Miss Lampson is to leave us."

"No, I did not," I replied, with a queer pang.

"Yes," she continued, "she is not altogether satisfied with her position here—that is, in relation to the people she meets—for she is a proud girl. Perhaps you do not know Miss Lampson is my companion."

"Companion?" I echoed, trying to appear

at my ease, as I drew imaginary ships on the rocks with my walking staff.

"Yes," she added, looking off to the distant violet hills with her exquisite eyes, "and I am nearly heart-broken; for my mother is such an invalid, I depend upon my friend for enjoyment in our strolls and rambles."

"What is the cause of her sudden decision?" I questioned.

"There are many," she returned slowly, "principally her sensitiveness. It is easier to face adversity among those who are no strangers to it themselves. A year ago, she was a millionaire's daughter; to-day, she is dependent on her own work for support, with the shackles and customs of her past life still upon her. I became acquainted with her in her own home, and enjoyed her hospitality in her prosperity. To me she came in her adversity. Reluctantly she accepted the only thing I had to offer her. I was anxious she should be with me, and ignore any business relations further than was absolutely necessary. This she refused to do; but notwithstanding her firmness on this point, complications and explanations have ensued, and must necessarily ensue, in a country resort of this character. The very name Californian implies wealth. She has decided to return to New York and study the kindergarten system, and—"

"In summer!" I interrupted, with mental photographs of scorching pavements and furnace-like houses.

"In summer," she said slowly; "and I can not move or influence her a jot. Do you wonder I am distracted? I am very fond of her."

I looked at her critically. Her cheeks were flushed, her black hair slightly tossed with walking, her lips slightly parted with the heat, but her eyes—those mirrors of the soul—were dropped. She was absolutely unreadable.

"I do not even know if it is the best thing for her to do," she continued reflectively; "but she has made up her mind, and will join one of the summer classes."

Here she adroitly changed the subject, and the time passed rapidly enough until

the exit of the explorers. They came out, hot, dirty, exhausted, with the exception of Dick, who looked cool and unrumpled. They scattered about on the rocks to recuperate, and I eyed Miss Lampson narrowly. She looked pale, but then she rarely had color, and I half fancied she avoided me.

Ah, there are few days like those, of golden, unbroken sunshine. How calm the valley stretched below, and how gaily the birds sang in the tree-tops; some drowsy bees, out of their element, in the tufted tansy blossoms at our feet, buzzed faintly, as if weakly protesting against their isolated fate; while the patient ants toiled painfully with their heavy loads to their hills, as if too busy to steal a leisure moment from the happy, peaceful day.

The signal at last being given to start for home, Japheth lead off with Mercy. I joined Miss Lampson, and Crosby possessed himself of Miss Delancy's parasol. The walk back was pleasant and dreamy through the woods. I said nothing to my companion of what her friend had told me; if she knew I had been told, she skillfully concealed her knowledge from me.

We reached the house in time to dress for dinner, and as Japheth's room and mine adjoined, we sauntered along the halls together. When we reached our retreat, I slapped my friend on the arm quite smartly, and prompted by my curiosity, said with interest, "My dear fellow, why are you so devoted to Mercy Peppergrass? Why don't you cultivate Miss Pipkin, or Miss Lampson, or Miss Delancy? They are more your style. You are surely not attracted by that little girl; is it affectation on your part, because men are scarce at Minnehaha, and you know you are needed? She will not be out for a couple of seasons."

"Why, my friend," returned Japheth frankly, drawing himself up to the full height of his six feet, and speaking impressively in a way he had, "the simple reason is that I came here for recreation and to have a good time; I am too indifferent to care to make any impressions. If I talk with Miss Delancy, or Miss Lampson, or Miss Pipkin,

I'm rated—under-rated or over-rated—run up or down the gamut, measured and scored. Now, Mercy,"—he spoke the name softly—"is hardly more than a child. In her eyes I am simply a man—all I care to be. I'm not rated at all; by next summer she will have forgotten me."

"I am not so sure of that," I replied, looking at his handsome black eyes and brows; but then the dinner bell rang, and our chat ended.

The days and weeks at Minnehaha slipped away rapidly, the Julyers had, for the most part, gone, and it was time for the August birds to change; only the customary old stand-bys remained. Miss Lampson had been detained longer than she had planned, owing to a difficulty in obtaining a vacancy in the summer kindergarten. The young people had all become very good friends, and felt a regret as the season was fast drawing to a close. There was closer companionship during these last days; the long walks were longer, and the boats out later on the lake on moonlight nights.

As for me, I smoked my pipe of evenings on the piazza, and wondered how things were going to adjust themselves. I knew Crosby was in love with Miss Delancy, but whether she cared for him or not was a conundrum. She was an heiress, and he was poor, and although I had always advocated clever poor men marrying rich girls, making a clear exchange of brains and money, still, I rebelled against my friend's so sacrificing himself. For sacrifice it would be, for him to so blunt his sensitiveness and overcome his scruples, for his was a fine organization.

We had a little surprise as the month drew to a close. It was a subject of conversation for the "gubbies" for days. It was nothing more nor less than Japheth's engagement to Mercy. I must admit it took us also considerably aback, for it was unexpected. I never fancied for a moment she would have been his choice, she was so young, so simple, so ingenuous. She looked prettier than ever to all eyes, as she blushed whenever she encountered, in the hall or on the piazza, the old familiar faces—which oc-

curred about twenty times a day. After the manner of girls, she was very proud of her handsome lover and of her engagement. Mrs. Anthony Peppergrass was also well pleased, but would rather it had been Crosby, I fancy. Nevertheless, she had already promised Japheth a two years' course in Zürich—the money advanced to be paid back with interest at his convenience. No date was set for the marriage as yet, on account of Mercy's youth.

I was standing in the office the morning of Dick's departure. Miss Delancy came in to post a letter. She had been crying, for her eye-lids were red and swollen; she started a little when she saw me, and blushed, for the first time since I had known her. I went up to her carelessly, and asked after Miss Lampson.

"She goes to-morrow," she said quietly, "and we follow very shortly. Shall you remain much longer, Mr. Lloyd?"

"A week or so," I replied. My friend Crosby, you know, leaves to-day. He sails Saturday." I watched her narrowly.

"So I understand," she murmured. "I am very sorry. I have enjoyed his society."

"Yes," I answered, glancing around the room, as the bustle about the stage grew louder, "I am looking for him now. He starts in a few minutes."

"Does he?" she asked hurriedly. "Then I shall miss him to say good-bye; but you, probably, will make my adieus for me."

I was cruel enough, or kind enough, not to tell her he was coming, for in a moment he joined us.

"Good-bye, Miss Delancy," he said, holding out his hand, but turning suddenly white to the lips as he caught sight of her face.

"Good-bye," she replied frankly, taking his hand; then with a sudden resolution, as if she was losing the destiny of years—a struggle with pride, reserve, and conventionality—she lifted her eyes to his pale, tired face, and with a tremor in her voice, that she vainly tried to conceal, and an expression on her face that made her divine, faltered: "Mr. Crosby, may we hope to hear from you?"

I turned away, under pretense of getting Dick a front seat in the stage; I knew it was an impossibility, but I am not so hard-hearted as you may imagine, and may be in love myself, some day. I rattled the porter out with a trunk, which proved to be mine, and committed a dozen unpardonable blunders; but when Dick waved his hand from the stage window, the face that haunted me was not a white, set one, but one bright and radiant, which stayed with me for months, and comforted me in my lonely hours.

I was the last of the old set at Minnehaha, smoking my pipe of evenings on the piazza, as I had done in the beginning of summer, only with a difference; I was lonelier, and had almost had an "experience." I was almost sure I should have it still, before the summer was out, for by one night's mail

I received this little note, acknowledging a slight compliment on my part:

"MY DEAR MR. LLOYD:

"Many thanks for the copy of 'Russian Folklore.' I am sure I shall enjoy it. I have seen but few of the old faces you mention with the exception of Mr. Japheth Coleman, whom I met on his way to Mount Desert, to join Mrs. Anthony Peppergrass and Mercy. Réne Lampson is deep in kindergarten work in the city, boarding in a French family, where the salad vinegar for one is economically passed round to the different members of the household, after having done duty on Mére Richaud's plate! I hear you are to be in the city in a few days; if so, and you have a spare moment, drop in to tea, and our summer trio shall hear Falka. Again thanking you for your kind remembrance, I remain,

"Yours very truly,

"LYDIA E. DELANCY.

"57 GRAMERCY PARK,

"NEW YORK, Sept. 12."

A. H. B.

LOVED EVEN YET.

FORGIVE thou wilt dear Love, but O forget
The mood estranged, the cruel shock and pain,
The bitter, jealous words of lips insane,
Whose wounds, beyond the heal of keen regret,
Those brown eyes with a dewy trembling wet.
Thou wilt forgive, nay, more, wilt search in vain
On thy pure loyalty for speck of stain,
And, crushed by love's requite, love even yet.

Darling, a love as thine so true and good
For its own chosen one a shrine must build;
Know not too well this heart, its idolhood
Unworthy, with unfaith ignoble filled;
Nor wake—I still that presence bright would seem,
Wrapped in the aureole of tender dreams.

Wilbur Larremore.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE subject of women's bread-winning has of late years been earnestly taken up by many writers. Many a delicately nurtured woman by the death of the bread-winner, be he father or husband, has been thrown upon her own resources, and after the first agonizing thought—"How can I miss him from my daily life? Oh, God! take me, too!"—has come the crushing knowledge that she, with her weak woman's hands, inured to no harder labor than guiding the pencil or touching the piano, must now go forth and battle for bread for herself, and, perhaps, for others.

There is no time for the luxury of tears in the solitude of her chamber. With courage, born of desperation, she must go forth to struggle for existence as best she may; and the higher she has been in the scale of wealth and fashion, the greater her difficulty becomes. The poor, take them as a class, sympathize much more deeply with each other, for they have felt the stings of poverty, and so are much more generous to one another; and poverty is no new thing to the already poor woman, when her hard-working mechanic father or husband is taken; life only becomes harder; while to the delicate woman, whose life has been guarded like a tropical plant, there is a terrible transition. The fashionable friends to whom she goes for employment either meet her coldly, or with empty words of sympathy and regrets that they are powerless to help. Not that they are heartless, but perhaps chiefly because the social intercourse of fashionable life is so largely formal that it does not create close friendships, which may be drawn upon in case of need. Then, too, it is utterly impossible for a purely society woman, who has never felt either cold or hunger, to realize that they can exist; still less, can actually threaten some one from her own set. She can have no such deep sense of her friend's need as to make it seem

her duty to dismiss trained and satisfactory teachers, for instance, and intrust her children to amateur hands. "I know you have been carefully taught—but you have had no experience in teaching; and, besides, I think it needs a man's discipline to make these spoiled young misses learn anything. If I were you, I would try to get employment in the Mint, or copying—copying is a nice employment for a lady." Such answers she must necessarily get to attempts to sell among her own acquaintances her musical or other accomplishments. They have no market price: they are those of an amateur, not a professional. Educated and accomplished she may be, but only as most girls in her rank in life are educated and accomplished; to earn money by education, she must have *more* than others. And, moreover, in many of our fashionable schools, the education is designed rather to adorn life than to give severe training to the faculties, or anything that prepares a girl for self support. I shall not soon forget the bitterness of the remark made by an acquaintance of mine—a graduate of one of our fashionable seminaries. She had been an only child, petted and spoiled; and upon her mother's death found that life had suddenly become very real, and the future was to be no longer a struggle for pleasure and flattery, but for bread. A friend who chanced to meet her after a year of this, remarked:

"How glad you must be that your mother gave you such a good education."

"Yes; she tried to. I can play a little, paint a little, know a little French, German, and Italian; but I have found to my sorrow that my education is too superficial to be of any use. I am good for nothing in particular; I know nothing *well*. I could not even get a third grade certificate to teach school. Oh, if I had only been taught one thing perfectly!"

She had to battle with the world with pointless weapons. There are many who

are thus disqualified; but many others who are perfectly competent, yet unable to get work. Everywhere the difficulty of this seems to increase. Except in the Mint or Attorney-General's office, where there are probably ten applicants for each place, women seem to be at present increasingly shut out from every lucrative employment. I have heard this disputed. It is true that they are now admitted to the bar and the medical profession, but these callings demand a special training such as men receive. The large mass of womankind who by death have been thrown upon their own resources, have no such training. Certain sorts of work, which it has been demonstrated that women can do as well as men, such as copying, watch-making, etching, have been taken from them. Even from type-setting the men of the craft have been trying to exclude them, because they cheapen labor by offering to do it at lower rates. Their very offering to do so, is evidence of the greater difficulty they find already in seeking work. Every one in San Francisco remembers how last year all the women were turned out of the City Hall, and their places supplied by men, not because they could do the work better, but because they could *vote*.

A woman left helpless may labor with pencil or pen, but if she be not much above mediocrity she cannot hope to succeed. The needle! a feminine weapon truly: and yet men are taking this in these days of "ladies' tailor-made suits." Yet 18,000 women in Boston alone depend upon the needle for their support. They are not getting rich very fast; they are paid only a dollar and a half a suit—coat, vest, and trousers—and eighty-five cents for a morning dress. It is starvation, but it is better than suicide. In this city, a dollar a dozen is paid for shirts. It is appalling to think of the crowds of self-respecting, self-dependent women in our great cities, who, by continued exertion, are barely able to sustain life. Cincinnati has 23,000, Boston 20,000, to say nothing of New York and Philadelphia. San Francisco has probably not more than two-thirds of this number, but their range of employment

is more circumscribed, owing to Chinese labor. There are many shirt factories here where they employ about 120 Chinamen to 20 white women. The usual price paid to white women for button-holes is 50 cents a dozen; Chinamen will make them for .07 1/2. A few proprietors are beginning to realize that Chinese work is not so well done as white, and to act accordingly; but much of the underwear exhibited in stores is shipped from the East, which, of course, lessens the demand for labor. We receive, however, a little more for labor here than they do there. The average weekly income of the working woman in the East, including regular earnings and addition from outside work, is \$5.17 a week—think of that, for food, clothes, and shelter; and about 85 per cent. do their own sewing beside. The average sum earned here is about \$6.50 per week. In Cincinnati, shop girls begin with \$2.50 per week, which, in six months' time is increased to \$3 and so on until it reaches \$10, which is the average amount paid for skilled labor. Here, when they are fortunate enough to secure a position at all, they are paid from \$4 to \$6 at first, and it is gradually increased to \$10; \$10 is the average amount paid for skilled labor. Forewomen or heads of departments receive much greater prices, of course, \$25 or \$30 a week being no uncommon price; but it takes years to become qualified for such a position. Walk down Kearny or Market streets, and look in at the windows of cheap underwear; 85 cents for skirts elaborately tucked and ruffled! Think what the poor creature who made them must have received! And other things are sold in like proportion. Truly, Hood's lines

"It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives,"

are just as applicable now as they were before sewing machines were invented. There are many wealthy ladies who could afford to pay well for having underwear made, who buy these cheap garments, but think nothing of sending to Paris for \$500 dresses.

Quite a contrast to the miserable prices paid to sewing girls are those paid by the theatres for walking ladies, soubrettes, or

chorus singers. They none of them receive less than \$15 a week; and yet so strong is modesty in women that many prefer to shun publicity and accept the hard life of "a slave at the wheel" instead. Many, however, who have widowed mothers or younger sisters to support, and who take up the hard life of soubrettes, are modest and lady-like girls, who, between the acts, employ themselves with their needles in making lace or embroidery. I heard of one girl who made a lace curtain worth \$40 in these intervals. There are other industries where women are employed at moderate wages. Glove makers receive from \$8 to \$12 a week when expert; printers about \$15; bookbinders from \$9 to \$12; cigar makers about \$5—but this is such repulsive employment that few women engage in it.

You often hear the remark made by ladies with reference to the difficulties women experience in self support: "Well, if I were forced to support myself, I should seek domestic service; it is more healthful, more remunerative, and more sheltered than other kinds of work." That is one of the lessons Miss Alcott and Mrs. Whitney strove to inculcate in "Christie's Work" and "The Other Girls." But the homes and mistresses in those books were largely imaginary. I wonder if Louisa Alcott would, with the patience she ascribes to Christie, have pulled off any man's muddy boots. I suspect there would have been a new Declaration of Independence stronger than any Christie ever gave. No; although Miss Alcott has described many of her own experiences in her books, *that* is something she never tried to do; and very few American girls of any spirit would attempt it—not because there is anything degrading in the work itself, but simply because of the stigma attached to it. Times are vastly different now from the old Puritan days, when the girl was a "help" instead of a "servant," was treated as a friend by her master and mistress, ate with them at table, and shared as an equal their home life. Imagine any girl in the position of a servant being permitted to enter the parlor of her mistress as an equal now, no matter how

bright or well-bred she might be! A housewife remarked in my presence once: "I don't want a *lady* in my kitchen; a servant is like a sewing-machine, valuable so long as she can be kept running." And this is the general feeling of employers. There is embarrassment and annoyance to both mistress and maid in too much equality between them. Said an English friend:

"Your American ideas are all wrong. Your servants are good for nothing, because they always anticipate the time when they shall not *be* servants. In England we have no such trouble. Our servants are attached to us, and bring up their children to serve from generation to generation."

This is true of all countries where caste is strong; but while it may make the lives of the few pleasanter, is it as well for the many? At all events, an American girl will toil on in shops for a mere pittance, returning at night to a small room and small comfort, but retaining her independence of speech and action, and preferring this to a life that at first thought would seem far easier and more profitable. For one reason, she is treated with more respect in shops, and if she does her work well she is retained as long as she desires, and there is a chance of her being advanced. She has the companionship of others, which she is denied in housework; and although there is some one above her to inspect and guide her work, it is always some one who is capable of so doing, and who understands it better than she does. In household labor she finds many inefficient mistresses, who arbitrarily direct her to do what they do not know how to do themselves, and despises them accordingly. There is no *home* feeling. Now, while a bright girl, with plenty of pluck, might surmount the difficulties which lie in the way of being happy and helpful in domestic service, even winning her way to the heart of her mistress and becoming indispensable to the comfort of the home, it is equally true that such a girl would find fewer hardships and equal success in other lines of work, which she seeks accordingly; and so housework is left to raw Irish or apt Chinese.

Nor is she, as a sewing or shop girl, without the opportunity for reading and study that domestic service would give; she has her evenings and mornings to herself; and a girl of this sort will employ them in reading, studying, or sometimes in making her own dresses. Said the superintendent of a large establishment where many girls were employed: "I do not wonder that from the middle and working classes come our great minds. It is a rest to turn from physical to mental labor, and as our girls have no money to spend in the frivolities of fashion, they turn to books instead of gossip. I really believe that many of our working girls are better informed in politics and the news of the day than the belles of society. It is wonderful what a vast amount of knowledge they acquire in their spare moments."

There are ladies who, having excelled in some particular thing, have turned that knowledge to practical account when need came. There are two in this city that excelled, the one in making bread, the other in preserves and pickles; they lost their fortunes, and both are now making a good living in these industries. Another, finding it very hard to obtain employment, and appreciating the fact that she could not support herself and little one at the low prices paid for sewing, thought of the large number of bachelors and widowers who have no one to mend or darn their clothes, went to the proprietor of a gentleman's furnishing store, and asked him to recommend her to his patrons. The result is that she has all the work she can do, and lives comfortably. But every one cannot do these things. What can those do who find no such special work — perhaps, have not the qualities necessary — and yet are obliged to support themselves? They must join the great army who are seeking clerking, copying, or teaching. But it requires influence to obtain teachers' positions; and copying, although it commands good prices when it can be procured, is usually done by lawyer's clerks, who study in the office of their employers; and type-writing is rapidly taking the place of the small amount that has been done heretofore, giving good wages

to the few, but cutting off the work of the many.

In dry goods stores fewer women are employed than formerly. Proprietors say that, in the first place, they are not constitutionally able to stand upon their feet all day, and in the second place, they do not do the work so well. The first is too true, unless proprietors are willing to have, as they do in some stores in New York, movable iron seats that fold in under the counter, for the girls to sit upon when they have no customers. But, as long as there is a great body of men who need no such provision, waiting and willing to take the places, that will never be done unless out of pure philanthropy.

For the second reason, let us look facts squarely in the face. A friend of mine was trying to get a position in a store for a young girl—refined, intelligent, and in need. The proprietor, an old friend, talked to her candidly. "I would greatly like to oblige you, my dear friend, and I do not doubt the young lady is all you say. But the fact is, I will not have any more girls in my store. They do not pay attention to business as men do; they are not so polite to customers; and are always ready on any trivial pretext to ask for leave of absence. At noon they take an hour instead of a half, and look cross if spoken to about it. They always have to go to the glass to arrange their bangs, or have a letter to read, or something of that sort, when they should be attending to business; and, in short, are not half so satisfactory as men."

There may be truth in all this. Let us find it, if possible. There are many girls who have been suddenly thrown from an atmosphere where they were the central light, who forget that they are so no longer, but must shine, if they shine at all, henceforward by reflected light. In the hard world of business, *capacity* only is considered. Everything is brought down to a *cash* basis. This men understand better than women, for the reason that women are not taught from their babyhood, as men are, to appreciate money. If employers would only think: "Would my own daughter, if I were dead, and she forced

to take this position, do any better than this young girl?" and then speak gently but firmly to her, and show her her faults and the consequences that must follow, and then give her a chance before the curt dismissal, I venture to say there is not one in a hundred but would greatly appreciate the kindness and redouble her efforts to please, succeeding quite as well as the man who was to have taken her place could do. It is chiefly thoughtlessness. It must be overcome; but still, it is natural in one entering thus a new life. Any man shows the same sort of unfitness if circumstance thrusts him into woman's work at home. And if a little special patience will make good workers out of women, it seems right that it should be given; for consider what alternative is forced upon them, if all channels of legitimate work are closed to them: either to wed where they do not love, simply for a living, or—starve.

There is a worse alternative yet. If a woman alone, pretty, and attractive, seeks work, may God and his holy angels protect her, for there is many a wealthy black-hearted scoundrel to proffer her insult instead of the work she seeks. A gentlewoman, who came from the East a few years ago, bereft of both husband and wealth, and who had applied to a very rich distant relative to help her to some work, met in response with such an experience. And thus shut out from any help from him, the poor woman failed utterly to get employment (a stranger as she was) and lived on crackers and tea, which was all her slender means could afford, until Nature refused to rally her sinking powers, and death,

kinder than man, came to her relief. I should fear to stand in that man's place before the bar of God.

Now, what to do about all this? I can only say: let women, who, by death or disaster, have had the hard life of labor thrust upon them, try prayerfully to discharge their duties as if they were mere *machines*, bending every energy to the work, and expecting no more consideration than men receive for the same labor. But there is much, too, in which a chivalrous sense of justice on the part of men would remove obstacles that shut women out from an equal chance to earn their living. And again, if only every girl were taught—and taught *well*—some art, trade, knowledge, or profession of good market value, just as the boy is, whether she ever used it or not, then she would be *safe* in case of need. It is common enough to sneer at match-making mammas fishing for eligible husbands for their daughters, and to condemn the daughters for looking to matrimony as the chief end and aim of existence. And yet, if they know at the bottom of their hearts that there is no way of existence for them *but* marriage—what can they do? Rather blame society that gives them no other way. But train a girl to self-help, and then if love came she could greet him as a welcome guest; if he did not come, she could still lead a contented life; and death, although it must always be a heart-ache, would cease to be the monster that it is in many homes. To provide the daughter as well as the son with the proper weapons wherewith to struggle for existence, would be a far better gift than the ballot.

H. A. D.

A STORY OF DONNER LAKE PASS.

"Boys," said Dan Baldwin, addressing several companions, "the old man has broken out in a new place. He's developing a pleasing versatility."

"What is it like this time?"

"Like?" echoed Dan, "more like human-

ity than anything I ever saw in the old rasper. He is quiet, steps soft, and threatens with his eyes to speak to me. Such condescension after our last row, warrants me in saying he has had a change of heart or suddenly taken leave of his senses. Just step

this way and take a look at him. Is that the prime blasphemer of the camp? A sucking dove couldn't look more gentle."

At this they all moved near the half-open door of a miner's cabin, where in the lamp-light sat a man prematurely old. In one hand he held an open letter. He moved convulsively, and the boys knew at once that something had happened to the old man quite outside of reservoirs, flumes, and the reduction of wages. In his career in camp-life, Eben Harker had figured in the thoughts and speech of his companions only as a hard master to those in his employ, a petty tyrant to all concerned with him; as a covetous man, and a bitter hater of the world at large. The revelation that he had left behind a life whose lines led up to the present, into which none there had seen, lent to him at once an interest, and conjecture threw somewhat even of romance about him.

"It's a love affair," simpered the Lothario of the party.

"Perhaps, after all, the old man loved his mother, and he has had news of her death," said the light haired young man; and then they were silent.

But they still looked; for the living picture fascinated. And well it might. Each event in the man's history, each act of his life, had engraved its line, each thought of his brain had cast its shadow, and his face had become a record, which inspiration might have read. And this is the tale it would have told: born in ignorance, he thirsted for knowledge, which was denied him; cradled in the midst of poverty, his young eyes saw visions of luxuries which never came to him; reared in confusion and trial, he loathed them. From his detested surroundings he looked out upon the big world, which snubbed him, and he hated it. A well-bred, refined man was a personal offense; a happy woman with children but served to remind him of his poverty-stricken mother and his own dreadful childhood. He married; a new influence came into his life; his wife was dear to him—as dear as can be any object to a man with wrongs; these are his true mistress, before whom in ecstasies of despair he weeps, and

before whose shrine he pours the best energies of his being.

Tranquilized somewhat by his wife's superior spirit, his blinded and beaten forces arranged themselves in order, and he began a fight against the world. Money was the power by which it should be subdued. He migrated early to California. Here he toiled that he might square his account with mankind. The memories of humiliations were as thongs to his energy. The dreadful heats, the biting colds, passed over his body and left their impress, but in eternal freshness lived the savage force that had already accumulated a fortune—but it was not enough. This man sat trembling, with a crumpled letter in his hand.

"Ah, he suffers," said Dan Baldwin, his partner.

"And there is one thing you can bet on," said one of his friends, "we shall never know what it is all about."

"Not from him," said another; "he is a still man except as to other people's faults."

"I'll go in," said Dan.

The others went their ways. The young man moved about for a moment to give the older one notice of his presence, and then sat down nearly opposite. Harker's emotion was deep, yet not so deep but that he knew how at variance with his well known character was this exhibition of feeling, which he felt had been observed. He started as from a dream. The first object that intruded upon his eye and thought was Dan, lucky young Dan, the tuneful son of happy circumstances.

"Curse your God of injustice!" said he.

Accustomed to his fury, Dan made no reply.

"Curse your God of injustice!" roared Harker again. Then he went out and remained till morning.

He returned a somewhat changed man. Though more morose, more savage, than ever, he did not labor with that tremendous strength which had often carried him far into the night; and he had the air of one weighing a matter of vast moment.

While he was in this state, the stage coach deposited at his door one day, a young wo-

man clothed in mourning. She fell upon his neck and kissed him. "Father," she said, "my dying mother bade me come to you."

He stood motionless in astonishment. He had left a little child at home. Was this slender young girl indeed she? And in a moment he was transformed. "Ah! it is, then, not too late," he muttered, and then resumed his old belligerent attitude toward the world.

Esther was a small, pretty girl, of bright ways and gentle tastes. The old cabin was no longer a repository for tin cans and rubber boots. Out of the chaos came order, and grace was added thereto by the hand that could evoke beauty from things strange or ugly. Outcast cones from each seed-cup sent up tender threads of grass, and old fruit cans, resurrected from the *débris* of the back yard, rose to the dignity of flower-pots. Esther herself, all the boys agreed, was an ornament of exceeding loveliness; and old man Harker, for her sake, was shown a deference far beyond the demand of his merits.

Esther, at the moment of her arrival, was in an abnormal state. Still in the shadow of her mother's death, she fluttered between sorrow and the lighter feeling that new and attractive scenes usually arouse in the minds of the young. For a long afternoon she would sit, her eyes heavy with tears. The form of her dead mother arose before her again and again, and the grim figure of her father stalking to and from his work in the mine, gave something of a weird unreality to her life; she almost fancied she dwelt in a land of dreams. Out of this mood, she would come back into her natural world of feminine brightness and activity. As time wore on she became accustomed to her circumstances; her mother became a holy memory, and the present laid hold of her with its fascinating detail for each hour.

Although his feeling was centered upon himself, yet was Eben Harker observant of the outer world, and of the signs which foreshadow change. Man's genius for deceit had wrung many a bitter sneer from his passionate lips, and innocent movements to his

distorted mind often assumed the appearance of evil. When Dan Baldwin first began to forego the enticements of "Seven Up" and "Freeze Out," for the quiet of a cabin partly his own, Harker was flattered; but later, when he saw that Esther was the object of Baldwin's devotion, he was furious, and arraigned Providence for dogging his footsteps with misfortune.

Dan had not made the progress he was secretly accused of. He felt by no means sure of Esther's regard. She was a lovable being, who smiled upon any one if but kindly spoken to. In the world of fashion she would have been called a coquette, but she was not, for she was innocent of the wiles by which men are supposed to be entrapped. She had been kind to all who came; and when young Baldwin, by general consent, remained master of the field, she was unchanged.

The eyes of the old man followed them ever. A simple conversation, or a quiet walk together, and the stalwart frame moved in uneasy vigilance with something of evil alert in its aspect. He came at last to hate the man who essayed to step between him and a cherished purpose. "Shall my daughter marry, have a home with this man, and children, and by these be diverted from the business I have in hand?" he questioned of the fate that waited upon him. "No, no; she shall not marry him," he answered himself.

The relations between Harker and Baldwin, before Esther's advent, were those frequently seen to exist between business partners and others (husbands and wives not always excepted) who are forced to enjoy too much of each other's society. On the surface there was repulsion, fault finding, impatience, and bickering, while below there was a firm stratum of respect and good will. Now all this on the part of Harker was changed to a feeling keener than aversion. As Baldwin's interest in Esther increased, so also did Harker's antipathy toward Baldwin. To him, as a possible future husband for Esther, there would have been no objection, could Harker have brought himself to entertain the idea of her marrying under any circumstances in Cal-

ifornia; but this he could not do, for it would be to forego the realization of the hopes of a life-time — which were to return to his old home in the States, and there with his family to avenge the past; to be rich where they had been poor; to be great where they had been little; to be courted where they had been neglected; to be respected where they had been despised. The most pleasing picture his fancy painted was of the sons of those who played the patrician while he was the plebeian, humbly suing for his daughter's hand. Could he forego the triumph of spurning them with bitter words, thus visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children?

Pondering these things, he determined that somehow the absence of Baldwin from the mining camp should be procured. To facilitate matters, he decided to buy the young man's interest in the partnership property. But here two obstacles presented themselves—the disinclination of Baldwin to sell, and the want of ready money for the purchase. The first was overcome by an exceedingly liberal offer, and the second by Baldwin's consenting to accept his notes for a large portion of the price. Had Baldwin been less in love, or an older man, the arrangement, perhaps, could not have been effected; but he was unwilling to come to an absolute quarrel by refusing to sell, and a star had at that moment risen in the east, the name of which was Washoe, and he desired to make a pilgrimage to its shrine.

Now once more did Eben Harker apparently hold the disturbed elements of his life in his own hands, for he and Esther were alone. With the departure of Baldwin, however, the wonderful luck that had so long attended the partners failed. In the expressive parlance of the West, "the mine quit," giving the old man a new subject of anxiety, and a fresh cause for hating all the world, and especially the man who held his promissory notes, now rapidly approaching maturity, and to whom he now felt he had paid far too much for the half interest in the mine. Secure investments in plenty he had, but no ready money, and it became a question how the notes were to be met.

He determined to visit Virginia City and have an interview with Baldwin. What he expected to accomplish thereby, possibly he did not himself know. It may be he hoped that on his representation of injustice Baldwin would cancel the notes in part, or, at any rate, would grant additional time for payment. Whether darker plans had matured in his brain no one will ever know. He found a suitable companion for Esther, assuring her his absence would be brief; and so, one morning, set off on his journey.

Baldwin knew that Harker's object in buying him out was to remove him from the companionship of his daughter; and he recognized that in accepting the offer he had impliedly accepted all the attaching terms and conditions. Yet, he could not forget Esther; alike amidst the throngs of men and in the quiet of his tent, her face and form haunted him. He heard the tones of her voice, and felt the gentle presence of her hand on his arm as of old. While he did not feel quite sure of Esther's love, yet he accused himself of cowardice and weakness in thus leaving her a victim to the caprices and prejudices of her half savage father. That her father loved her, he did not question; but he had studied mankind enough to know that the love of a turbulent and tyrannical nature often works greater harm to its object than the indifference, or even hate, of softer and more cultivated spirits. "Esther is more to me," thought Dan, "than the whole Comstock lead. I will return, and, if need be, will beard the lion in his den."

Washoe stage lines, afterward so famous, were not then organized institutions. Baldwin traveled on horseback, and his route was by the Donner Lake Pass. Not feeling sure of the wisdom of the step he was taking, and doubtful of the reception he should meet with, he was nervous and anxious at setting out. Companionship with forest, running streams, and mountains did something to restore him to his balance. It was the month of May; the landscape was looking its best; the beautiful Truckee sang a song that soothed his restless pulse of care. That dimple on the face of nature, fair Donner

lake, calm and placid where late Titanic forces were busy upheaving mountains and roding deep valleys, taught him a lesson of faith and hope.

The valley in which lies the lake extends some two miles from its westerly end, and is terminated by an abrupt hill, the summit of which is the highest point on the route. Immediately south of the west end of the valley is a high peak of the Sierra—one whose long, treeless slope is to the eye of the mountaineer fearfully suggestive of snow slides. The snow had all disappeared from the valley, but vast bodies of it still clung now down on the sides of the mountains, whose crests are draped in eternal white.

Baldwin had passed the lake and was approaching the hill, when he was aroused from reverie by the whiz of a bullet that passed so close to his head that its wind fanned his cheek, followed by the sharp report of a rifle. A puff of smoke at the foot of the peak told from whence came the missile.

Before he had time to realize the danger he had escaped, or his possible peril from another shot, a crackling sound arrested his attention. Lifting his eyes, he saw the white mountain of ice and snow shake gently in its winter bed, a frozen ball or two roll down the declivity. An instant later the whole side of the mountain was in motion. Like the furious waters of the Niagara as they rush down the slope to take their leap over the Horseshoe Fall, moved this frozen cataract. It was as though the fleecy clouds that on a summer's day bank themselves against the sky, from the horizon nearly to the zenith, should in a moment topple to earth. There was a crashing, craunching sound, mingled with something like the roar of waters, as the white sheet rasped down the mountain's side; and as each successive wave found lodgment, the ground trembled with the impact.

With the first dash of snow on the sward at the foot of the cliff, already verdant with the early grasses of spring, up from behind

a fallen log sprang a man, who darted away with the speed of a deer pursued by hounds, but followed by a fleetier foe than ever joined in chase of stag.

In a moment it swept past—tripping, engulfing, enfolding, hustling, it bore him along in its forefront. Now an arm or a foot, anon a rifle to which he clung tenaciously, projected on the sight, until the increasing volume rushed over, submerging and burying him a hundred feet from human sight; but not before his last terrible cry smote on the ears of Baldwin—a cry that even to him seemed to be not of fear, but a howl of rage, disappointment, defeat, and despair.

The bullet had passed too near Baldwin to permit him to doubt whether or no it was intended; but he could not divine the motive of the marksman. He knew not that he had an enemy, and could only conclude that the purpose of the would-be assassin was robbery.

Baldwin had intended but a brief stay at the mining camp that for so long a time had been his home, but he found Esther burdened by a weight of woe. The unwonted absence of her father was torturing her, and she turned to Baldwin for comfort, as her only friend in a strange land. The days sped by, the father came not. One morning the itinerant Methodist preacher was called into the cabin, and Dan Baldwin and Esther were married.

Two months after leaving Washoe, Baldwin returned there on a flying visit, to dispose of his interests and settle up his affairs. At the scene of his peril he found the avalanche's vast mound well nigh wasted. Riding along the base of what remained, he found, still half wrapped in his snowy winding sheet, the body of Eben Harker—unchanged. His features were life-like, harsh and unyielding, with the old defiant air. Esther planted flowers on her father's grave and watered them with her tears, all unconscious that he died with murder in his heart, and that he precipitated his own doom.

Laura L. White.

A NIGHT STORM.

THE day was full of lurid light,
That from a broad, red disc shone down,
And slowly came the shades of night
In lengthening sweeps of sober brown.

Then, as below the western hills
The sun went slowly out from sight,
The wind grew, and in stormy thrills
Went echoing far along the night.

Across the meadow sweeps, and where
The trees their grotesque branches tossed,
It filled the damp and chilly air
With changing songs that soon were lost.

And from the forest grown a-cold
It bore the leaves in swirling mass,
And mingled crimson flecks and gold
Far up the mountain's narrowing pass.

Where, out at sea, the great ships sailed,
It roared about each yard and mast;
And in the ocean hollows wailed,
While weary sea-gulls hurried past.

The fishing craft for harbor sped;
And through the biting froth and spray,
The flame that marked the beacon's head
Paled to a wan and fitful gray.

The swift rain hustled through the gloom,
And on the sodden sweeps of sand
The great sea rollers loudly boom
A challenge to the sturdy land.

Northward the mountain's shadowy bound
Was hid in sombre folds of cloud;
And far the lower hills resound,
With tumults resonant and loud.

And for long hours the wind rushed by;
Then suddenly the night grew still,
And all the deep, mist-shrouded sky
With affluent glory seemed to fill.

And far below the southward sea
The heavy cloud-rack rolled away,
And left the purple heavens free
To the glad promise of the day.

INDIAN CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTH.

WE read much of the exploits of this or that commander, who has followed the footsteps of General Jackson or General Harrison, in Indian warfare. I will try, in a plain way, to extol one whose name I have never seen quoted as a modern Jackson or Harrison, but whose deeds I do not think have been excelled by any who have worn the army uniform since those illustrious Indian fighters have passed away. His name is General George Wright. The old Fourth U. S. Infantry was his first school of practice—a regiment in which many of our distinguished commanders received their first lessons in warfare, notably Grant and Sheridan. Colonel, subsequently General, Wright, conquered in 1858 a hostile force composed of seven distinct tribes of Indians, and these tribes have never since that time taken up arms against the whites. They were the Spokanes, Cœur d'Alenes, Palouses, Yakimas, Cayuses, Pend d'Oreilles, and Walla Wallas. Some renegades from other bands swelled the force to one thousand painted warriors, who took their stand on the north bank of the Snake River, made their boast, and forwarded their *written* challenge, declaring they would drive the whites into the sea.

These braves were armed with guns; scarce one depended on the bow and arrow. I shall presently tell you how I got this information. They had the best horses of any tribes in North America; such a specialty did they make of horse breeding, that many among them owned only animals of a single color, and others boasted of herds of spotted hue. Many people on the Pacific Coast are acquainted with the beautiful country these Indians roamed over and claimed as their own. Such a country could produce only animals of the finest type, either human or of lower order—mountain, valley and rolling hill, rich in timber, grass, and fertile soil, while rivers, strong and deep, and clear mountain torrents innumerable, traversed

the length and breadth of the land. They used no mountain fastnesses or volcanic gorges as hiding places for themselves and plunder, and no sterile desert afforded them escape. They drew life and freedom's inspiration from a bountiful Nature, and they resolved to battle bravely for this grand earthly possession.

The chief who united this army of warriors was named Kama-a-Kan. He had been victorious in two exploits against the whites; one in the year 1855, when he surrounded two companies of U. S. Infantry in the Simcoe Valley, Washington Territory, and routed them, forcing them to abandon their two pieces of artillery, and retreat sixty miles. These troops were commanded by Major Hallerusa. The other exploit was the defeat of Colonel Steptoe, U. S. A., in the Spokane country, Washington Territory. This commander was made the victim of a ruse, as follows:

During the severe winter of 1857, many of the chiefs belonging to the tribes we had been fighting the year before visited our camp in the Walla Walla Valley, and were so hospitably entertained by Colonel Steptoe, that the troops had to be placed on half rations. This result was not calculated upon, but as our trains had become snow-bound some hundred miles off, between the Dalles and Walla Walla, it was the only alternative, and all reflected grimly on the lavish entertainment we had given. However, it brought a reciprocal invitation from Kama-a-Kan and his fellows; so in the spring we set out on this visit, intending also to look up a site for a military station among our suddenly acquired friends. This excursion consisted of three companies of dragoons, each exactly fifty men strong, and a detachment of fifteen infantry, who were to man the two brass howitzers taken along. A suitable pack train, with half a dozen civil employés, accompanied the command, laden with one

month's rations. A small band of cattle completed the outfit. About forty rounds of ammunition to the man was considered all-sufficient for this peaceful march—and this turned out to be about correct, as, from personal knowledge, I think the soldiers returned with about two cartridges apiece.

Shortly after quitting the valley, a rumor reached us that the Indians were gathering for a fight, and had accurately gauged our capacity. After journeying forty miles, we came to the Snake River. Here the wary guide and interpreter deserted us, and the rumors increased. We were entirely dependent on the Nez Percés Indians, encamped on the river, for a means of crossing. When we had gained the mountains beyond, we suddenly met an old-time friend, one Wild Cat, a Cayuse chief, whose handsome face we had often greeted in our camps at Walla Walla. He was accompanied by his two squaws, and said that he was returning from a visit to the upper country, and would willingly convey any message back to our garrison. He remained with us another day's march; meanwhile, we met a small delegation from the Spokanes, then another and another, till quite a hundred or more had gathered. They told our commander that our appearance was so hostile, particularly the cannons, that they had concluded to refuse us admission into their country.

Now, their own attitude and numbers looked so warlike, and there seemed to be so many representatives from different tribes, whom many of us recognized, that the suspicion of hostility on our part quickly grew to certainty. Then our friend Wild Cat was dispatched with an order for more men and supplies. This worthy, alas! had been playing a part, and now hastened to join our enemies, with all his acquired information and his own good gun. Another day, and we were confronted by the whole savage horde, in battle array. Some had traveled for two hundred miles to assemble for this occasion. They numbered, by almost actual count, eight hundred, and presented a defiant barrier to our further advance. While the head-men parleyed with our chief, the

warriors amused themselves by riding through our ranks, counting us, and demanding our tobacco, or any little trinket in sight, coolly remarking that we would never need these things any more. They circled round us showing their war style, making insulting remarks, and some even spat upon our officers. They exhibited with pride their new Hudson's Bay rifles and other arms. We particularly noted their equipment, and, to our astonishment, scarce one bow or arrow was to be seen. Our own armament was much inferior. Two companies carried the musketoons, which were loaded with ball and buckshot, very uncertain over fifty yards; the other company was armed with the old-fashioned Yager rifle, which cannot be loaded on horseback; and each man carried one single-barreled, brass-mounted horse pistol in the holster: the squad of infantry was armed and burdened with the howitzers, from which one single shot was fired—at the sky.

Well, to shorten the story, they agreed to let us depart in peace if we would do so on the morrow, and our simple-minded Colonel, taking them at their word, left our good advantageous position, where wood, water, and grass were abundant, and early in the morning began a retrograde movement. The Indians soon appeared, and perceiving our timidity, began gathering in our rear, and many rode across our front, and demonstrated generally on all sides of us. They were painted in all the hideous devices known to the barbarian, and their horses were decorated in like manner. We remained, according to orders, strictly on the defensive—a part of the programme deemed essential to our deliverance.

A dramatic incident occurred just at this time. A priest from one of the missions many miles away rode upon the ground, accompanied by about half a dozen Indians. So sudden was his appearance that he seemed to have dropped from the clouds. His black cassock and strikingly pale face strongly suggested the spectral to many of us, and his escort also looked unnaturally unsavage—each decked with a large cross and other churchly emblems. After a very

brief interview with the Commander, in which he told them that he could not control the Indians on this particular occasion, the priest rode off into their midst unharmed, and disappeared, leaving us earthly mortals to destruction. The temporary restraint which his presence seemed to impose was now removed, and the sharp crack of the gun was renewed. No one could now doubt that the Indians had been preparing this trap for some time, since their maneuvers were known to those so far away.

They soon began firing into us left and right, and after some individual action among ourselves, the order was given to dismount and deploy. From this movement resulted a fighting retreat, which lasted all day, until our losses of men and animals almost left our ranks a mere band of fugitives. Then we made our last stand on a high grassy butte (a prominent land-mark at the present day, and known as Steptoe's Butte); here we fought till darkness came; then gathering our bleeding fragments together, burying our two howitzers and some few of our fallen comrades, we bolted in the night, and directly through the hostiles, who were bivouacked around like hungry wolves. For five hours we had maintained ourselves on this knoll against the most cunning devices of the savages. They crawled up the slope, lying flat, while each disguised his head with tufts of grass, the chief directing from bluffs still higher in the vicinity. They set fire to the grass, the smoke from which almost broke our skirmish line, and obliged us to charge upon them, and thus expose ourselves. They offered little resistance, however, to our retreat, being doubtless deceived by animals we had staked on the hill. They followed only some five or six miles, as we learned afterward, but returned to capture what we had abandoned.

At the end of twenty-four hours we again reached the Snake, and next day were taken across by our allies, the generous Nez Percés. A few days more brought us back to our cantonment in the valley, a sadder but a wiser army. We left among our promised entertainers some twenty men and officers, about

forty cavalry horses, our big guns, pack train, and herd of beef cattle.

It was this offence that Colonel Wright was to avenge.

In personal appearance Colonel Wright was not of lofty figure or martial form, but his face showed dignity and his presence was commanding. In his handsome countenance was written justice, a sign the soldier is quick to detect, and to which he will respond by obedience and valor. No worry, confusion, or doubt was ever discernible in our commander, and everything went forward with alacrity and confidence. Promptness and strict attention to orders was exacted, but no ostentation enforced these requirements. The troops composing the expedition were gathered from every garrison on the Pacific slope, to the number of seven hundred, viz: Six companies of artillery, armed and equipped as infantry, and carrying the splendid rifle musket; two companies of regular infantry, armed with the improved Yager rifle, carrying the minie ball; four companies of dragoons, armed with the new Sharp's breech-loading carbine and one Colt's revolver to each trooper. The greater portion of the command had to perform a march of one hundred and eighty miles before reaching the point of departure for the battle ground, *i. e.*, from the Dalles to Walla Walla Valley. Meanwhile, those already on hand were constantly drilled at target and picket duty, and were kept quite practically on the alert to observe the movements of the enemy, who made several forays in the vicinity of our camps, making journeys of many miles from their own country—so confident did they feel that the whites would not dare to make another advance for some time to come. However, at the end of six weeks from the return of the defeated party, the second expedition was ready to move.

A splendidly organized pack train, under the personal supervision of Captain Ralph W. Kirkham, Q. M. D., furnished the transportation for supplying every animal in good condition and hardened by previous service, and the packers were imported straight from Sonora. A corps of loyal Nez Percés

scouts, numbering twenty-five, were mustered in, and commanded by Captain John Muller, an officer acquainted with the language of these Indians, and thoroughly familiar with the country about to be entered. The very best guides to be had were employed; among the number were young Donald McKee, old Timothy and Jasen, and young Lawyor. One large scow or flat boat and two smaller ones, built for the purpose of ferriage on the Snake, were hauled along. And so nothing was left to chance or hazard. About the first of August the command moved, prepared to keep the field till the snows of winter set in.

At the Snake River a small redoubt was thrown up, which was christened Fort Taylor, in honor of the brave Captain Taylor, who perished on the first expedition. A company of artillery took charge of this little fort, mounting thereon two brass field pieces, twelve pounders, thus securing our rear. The boats were properly launched, and all the force destined for the front duly transported over the broad, swift stream.

The day before this the dragoons had captured two Indians belonging to the war party, and hoped to gain much advantage from the capture. But during a moment's inattention of their guard, the fellows escaped by plunging from the horses on which they were being carried into a deep creek densely lined with bushes. Captain Muller made a brave attempt to recapture them in the water, but while he held fast to one, the other assailed him so furiously with stones taken from the bottom as to completely overpower him; his pistol having meanwhile become wet, he was lucky to escape with his life; while the Indians took to deep water and remained concealed till night, when they doubtless crossed the main river and joined their people.

The several days' marches need not be described in detail, as they were pretty uniform for the first week; the usual guard and strong picket at night, with some jollity for those whose labor ended with the arrival in camp. The dragoons, however, had to closely guard their horses, and supply them with

grass for the evening by cutting it with butcher knives, as the lariats had to be shortened to contract the area of the camp.

Soon signs of Indians became manifest as we approached the Palouse River, and on about the eighth day out from the river they showed themselves in some force, and sought to annoy our pickets by firing the grass. This kept every one constantly on the watch, and made the duty of the officer of the day quite dangerous. To visit the posts at night was almost impossible, for any moving object was now to be construed into a lurking foe. During the day our rear and flanks were harassed, but the cavalry—feeling much assurance from the splendid base supplied by the foot troops—gallantly charged the enemy at every favorable opportunity, clearing the trails, and occasionally upsetting a warrior. Our commander was evidently choosing his own time and battle-field.

Near the Spokane River a camp was made, and a halt ordered near the beautiful timber grove in the midst of which are situated the "Four Lakes"—clear, deep bodies of water, with pebbly shores, each some miles in circumference. The whole body of the enemy seemed to have concentrated near this spot, and it became evident that our further progress would be vigorously disputed. A day of comparative rest was, however, taken; meanwhile, everything was put in preparation for a lively brush on the morrow. The Indians felt confident, and constantly assailed our outer guards, till almost a line of battle had to be maintained and the call to arms was constantly sounded.

A rule adopted by the commander required each company to be promptly in line one hour before daybreak, and there remain till all objects were discernible, and a thorough inspection of the pickets made. On the following morning, unusually early, the troops were assigned their parts in the day's work; the herds quietly gathered and secured, the civil employes placed in proper stations as reserves, with one company of artillery as camp guard. Every man connected with this expedition was armed, and no superfluous person was tolerated. Proper de-

fensive works were constructed, and signal communication regularly kept up with the advancing column. The troops now moved out directly towards the enemy; gradually every portion took up the part allotted in the programme: the infantry made a detour through the forest to flank the high, grassy bluffs, on which the Indians had assembled in greatest numbers; the artillery deployed, and moved forward to support the dragoons, who charged the bluff directly in front, receiving only a feeble volley.

Immediately the signal fires from some half dozen points communicated to the enemy that the fight had begun. On reaching the top, the dragoons could plainly see the Indians—now routed from the woods on the right, by the infantry under command of Captain Dent—gathering in the great plain below; and soon their complete force was in our front. They kept up a constant firing, some crawling close to our lines, delivering a shot, and rapidly retreating. Soon the artillery gained the heights, and again deploying with extensive intervals, joined the infantry, who were advancing round the base, accompanied by the howitzer battery, that ever and anon belched forth a round of spherical case, or sent a screaming shell over and through the now restless enemy. At a signal from our commander-in-chief, the whole line moved forward; the dragoons deployed directly in front of the artillery line, who exchanged shots with the enemy through the intervals of the cavalry, who were thus enabled to descend slowly, keeping their horses well in hand. Now the whole field was in plain view. The thousand mounted braves, in their gaudiest paint and trappings, rushing to and fro, dismounting, firing, remounting, and quickly changing position; the dense smoke from the moss-hung firs, lit as beacons by the Indians; the advancing line of blue-coats, with flashing blade and shining musket, made a spectacle both rare and splendid.

On nearing the plain, the cavalry commander galloped well out into the right, and ordered the charge sounded; the signal was repeated by every trumpeter in the com-

mand, and quicker than tongue can describe, the troops were in the midst of the enemy, shooting from pistol and carbine, and slashing with sabre. The boasting red man fled; those who could, made their escape, while the slain and wounded were soon made trophies by our Indian allies, following close on our heels. The plain was cleared, and broken detachments of our horsemen chased fragments of the hostile force over and beyond the adjoining hills.

In due time these parties were recalled, and the troops, assembling in larger commands, took up the return march to camp, some miles away. Before we reached camp, however, groups of the enemy could be seen reorganizing, and some daring bands followed us up, exchanging shots until we were well within our own picket line. This demonstration went to show that they did not acknowledge permanent defeat, but would be ready for assault or defence to-morrow.

After the close of this hot and exciting day, following on days and nights of watch and waking, the whole command were worn and weary; and our commander, anticipating our needs, ordered the small supply of stimulant that had been brought along to be equitably distributed. The battle had been won. The enemy had been fully tested, and our own capacity noted, so a little artificial life received at such a time well supplemented our tough bread and bacon, and no doubt reënforced many an aged veteran and slender recruit. Another day of camp was taken to properly prepare for the onward march of yet many miles. Then, as usual, before the streaks of earliest dawn, all fell promptly into column, and on we moved. Scarcely two miles were traversed before the gathering bands and single scouts of the enemy were seen, causing us to deploy speedily, and the customary fusillade to take place in front, flank, and rear. The Indians now attempted to check us by firing the grass; and a grand sight it made—the leaping flames, behind which the naked savages plunged and yelled, shooting from their horses and making desperate efforts to retard our march. The rattling of our own musketry, the boom-

ing of our little cannons, and the defiant shouts of our own troops convinced the foe before the day was done that we had come to stay. At the end of twelve miles the Spokane River was gained. This was a goal to us, for after sweeping the timber near the banks we soon established ourselves in camp, while the Indians sought the farther shore and slackened or quite discontinued their fire.

The lovely stream was greatly enjoyed by our dust and powder begrimed boys in blue, who now felt sure they could keep the enemy well before them. So song, story, and recital enlivened the bivouac, and all hailed with delight the near approach of the closing scenes. These were not, however, to take place just yet. Many, from excitement or fatigue, lingered in little knots, surmising what the coming day would bring forth, or listening with curious emotion to the cries and moanings of the Indian women on the hills beyond the river, as they sought and attended their wounded braves; and the familiar death chant was recognized by some of us who had before heard this melancholy sound. In that far north country, the sky is studded nightly with brilliant gems, but on this occasion of our travel, the great comet of '58 illuminated the heavens with a splendor that paled the lesser lights. This phenomenon was taken by the Indians as a warning of disaster, as we afterwards learned.

After enjoying this, our second night of triumph, we took up the line of march for the mountains which towered miles in our front. Here dwelt the Cœur d'Alene tribe. Our route led us directly up the stream, and although kept well on the alert exchanging shots with the now somewhat scattered enemy, all enjoyed the tramp through the lovely forest, whose edge we entered at this point of our campaign, where the cool, refreshing river was constantly in view, and the blistered feet of our footmen breaking through the worn boots could be laved at will as they trudged onward. The beautiful Falls of the Spokane were passed *en route*, and several of our many artists put them on paper. By diverging a few miles we made camp beside a pretty creek, on which was conferred by the

accident of our presence, and what happened there, the title of Hangman's Creek; for here two Indians from the enemy who came in—what the nature of their errand I did not learn—were hanged before dark.

Our route the day following took us beside the river; the next likewise, and many more. Only slight skirmishing took place, but towards evening of a certain day something resembling smoke was seen on the mountains to our right. All called it smoke except our guide, who told the commander it was dust; that the Indians were driving their stock out of reach, entrusting this matter, most probably, to the squaws and children, while the braves intervened to protect them. The dragoons were instantly dispatched in pursuit, and at the end of a ten-mile gallop the immense herd was overhauled. The herders were not quite so helpless as was foretold, for there was a sharp skirmish before we captured the stock. However, after a short rally and effort by those troopers farthest in advance, the herders were driven away without loss on either side; the animals were surrounded after hard riding (for they were no less alarmed than their owners) and turned in the direction of the river. They numbered something over twelve hundred. On reaching camp, well on in the night, a large corral was found prepared, and with the aid of our own vaqueros all were securely penned. A delay of several days was here made, and to the infantry was assigned the duty of shooting and destroying this property. None of us who are still alive will ever forget this unpleasant and mournful sight. The neighing of horses and calling of colts and dams made the nights hideous during our stay at this place. A painful episode in the campaign, but unavoidable, no doubt. Some distance further on the command crossed the river. The foot troops were ferried over by the horsemen. About this time all fighting ceased, and our principal duty on the march was to destroy the resources of the enemy—caches of grain and potatoes, several fields of wheat, cultivated no doubt by half breeds, and numerous canoes and small boats which were dis-

covered on the lakes. It was a most enlivening sight, at times, to see the long line of cavalry strung out by file ascending the mountain, each trooper buried in the midst of some half dozen enormous sheaves of rye or wheat, carried along for horse food, as the grass was now dry and scarce.

Finally, a regular halt was called on reaching the Catholic Mission of Cœur d'Alene. The Mission Indians told us the enemy was beaten, and sued for peace and pardon. Now large councils were held and a stay of some days was made. Here messengers were dispatched to the Indians, and shortly some few appeared. After parley, they departed and returned, bringing in others laden with traps and stock, the product of their previous victories. During these negotiations several of the Indians were hung, upon conviction of crimes occurring far back in time.

I may here mention that the ceremony of mass was recited each day by the Mission Indians, as also vespers in the evening. About forty or fifty seemed to participate, and the singing was most powerful, if not musical. Quite a queer sensation it was, to be awakened about midnight by these exercises; and glancing up towards the great, rude chapel on the hill, the sleepy camper would be fully aroused by the brilliant illumination, as all the paraphernalia of the church were there in use and keeping. The good father mustered a small but most devoted flock, but whether their peace and loyalty extended beyond the church, I know not.

When all business connected with this vicinity had been transacted, the order of march was resumed. We did not proceed far in the former direction, but changed gradually, till all could perceive that we were on the return. At the end of each day's march a council was called, doubtless prearranged by our commander, and at each such council, two, three, and sometimes four Indians were condemned and hanged. The power to procure information possessed by Colonel Wright was truly wonderful, and many renegades and murderers of former years he brought forth to be convicted—some by their

own people, and some, strange to say, by their own tongue, though fully aware what fate awaited them. The Indians were thoroughly subdued, and though these councils were really investigations, no culprit denied the charge. During one of these talks it was ascertained that a powerful chief, one Ohi, was in the vicinity. By a species of communication known only to the commander, he was brought in. Then it was learned that his son, called Qualmsham, a chief likewise, but one of the most cruel, lingered near. He was informed that he must present himself, or his father would hang. I well remember his entry into camp, accompanied by his two beautiful wives. He was armed *cap-a-pie*, and mounted on a handsome charger, gayly draped with silver mountings. He had the benefit of a separate tribunal, and after short shrift was hanged from one of the topmost branches of a minaret pine. He begged for life vociferously, pledging money, horse, and other possessions. After the execution, one of his women rode rapidly up to the Colonel's tent, and planted the long and beautifully bedecked medicine stick directly in its front. This implement of religious sorcery is a shaft or pole about eight feet long, covered neatly with buckskin, on which are sewed beads distributed in parti-color, some disposed in rings and other figures at intervals; bands of the same in relief, as it were, are fastened to the topmost end; a large rosette of velvet decks the tip, through which the long steel spear is inserted into the pole. This stick is always the property of a chief, and is supposed to guard him from harm in life, and secure happiness for him in the world to come, if used as prescribed by the medicine-man.

At the first council held, a number of hostages were exacted from the tribes arraigned. These are always sub-chiefs and leading men with their families. This demand was continued at every other council, till the number was thirty or more. The last talk was held in the country of the Palouses, and this tribe received a hard reckoning, as they had, on every occasion, left their own grounds, and helped in the quarrels of others, thereby

forfeiting the virtue of defending their own. This action constituted, in the eyes of our commander, just cause for indictment, though among us civilized beings I have heard it spoken of as heroism and chivalry; but our Indian wards must remain at home where we can find them, and where they can be properly accounted for. After the proper amount of retribution had been inflicted on these several tribes, and they had been duly dispersed with ringing admonition from our chieftain, preparation was made for our final return; and the first of November found us jogging along towards the Snake River.

As we descended the great bluffs leading to the crossing of the river, the little temporary garrison on the other side paraded in front of their work, while the gunners on the rampart discharged a royal salute in our honor—such a one as a Brigadier General is entitled to receive—and all sincerely hoped this compliment might be an augury of our commander's deserved promotion. A few days more brought us to our point of first departure; and on our arrival a general assembly of all the Cayuse, the Umatilla, and the Walla Walla Indians was ordered. This last act of the war was carried out with much ceremony, and the result was the hanging of six offenders. Among the number was our old friend Wildcat, who left four pretty wives to mourn his loss. The troops were now regularly inspected by Brigadier-General Mansfield, who had arrived shortly before from Washington. He gave great praise to the command for their generally serviceable appearance and excellent drill.

A little occurrence, which may be worth mentioning, took place just before getting back. After crossing the Snake River, the dragoons, being in the advance, repaired directly to camp, and while the artillery were slowly filing up through the long gulch, in which runs the Tucanon Creek, a commotion was observed in front. It was communicated back along the tortuous winding line of footmen that our important prisoner of war, the Chief Ohi, had escaped. He had been placed especially in charge of the officer at the head of this column. A cavalryman, who hap-

pened to be detained behind these troops, hearing of the trouble ahead, pushed rapidly along the trail, crowding those in the way on one side. On reaching the front, he descried the doughty chief making off "over the hills and far away." After a short run he was overtaken by the soldier; but as he also was mounted, he refused to halt, whereupon he was summarily shot and killed. The officer who had him in keeping was almost unarmed, having nothing but a sword, which, owing to a rain the night before, became so rusted in the scabbard as to resist every effort to draw it; he received, indeed, several severe raps from the bone whip of the Indian. This all occurred during a moment's separation of the officer from his command, on account of the irregularities of the ground.

The campaign being now virtually over, the troops were ordered to their several stations, to reach which consumed yet some weeks; and so the Northwest relapsed into a peace that has never been disturbed except in 1877, when the outbreak of the hitherto peaceful and reliable Nez Percés took place. On the campaign just finished, about forty Indians had been killed, and twenty or more hanged; about thirteen hundred head of horses had been captured, and nearly all slain; also other property of considerable value taken: and the troops had suffered scarcely any loss, only four being wounded and two killed, and two died of poison by thoughtlessly eating wild roots. Everything attempted had been successful; and thus was the frontier placed in safety, all through the careful and energetic work of Colonel George Wright, and his brave and disciplined command.

In conclusion, I will mention the names of the officers most prominent in rank, as my recollection serves me. The three arms of the service were commanded respectively by the officers present highest in rank; thus, the cavalry was commanded by Major W. N. Greer, First Dragoons; the artillery by Major E. E. Keyes, Third Artillery; the infantry by Captain F. Dent, Ninth Artillery. Among the company commanders were Captains E. V. Cord, Wise, Hardie, and D. A.

Russell—all subsequently generals in the army during the Civil War. Lieutenant Lawrence Kip was there, and published his very interesting diary of the events and marches. The medical department was represented by surgeons McParlin, Tom Hammond, and

Randolph; and as before mentioned, the transportation received the personal supervision of Captain Ralph W. Kirkham, afterwards a strong candidate for the position of Chief Quarter Master of the Army of the Potomac, now an opulent citizen of Oakland.

I. G. T.

INDIANS OF THE FAR NORTHWEST.

THIRTY years ago, this North Pacific region was filled with hostile Indians, who had just waged one war, and were making ready to commence another. From the sage plains of Northern California to the rocky shores of British Columbia, numerous tribes existed along the coast and in the interior. They occupied a region five hundred miles square, and over all that territory a weird influence prevailed, for unseen runners came and went with messages of peace or war. During the occupancy of the whites the Indians have seldom, if ever, been at war among themselves. The exception has been when parties have organized, as the Warm Spring scouts did under General Crook, in his war against the Snakes in Southern-Middle Oregon, and again under General Jeff. C. Davis, against the Modocs. In early times they were strongly allied, and suddenly, in 1855, they precipitated a war that required all the power of Oregon Territory to quell it.

The war was waged on the North, in the interior, eastward, and more especially among the Indians of Southern Oregon. The settlers turned out cheerfully as volunteers. There were then a large proportion—much larger than exist here now—among us of frontiersmen, who were handy with the rifle. They were eager for the chase, be the game Indian, elk, or bear. I remember distinctly the interest with which we watched for “news from the war.” There was no daily stage, no telegraph, and no frequency of mail privileges. News did come, however, and it was sometimes terrible. The Rogue Rivers burned many a home and massacred many a family. Afterwards, when the mining dis-

tricts of Eastern Oregon and Idaho were opened, Indians there made some resistance. Within the last decade we have had war with Bannocks, Modocs, and Nez Percés—who were all nomadic races—but within a quarter of a century the old tribes of this region have been subjugated, and become satisfied they had nothing to gain by fighting with the whites. Slowly but surely they were retired on reservations. The few that hung about the settlements gave up the “Noble Game of War,” and became “hewers of wood and drawers of water,” generally for the dispensers of their worst foe, the deadly fire-water.

One old chieftain of Southern Oregon, who was the war chief of the Rogue Rivers through the deadly campaign of '55-'56, and whose hand fed the burning brand to many blazing homes in that beautiful and Eden-like valley, was sent in chains to San Francisco, to be immured in Alcatraz. Old Sam made a last display of his power in an attempt to capture the steamer that took him. He was successful for a while, but didn't “understand the ropes” well enough to handle a great ocean steamer all by himself, shackled as he was. That was the last heroic incident of the Western tribes.

Then came the era of subjugation. The Indians were gathered on reservations, and fed and guarded by military. A young man named Sheridan, a lieutenant of infantry, was one of their guardian angels at that period. That was a speculative epoch of history. Indian agents were appointed to look after those wards of the government, and see if they were treated according to law

That was a time when bran and shorts passed readily for flour, and "bull beef" was considered wholesome diet for aboriginal stomachs. Indian agents became rich by some sudden stroke, as if they had mysteriously touched Aladdin's lamp. The savages became poor literally, as to flesh, soul, and purse—and savage. They died off. The miserable remnant of them dragged out a loathsome existence. I had the wretchedness to spend one season in proximity to an Indian Agency. The mercury that winter was for weeks 10° to 33° below zero, but the Indians, and the whites that governed and guarded them, were morally lower than that. At that time—about 1860—there were tribes of the North—such as the Cœur d'Alenes and Nez Percés—under missionary teachings and care, that had some marks of decency, but the Indians on the newly established reservations were poor and ignorant; no effort was made for their improvement. An Indian Agency was considered a source of wealth. One fact that my children can remember in connection with me will be, that in 1865, at Washington, I declined the offer from an Oregon senator of an Indian Agency in Idaho.

The early missionaries effected but little. The Methodist mission in the Willamette had no good results so far as the Indian was concerned. Dr. Whitman taught the Cayuses and Umatillas for eleven years, and then came the Whitman massacre. The Nez Percés, under Rev. Spaulding, did better. The Cœur d'Alenes, under the Catholics, have remained at peace, and have done well. The general condition of the Indians up to 1864 may be called savage, and showed no progress; but I wish to take up their condition since that time, to show the effect of care and teaching well applied. In a general sense we may say that, for the twenty years since '64, there has been a different system and decided effort. The results are fairly gratifying.

Having recently had the pleasure of meeting General Nelson A. Miles, and had opportunity for free conversation with him concerning the Indians of this department—the mil-

itary department of the Columbia—I have become interested in his views of the Indian question—views that well become a successful soldier and an honorable man. The twenty years just elapsed have not witnessed any unusual effort for reforming and improving the Indians, and it is therefore all the more certain that their success and improvement—though partial—indicates their ability to become actually civilized and self-supporting. In the Pacific far West there are fifteen Indian reservations, with about fifteen millions of acres of land, generally of excellent quality. The Flatheads are too recently reached by the railroad to be well understood, but their farms on the Jocko River show a tendency to improvement. Coming west we find the great interior basin that has the Rocky Mountains on the east and the Cascade ranges on the west for its limits, and extends vaguely north and south a long way. In this region of rolling uplands and grassy plains are different bands that have much the same nature, and are nearly allied in many respects, though grouped under different leaders in small bodies. These are the hunting tribes, who live by the chase and have their salmon fisheries on the Columbia. Further south they are represented by Klamaths and Modocs. It is safe to say that these people, where they have remained on reservations and applied themselves to agriculture, have done well. They have demonstrated their desire to be educated and civilized, and their willingness to labor when they see actual results from it.

The Cœur d'Alenes are Catholics, and are very peaceable. In 1882 they produced 30,000 bushels of grain for sale. I once met their Chief, Sultees, who was a warrior with the rest of them thirty years ago. He and his people are practically civilized, and have a very beautiful country. It will illustrate their progress to say that Sultees (as a merchant who says he invites him to his family table told me), has a comfortable covered carriage and a pair of matched bays to draw it. His accumulations from honest trade and traffic are considerable, and this coin he was then, in May, 1882, loaning at Spokane

Falls on mortgage at two per cent. per month interest. If that doesn't show the refinement of civilization, what can?

The Yakimas, of Eastern Washington, close to the Cascade Mountains, have excellent land, and have for many years until lately had the benefit of Rev. J. F. Wilbur's best efforts. Father Wilbur is a Methodist, a practical man, and genuine Christian. He has done everything for those people, and they have made great improvement under his administration. The Nez Percés and Cayuses have large and valuable reservations, and have made good advance in cultivation and genuine civilization.

The Warm Springs reservation has half a dozen bands upon it—all naturally allied—who were twenty years ago as degraded as possible. They were diseased and dying off rapidly, when Captain John Smith, who died only a few days ago, became their guardian. Under President Grant's plan for allowing religious denominations to control agencies, the Presbyterians presented Captain Smith for this position. Those tribes live as his monument. They have become civilized; they adopt Christianity and discard polygamy; they work well on their farms; they have become virtuous, and have even outgrown disease; have become healthy, and as a race have begun to increase. The Warm Springs bands may not be perfect yet, but their improvement exceeds the ordinary limits of belief. Look at them as they were in '64 and as they are in '84, and we are compelled to believe that the Indian question has great possibilities.

Very nearly kindred to the Modocs were the Klamaths, who occupy the Lake region near the California line east of the Cascade Range. I know them well, as I lived a month in 1873 at their Agency during the Modoc War. Their present agent tells me that the ten years' time since then has seen them make great improvement. Their land is too cold to grow even rye or turnips with certainty. They have grass, and the marsh land grows a species of wild rice called *wocus*, found in the pod of the water lily; they also dig *camas* and *kowse* freely. They have

horses and cattle and make good use of both. The Klamaths have sixty four-horse teams among them. They do all the hauling for the government post, and so earn what money they need to buy flour and groceries. They are independent and happy. All these tribes referred to can build good houses. They have saw mills on their reservations, and cut and haul the logs and saw the lumber themselves when there is no regular sawyer. Many of them are fair mechanics. Most of them live in civilized fashion, and their children are schooled.

I have given this brief glance at the Indian tribes of the "Inland Empire" to compare the then and now, the darkness of 1864 with the light of 1884. Some credit must be given to the policy of General Grant, who permitted the different churches to take charge of the various agencies, with, in this region, very favorable average results. There have been a few very zealous workers among these Christian agents. Some were successful in securing the confidence of their wards, and by so doing they could be far more useful. An Indian has respect for truth and integrity; when they respect their agent, they can be handled easily, and unless they do, they will not show him respect or attention.

We come, now, to the more numerous Indian bands west of the Cascades, in Oregon and Washington.

After 1856 the subjugated tribes of Southern Oregon were removed to reservations on the coast adjoining the Willamette Valley. No great care was taken to improve them, and they decreased in numbers rapidly for some time. Those Indians have also begun to live in civilized fashion and grow crops for sale. I occasionally in summer time see an Indian family going past in their wagon, looking for all the world like the more common sort of whites, certainly having a look of comfort about them. Inquire, and you will learn that they are going to visit some friend, or making an excursion to the berry fields in the Cascade mountains. I conversed with their agent who has been in charge many years, and he says they make continual progress. But he also says they

ought to be decidedly changed in their relations; that they take a great interest in public affairs, and when an election is held they attend, and will look on with eagerness. This agent has resigned; he therefore tells the truth freely, and he advocates breaking up all agencies and reservations, and making the Indians on them take up land and pay taxes as citizens.

Over on the coast of Washington Territory, and on the waters of Puget Sound, there are at least half a dozen reservations, with bands of Indians occupying them. They all seem to be progressing and improving in some measure, and it is true of these, as of almost every reservation east of the Cascade ranges, that they occupy far more land than they require, and stand in the way of the whites. The Nez Percés Indians claim under treaty a vast tract of excellent country, which they do not pretend to occupy. The Yakimas have a wide region assigned to them of the very richest of soil, and do not use it. The Cœur d'Alene tribe have the most fertile tract known in the upper country, and make whites pay tribute for the timber in their mountains. Everywhere complaint is made that the Indian blocks the way, and has land he cannot use. This especially applies to the Umatillas, who are now surrounded by farms. The transition from the adjoining farms of the whites to the barren waste of the reservation—barren, though the richest of soil, and only lacking cultivation—is very striking.

The Indian has too much land everywhere, and his conditions are generally unwholesome. The tribal arrangement should cease; the lands should be bought back from them, as was done or agreed upon lately with Moses, and the other bands on the Columbia river reservation. The Indians have made some improvement, but not enough. They are, in a measure, dependent, and it is the interest of many persons to keep them so, and especially of the agents in charge of them. General Miles takes sincere interest in them, and his experience has been very general. He took the wildest of Sioux off the war path; gave them land; taught them

to till it, and in one season made them self-supporting. That was years ago, and they remain so yet. He takes a liberal and humane view of this important question, and a right one. He has become convinced that the Indian will work; that he is ambitious to learn; that he wishes to be a citizen; and he claims for him that he should become one—a citizen and tax-payer. He asserts that the true policy is to purchase the reservations, locate all Indians in severalty on the public domain, with a proviso that their lands cannot be sold for at least twenty-five years; assist them to become self-supporting by making part payment for their lands in farm utensils and building materials, with some sheep and cattle. The Indians will take naturally to stock-raising. Provide them with schools, and endow them with land with individual tenure, and they will possess a manhood and independence they never have had, and never can have, under the tribal system and on their reservations.

Not long since I saw at Portland a military looking company in gray marching the street. I was in their rear, and remarked the tall, straight, soldierly forms of the boys, and wondered who they were. They proved to be Indian cadets from the school maintained by government at Forest Grove. That school is a credit to the Indian race and an honor to our government. It has proved that the Indian boy and girl are capable of rising in the scale of humanity. There are some touching stories told in connection with it. A year or so ago a blanketed savage brought his boy to go to the school. The lad was unkempt and poorly clad, but he had a bright face and made a good scholar. Last summer he went home for the vacation—changed indeed; his natty uniform became him well; he was a trim-looking lad for any country. But he couldn't recognize the father he expected to meet him. The older Indian, it seems, was afraid this son would be ashamed of him, so he, too, tried to be civilized. He had his long hair cut, and bought himself a suit of plain "store clothes." Each was so changed he did not recognize the other for a time, and when they

finally met and saw the change time had effected, father and son—stoical sons of the wilds as they were—embraced and wept. The necessity of educating those people is plain enough. It need not be very expensive to do it, either, if we consider that there are abandoned military posts through this department, and others that will soon have to be closed. Several such can be found in this military department, so General Miles tells me; and he further says the Indians can furnish from their farms supplies for the maintenance of their children.

It seems impossible to place the Indians where they will not be in the way of the whites, and liable to be imposed on by rough characters. No man will dispute the justice of allowing the Indians to locate lands as the whites do; and as they are inclined to be pastoral, they can be allowed enough to afford grazing land on the rougher sections of country. Break up the reservation system; locate every family in severalty, and treat them kindly and reasonably in settling them on their own lands, and we shall have no more Indian question to vex us forever more. General Miles is very earnest in presenting this matter, and takes a deep interest in all that pertains to the Indians. He does not undervalue them, but has great confidence in their desire to become civilized and their ability to achieve civilization.

The greatest prejudice now exists against them on the part of many whites, because they find great tracts of rich land lying idle that are set aside as Indian reservations. The overplus of Indian lands, above the needs of the tribes, amounts to millions of acres in this military department. Their lands do not belong to the Indians generally, and they are not encouraged to improve them. The whites feel that it is an outrage that they are not allowed to locate on them. Carry out the policy advocated by Generals Crook and Miles—the two most successful of our Indian fighting generals—both of whom believe that the Indian deserves good treatment, and will appreciate it if he gets it—and we shall see the Indians removed from all tribal conditions and the

attendant superstitions, and become self-respecting citizens. As they stand to-day, the efforts to improve them are in a measure inoperative. They have no such independence as is necessary to give them self-respect. They have shown a capacity to improve that is deserving of our consideration. If they choose lands, it will be together, in favorite localities, in small valleys, where they can make a community and support schools. When all are located, at least half their best lands will revert to our government and increase the public domain. There will be no conflict between them and the whites—no jealousy. The possibility for their improvement will be greatly increased, and the condition of both whites and Indians will be decidedly advanced.

The small remnant of the great tribes that formerly occupied this continent has some claim upon our consideration. If there ever has been an instance where a treaty with Indians was executed promptly and justly, it has been an exception. Our national history—and all history from Columbus until now—has been a record of injustice. It will be tardy justice at the best, but our nation owes it to whites and Indians alike to help the Indians to forsake savagery and induce them to become producing and self-supporting. In many instances they are so already. There is evidence that with proper encouragement they will become good citizens. Let us give them, then, this needed encouragement and opportunity. If the treaties are all abrogated by repurchase of their reservations, and the military department is left to carry out the new policy, in a brief space the Indians will become land owners and citizens, and begin to swell the products and increase the wealth of our nation.

The latest Indian imbroglio that arose in our region remains yet unsatisfied, and illustrates the faults of our Indian policy. Moses was a man of strong character, who drew to himself a large following, irrespective of tribal allegiance. He and his people were “dreamers,” equivalent to being spiritualists. Much was feared from their superstition, but while it is certain that Moses could have pre-

precipitated war on the settlements, he fortunately had too much sense to do it, and restrained his young men. They occupied a wide region of plains in the Big Bend of the Columbia River for some years, but stock men came in there, and negotiations ended in setting aside over 300,000 acres adjoining the British line for his band and others that were in the way of progress. It was supposed that the rough country given them was entirely out of the white man's way; but mines were discovered near the northern line, and in response to representations, President Arthur summarily cut off a million acres from the Columbia River reserve, and threw it open for the whites. This was an insult to Moses, as it lessened his influence with his people, who thought he had secured the land for them. His pride was hurt, and all the other Indian bands through the interior were alarmed to see their common rights invaded. The question with them was: "How long before the President will take away our land?" It is easy to perceive the effect on the Indians of all this region. Trouble began to foment; runners were sent about, and disaffection was apparent to the military department.

General Miles became very apprehensive. He sent for Moses, and had a long talk with the old chief, who bitterly complained of the personal disrespect to himself, and the high-handed dishonesty in this act of government. General Miles is one of the most successful of generals in Indian wars, and he also commands respect from the Indians by truly honest treatment of them. He realized the danger, took Moses and some others to Washington, in charge of Captain Baldwin, an experienced officer, who was mainly instrumental in securing a settlement of affairs on a new basis. It was agreed that the Columbia River reserve should be abandoned, and the Indians take up land in severalty where they preferred. Some, who had begun farming on the old reserve, stayed there; others—including Moses and his people—took up land on the Colville reservation, to the east of the old reservation. The Colvilles have made good advance and live well.

Their chief is a remarkable man, who freely welcomes all other Indians to his reserve.

By the agreement made at Washington, schools were to be established, mills put up, and farming implements furnished. But for the whole tract of nearly four millions of acres the Indians are to receive benefits to cost less than \$100,000. They were delighted with the prospect of schooling their children and becoming civilized. This agreement needs ratification by Congress. The Indians are waiting for their tools, wagons, and supplies to begin spring work, and do not dare to finally locate until Congress has ratified the agreement. Here is a simple matter of business that it would seem could be accomplished in an hour, but nothing has been done. The thousands of Indians through the inland country are watching to see whether the government deals fairly with their allies. The different bands that are directly interested present an interesting picture of a savage people anxious and willing to become civilized, waiting with intense apprehension for the fulfillment of the agreement made with them. The military, who have been instrumental in solving the question of peace so favorably, are deeply interested. General Miles recognizes that honorable conduct towards this people is imperatively necessary, and that no other course can safely be pursued. It is creditable both to the head and heart of this distinguished officer that he holds the welfare of the aboriginal race closely at heart, and is deeply interested in securing their progress. His view is the right one—that they should hold land and become citizens, obey the laws and pay taxes, be educated to make citizens, and become producers. This matter of the agreement with Moses and others he considers of great importance. It is now spring,¹ and the Indians need their supplies as agreed; but the government follows the same inert policy as ever, and their interests are neglected. Worse still, the word pledged to them is forfeited. No wonder that they look with scorn upon the President. General Miles once had a conference with some wild plains

¹ This was written six months ago.

Indians, and proposed that a delegation should go to Washington. One old chief objected. He had been there once, and "the President had lied to him." The general tried to explain or modify the expression. "No," said the blanketed savage, "the President lied to me; he made promises he did not keep." Time after time he repeated

it with scorn, but finally said: "*You* haven't lied to us yet; we will try you awhile." They did try him, and in response to his advice took land and cultivated it, and from that day those barbarous Sioux have been self-supporting, all because they had confidence in General Miles and followed his counsel.

PERÚ, BOLIVIA, AND CHILE.—V.

CHILE.

SANTIAGO, the capital of Chile, stands on the banks of Rio Mapoche, on a plateau overlooked by the mighty Cordillera de los Andes, and elevated eighteen hundred feet above sea-level. The city, founded by Pedro Valdivia, is laid out in squares and divided into halves by the Alameda, an alley-way extending from the railroad depot at the west end to the hill or *cerro* of Santa Lucia at the east end.

The main route from the depot to the administrative and business center of the city, situated in its northern half, leads by way of the Alameda. This is very long, and lined with many handsome villas and palatial residences, among which, to the right when coming up from the depot, is the one erected by the late Mr. Henry Meiggs. The central portion of the Alameda is a broad walk for pedestrians; a promenade ornamented by monuments erected to the sacred memory of men whose services to Chile were great during her struggle for independence and later. Here rises the equestrian statue of the leader of the army of freedom of southern South America, José de San Martín. He sits nobly on his prancing steed, carrying the banner of the young republic in his hands. And there, beneath weeping willows, stand the statues of the unlucky brothers Carrera. And yonder again an equestrian one of O'Higgins—the coadjutor of San Martín in the noble task of liberating his country—in the attitude of cheering his followers, while his horse is

rearing to clear the breast-works of the Spaniards, trampling at the same time beneath his hoofs the standard of the foe, the bearer of which lies prostrated by the remnants of a gun. And there, at the upper end of the promenade and abreast of the entrance into the main street, the Calle de la Independencia, is the column erected to the memory of the great legislator, Andrés Bello, who gave Chile the civil code, a master-piece which later became the standard code of all South American republics. Bas-reliefs of the features of this learned and philanthropic lawyer are chiseled on the sides, while his bust crowns the capital of the column.

The main approach from the Alameda to the principal or grand square of the capital, La Plaza de Armas, is the Calle de la Independencia. The northern half of the west side of the square is occupied by the cathedral, the southern half by the palace of the archbishop. The north side is chiefly occupied by the old-fashioned structure of the *Intendencia*, the seat of the chief provincial administration, and the *correo* or post office. The entire east side is occupied by a structure of noble architecture, along the façade of which runs an archway, and through which cross-wise run lofty portals, with accommodations for merchants on the sides. But these portals have lost their importance from a commercial point of view, since the erection of the most attractive building on the square, occupying the entire south side

of it, the "Grand Hotel Inglés," and the construction at the same time of equally lofty portals, cutting through the entire block to which it is attached. Having entrances from the square and the three principal streets of the city, this portal naturally became far better situated for commerce than its rival portal, MacClure. The Grand Hotel Inglés is in the style of the Tuilleries, and gives certainly to the plaza an air of grandeur and elegance, especially when seen from the north side, the park in the center of the square serving as a most becoming foreground. And the view from the upper stories of the hotel is most lovely and grand to behold. Beneath is the park of luxuriant foliage, in the midst of which a fountain throws its water columns, sparkling in the sunlight, high in the air, while above the roofs of the building of the Intendencia extends the lofty ridge of the Cordillera de los Andes, its bold, snow-powdered profile sharply outlined on the azure of the sky, marking the boundary line between Chile and the Argentine Confederation.

One of the most striking features of the capital, and one to which a certain national pride is attached, is the Cerro de Santa Lucia. Originally this was a hill with ordinarily sloping sides, but as it was selected for a quarry, and all the material for the pavement of the city and the foundations of its houses was furnished from it, it gradually in time became smaller in circumference at the bottom, and precipitous all round, the green of its more sloping sides contrasting most beautifully with the sepia and sienna of its nude walls. Thus, while the streets extended themselves to its base and girdled it, it changed into a most picturesque and novel feature of the locality, whether beheld from near by or from far away, rising as it did a solitary cliff in the midst of a city. It then occurred to the *Intendente* or Governor of Santiago, Don Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, to preserve the remains of the hill as an ornament of the capital. Being of an enterprising disposition, he entered in 1872 upon a scheme calculated both to beautify the hill and make its lofty pinnacles a most attractive spot of retreat and entertainment; and the task was

undertaken under his direct superintendency. The result of the enterprise was most satisfactory, though obtained by great financial sacrifices, partly made by the enthusiastic *Intendente*. Through a gate-way where admission is granted at a small expense, a broad road leads up to the summit, in curves and zig-zags; now through shady shrubbery, now along the cool walls of precipices with cracks where streams of water rush murmuring through at a tremendous speed. High up on the road is passed the old-fashioned yellow and gilt chariot in which General O'Higgins made his triumphant entrance into Santiago after the victory obtained over the Spaniards, largely due to his bravery. Gradually as the ascent proceeds, the city below appears to expand, and the region spreads out like a map, until at the summit a full bird's-eye view of it is had—the numerous church-spires serving as guides of direction. On the west side, or precipitous edge of the summit facing the city, walls of red brick are erected, in representation of ruins of a Gothic castle, with balfrey towers and counter-scarps. The ascending road—for it splits in two at middle height—enters the summit grounds through the portal of the "ruin." On the south side of the *plazette* stands a pavilion, its rear apartment overhanging the cliff and overlooking the vale of Mapoche. Opposite, and nestling at the foot of the summit-rock, is the little summer theatre, the space between it and the pavilion serving as parquette. Foot-paths wind up the summit-rock, transformed into a diminutive mountain-park, with a pond alive with fishes and rare ducks. On the topmost point is erected a little chapel with spire, and on a bluff looking towards the cathedral stands the statue of the first Archbishop of Chile, Vicuña, wearing the garments and insignia of his dignity, and stretching his hands in a blessing attitude towards the city.

Most of the houses of Santiago are built Spanish-fashion, only one or two stories high, and with no cellar. A portal leading into a court-yard frequently has a little plot in the center, ornamented with a fountain

surrounded by shrubbery and flowers. The court-yard has verandas upon which the state apartments and offices open. A *pasadizo* or passage through that section of the building which is opposite to the portal or street entrance, leads into the inner premises. The walls of this style of house are either of adobe or brick, neatly plastered and coated with oil-paint or lime-wash, the color of the coat commonly being a very light blue or bluish purple, set off by white cornices and plastics around the windows and portals. They are very thick, thus rendering the dwellings cool in summer and warm in winter. The windows have deep recesses, board shutters inside, and neat iron railings outside. The apartments are spacious, and generally occupy the width of the house. The upper story has balconies, which towards the street are most frequently confined to the door-windows, but run along the full length of the walls towards the court-yard, serving as hallways from whence the apartments are entered. The tile-thatched roofs are only slightly inclined, and often hidden from view on the street by tall cornices, giving them the appearance in some instances of being flat. The façades of the stately mansions of the rich are not uncommonly covered with marble slabs; nor is it unusual that the pavements of the verandas and front court-yard are of the same material. Tall overlapping cornices, festoons and plastics, graceful columns supporting portals, pediments, porticos and verandas; massive portals with doors of costly wood beautifully carved; statues, vases, and urns with creepers and quaint plants; lofty and spacious hallways with walls and ceilings artistically decorated; stair-cases and floors costly carpeted; drawing-rooms magnificently furnished, *comedores* or dining halls with large bureaus where cordials are stored to be served before meals to arouse appetite, and dormitories or bedrooms with bronze beds covered with light draperies; all apartments displaying an air of opulence, comfort, and good taste; this is the inventory of a Chilean mansion. Of late years, in spite of the frequent earthquakes, it has become customary to build

costly houses after the European pattern, three and even four stories high.

Among public buildings of note, the mint, a portion of which serves at the same time as the presidential palace and as offices of the ministers, is the most noteworthy. The University on the southern boulevards of the Alameda has the five faculties of philosophy, mathematic and physical sciences, medicine, law, and theology. The military academy likewise faces the Alameda, but from the north and nearer the depot. Again, on the south side of the Alameda is the handsome structure of an educational institution superintended by *los padres Franceses*, the French fathers. At the western outskirts of the northern quarter of the city are the botanical and zoological parks, and here is the fine structure of the institution for agricultural, veterinary, and mechanical studies. The city has a public library and museum. Of churches there are some of notably fine architecture, especially one in the Gothic style. On December 8th, 1863, one of these, that of La Compañía, was destroyed by fire during service, three thousand people being present. Two thousand lives were lost, most of the victims being women. The fire was caused by the fanaticism of a priest.

The theater of Santiago, the finest and largest in South America; the promenade at the Alameda, shaded by tall *alamoes*, and cooled by two streams of running water; the portal of Fernandez Concha; and the Plaza de Armas are the customary evening resorts of the elegant world of Santiago. At the south-west end of the southern quarter of the city is the extensive and beautiful park of Matias Cousiño, offering a delightful drive of an evening, and Sunday resort for the public.

Society in Santiago is very gay. In each family of social rank the lady of the house has her weekly *tertulia*, or reception, where the guests are treated in a most courteous and cordial manner. The conversation is sprightly, and interrupted, perhaps, now and then, by piano music and singing. After an excellent *ceno*, or repast, the pleasure of the night is frequently wound up with a dance,

at which the jovial host leads the van. It is not customary to introduce a stranger into a family of social rank, not even by an intimate friend, without first obtaining the permission of the lady of the house to it, and having named the day and hour for the introduction. At the appointed time the stranger is cordially welcomed and made to feel at home, and on his departure he receives an invitation to the weekly *tertulia*, and as he leaves, he is told that the house and all it contains are his and at his command. Short calls are ordinarily made at the *oracion*, or at dark, but longer ones at nine o'clock in winter, and at ten o'clock in summer, in which case tea is partaken with the family at eleven o'clock. Sunday afternoon, the gala visits are made between two and half past four, after which time the family usually goes to drive in the open carriage or *calesa*. The people dress well on all occasions, and show great taste.

Gold, silver, and lead are exported, and the imports are chiefly manufactured goods, wines, and spirits. The chief trade is with Valparaiso. The population of Santiago is more than one hundred and fifty thousand. The climate is delightful, and the wide plain on which it stands is fertile in vines, figs, melons, and other fruits, dotted with pleasant villas and cottages and well-cultivated farms. A railroad leading south-south-west from Santiago passes San Fernando and Curico to Talca. Abreast of this fine town is the lofty peak El Descabezado. At Talca the railroad turns due south to Chillan, crossing the Rio Maule. Midways is a station whence coaches depart for the hot spring baths of Cauquenes, situated between the road and the coast. The road terminates at Angol upwards of two hundred miles from Santiago.

South of the mouth of Bio-Bio is the port of Arauco, situated at a bay protected by a headland extending far seaward. Following the coast southwards is the Mocha Island, and further south again the mouth of Rio Cauten. South of this river extends a fine timber and farm land, with the important port of Valdivia, largely a German colony. Maullin and Puerto Montt are the south-west

settlements of the continental portion of Chile.

The insular portion of Chile—Chiloe, so named after its largest island—lies just south of the territory just mentioned, and extends in S. lat. from $41^{\circ} 40'$ to $43^{\circ} 20'$ and in N. long. from 73° to 74° . It is separated from Patagonia by the Gulf of Ancud.

The group is divided into the isle of Chiloe and the Archipelago of Chonos.

The isle of Chiloe, also styled *la Isla Grande*, is a highland, a hundred miles from north and south, and forty east and west; almost wholly covered with a dense forest of stately and valuable trees, the principal species being the *rable*, the *mañu*, the *mayten*, and the *tigui*. Only certain tracts along the coast-border have been cleared for cultivation. Though the vegetable world is so immensely represented on the island, its climate, on the whole, might be considered healthy. The western winds, which are predominant, especially in the winter season, bring almost constant rains; and the moisture-loaded clouds, drifting over the gulf, contribute to the same damp atmosphere on the mainland opposite Patagonia. This moisture is an obstacle, both in the task of effecting clearances and in the way of traffic. The density of the thickets does not allow the rays of the sun ever to penetrate through the foliage, and thus the trunks of the trees, the underwood, and the soil never become dry. The consequence is the impossibility of starting a forest fire—the necessity of relying on the slow process of effecting a clearance by means of the ax. As to the roads, they would be perfectly bottomless if not solidly constructed. To make a passable road, poles are laid down at certain distances crosswise, and on the top of these squared logs are fastened lengthwise.

San Carlos, or Ancud—situated on the bay of that name, cutting into the northern extremity of *la Isla Grande*—is the capital of the province. It stands on two promontories and in a valley at the outlet of a small rivulet, pushing its way through a narrow ravine. The square is situated on a flat on the southern promontory, overlooking the bay,

and here is the cathedral on the south side, the public storehouse on the opposite (both built of quarried stones), and the government structure on the south, facing the sea. The side opposite this is occupied by private residences. San Carlos is the seat of the bishop of the province, has a normal school for teachers, a nautical school, and several other institutions of education. Opposite, on the mainland, is the small town of Carelmapu.

Chaco, about ten miles distant from San Carlos, on the northwestern corner of the island, is but a mere shadow of what it used to be when it was the residence of the chief magistrate of the province.

Castro is situated nearly due south of San Carlos, on the west coast of la Isla Grande, at the foot of a steep hill, and bordering upon a narrow nook of an island-locked bay opposite the mainland. Barron landed here in 1742 from Patagonia, in company with his two companions, the party being in a half-starving condition. It is connected with San Carlos by a highway through the forest.

On the west coast of la Isla Grande exists but one settlement of scarcely a hundred families, all Indians, whose only commerce is some seal oil.

The archipelago of Chonos consists of some sixty islands, of which those of Lemui and Quinchao are almost wholly cleared and cultivated.

The agriculture of the province is yet in its infancy. The farms produce crops of wheat, barley, flax, and potatoes. The soil is rich, consisting principally of loam of a deep red color. Owing to the dampness of the atmosphere, it takes a whole year to raise a crop of cereals, the seed being planted in April; and the farmers deem it even then a lucky thing to get their grain in moderately dry. Potatoes require six to eight months to give a crop, the season for their planting being in September or November. Strawberries and good yielding apple trees are plentiful. Foremost among live-stock rank horned cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry. Gold is the only one of the precious metals found, but no mines are worked since the

"boss" system expired with the Spanish régime.

The inhabitants number about 65,000. The aboriginal races are the Huyhueches, or Chonos, which are increasing rapidly, and the Huillo-ches. The latter immigrated from Araucania, but unlike their ancestors, they are docile, and of a hospitable disposition. The Chilotes, on the whole, are averse to labor. Thus, in spite of what has been done by the Chilean Government to encourage industry and commerce, many yet prefer to sustain life on shell-fish, rather than to prosper in comfort by applying themselves to the cultivation of the soil. The shell-fish most esteemed are a variety of oysters, *pumes*, *choros*, and *pícos*. Owing to this aversion for labor, and perhaps also to the incompetency of teachers, the schools, though numerous, have failed to advance general education much. The manufactures are coarse woolen cloth, worn by the islanders, cables, hawsers, and a kind of rope made from the root of the plant *quilineje* of the *Callixene* species. The exports are timber, lumber, fire-wood, sole-leather, hides, hams, cheese, potatoes, brooms, and red-pepper. The trade with foreign countries is limited to Perú and California. Not until 1558 was the insular group discovered by the Spaniards, and added to the domains of their South American colonies. During the war of independence, the Spanish cruisers were in 1820 driven away from the waters by the newly-born Chilean fleet, under Admiral Lord Archibald Cochrane, but not until 1826 were they completely routed, and made to leave the strongholds on la Isla Grande by General Freire.

Chile does not any longer claim an interest in Southern Patagonia (excepting its colony of convicts, Punta Arenas, situated on a peninsula in the extreme south of the continent and midway in the Straits of Magellan) nor in the Terra del Fuego, and has made a treaty to that effect with the Argentine Republic, with which a dispute on that ground had been pending for several years.

The area of Chile, not counting the conquered territories in the North, is about one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, di-

vided into nineteen provinces, three new ones having lately been organized in the South. The population is about two and a quarter millions, all told; fifty thousand of this number are Indians of the Arauco tribe, which have given the government so much trouble. With the conquered provinces of Bolivia and Perú, Chile has an area of about one million square miles, and a population of two million three hundred thousand.

The Chileans love and cultivate music, and it is rare in the larger towns to find a young girl, daughter of a well-to-do family, who does not play the piano; many become very accomplished pianists. The national instrument is the guitar, but the piano has, as a rule, taken its place, and banished it from houses of the better class in the towns—very likely because it is *too* popular; it is found in the poorest shanties, and is heard accompanying hoarse voices, where dancing and drinking are at height. The guitar is, however, used even in aristocratic circles in the country. But it is especially among the humbler sort of agriculturists, the *huasos*, that the instrument is in vogue, especially on Sunday and feast-days, when the young folks of either sex come together at the homes of friends and acquaintances. The music of the guitar and singing, accompanied by beating the hands in imitation of castanets, strikes the ear of the passer by, and if he has an acquaintance in the company inside, he is hardly allowed to pass the house without dismounting to drink a goblet of *chica* with the young girls, who sit in files along the walls, and he must then step the national *samacuecca*, a duo-dance, with one of them. While the gaiety goes on inside, the horses await their owners, saddled and in rows or groups under the veranda of the house, or under a roof of dried foliage.

As compared with the rest of Spanish America, Chile contains an unusually large proportion of European blood, and *rubios* or blondes are often met with. The cause of this might simply be found in the circumstance that the aboriginal races were never subdued practically, but only repressed, thus

not facilitating the amalgamation between them and the new settlers, which consequently took place only on the frontier, while the territories vacated entirely by the natives received an influx from Europe, especially from the northern provinces of Galicia and Catalonia. These northern Spaniards, (descendants of the Goths), unlike the southern Spaniards, (descendants of the Moors), who landed in Perú aspiring to rise in social standing by gold and favoritism, left their native soil with the sole aspiration to carve for themselves by toil and industry the road to a happy home abroad. And it will be noticed that, in point of character, there is about the same difference between the Chilean and Peruvian, as there is between the north Spaniard and the south Spaniard; the Spaniard of the *rubio* type and the Spaniard of the *trijeño* type. The frank character and industrious disposition of the Goth has been inherited by the Chilean; the revengeful and indolent one of the Moor by the Peruvian. Besides the infusion of blood from Northern Spain, there is steadily going on an amalgamation between this and blood from Northern Europe, especially England and Germany. And this amalgamation between kindred races, and the transplanting of their germ to the buoyant climate, and fertile though labor-requiring soil of Chile, has produced a race of marked intellectual power and physical strength and symmetry.

The Chilean woman, as might be guessed, differs much from the Peruvian, physically and morally. She is frequently blonde, but with dark eyes and eyebrows; her complexion, fresh; her features, regular. She dresses remarkably well, and after the latest European fashion. She is not so languid, nor probably so voluptuous in form and behavior as is the Peruvian; but she possesses on the other hand far more dash, freshness, vitality, and buoyancy. She is, as the Peruvian seldom is, often a daring and excellent rider on horseback. She loves to be the object of attention; and like all women of Spanish descent, encourages her swain with coquettish ways, and is open to amorous adventures; but the practical view of life, which

she at the same time possesses, arms her with great moral strength. As a wife, she becomes very much attached to home and clings to her husband.

The peasants in Chile, the class called *huasos*, are hard toilers for little money. But no real poverty exists among them, for there is an abundance of cultivated soil and plenty of work to be done on the farms and in the mines. It is especially to the rude agriculturists, *chacareros*, *rancheros*, and farm-hands, that the name of *huaso* is applied. The farm-hands are divided into the *peones*, or direct cultivators of the soil, the *vaqueros*, or mounted herdsmen, and the *arrieros*, or muleteers. Those who fill these latter occupations pass their lives almost constantly on horseback. They are required to be extremely agile, active, and—especially, if *capatazes*, or headmen of muleteers—honest, sober, and brave. They are a hearty set of wide-awake fellows, ever ready to give and take a joke, and to help the traveler on the road; humorous, acute, and very respectful to gentlefolk, whom they, after the fashion of the old country, salute by uncovering. In their address they have the custom of styling a gentleman *patron* or master, or—in token of extreme politeness—*patroncito*, little master. The diminutive form is always observed in addressing a lady. And it is certainly a most pleasant sight to behold these stalwart fellows uncover while speaking to their employer, his wife or children, for the deference is due to no servility, but to a feeling of faithful adherence to him and his family—a feeling that is a characteristic trait of the typical Chilean body-servant. And not seldom this observance on the part of the employé is a token of filial reverence toward his employer, inherited from father to son, for many are brought up on the very premises upon which they are serving. There exists, on the whole, a sort of patriarchal relation between employer and employé on a Chilean farm.

The peasants live in adobe dwellings, thatched with tule, having shades on their sides supported by rough poles, with floors of brick or clay, and hearths of the same

material as the walls. There is an air of home about these dwellings, humble though they may be, and, partly for that very reason, they add much to the picturesqueness of the landscape in which they stand—now isolated upon the river bank and half-hidden from view by the shrubbery here, above the foliage of which the smoke from their hearths is rising; now nestling up to the hillside, and now again in the valley, grouping themselves into a village surrounded by vine-groves, flower and kitchen gardens, green fields and meadows. The space inside is generally occupied by a comparatively large family room, where, in a suitable place, may be seen a small table upon which a variety of keepsakes are arranged before an image of Christ, of the Holy Virgin, or of some saint. This feature of devotion is, however, by no means such a prominent one in Chile as, for instance, in Perú and Bolivia, for the Chileans are not, as a general thing, given to image-worship.

Rustic chairs or benches line the walls of the common room. The abundance of seats is due to the fact that the Chileans of the humble class are as sociable as are the Chileans of refined society, and improvised gatherings to make merry, now in one and now in another house or hut, are very frequent among them. The pretty lasses of the neighborhood constitute the reason for such gatherings at the more intelligent and polished peasants' or small farmers' houses, and the young men who have come on horseback to visit the ranch or village either get up the entertainment or happen to drop in and partake in the mirth, and stand the expense of the *chicha*, beer, or *pisco*-punch required, procured in the *tienda* or village-store. The stimulants are freely passed around among hosts of gay people. The girls, seated in file on the benches or chairs along the walls, are asked by the men to empty a glass with them. They accept willingly, and thus a base for entering in upon speaking terms is established between those who chance to meet for the first time. This point gained, the men soon find a way to settle down at the side of girls of their choice, with whom they pleasantly chat away, while the drinkables

are passed around in the following manner : The man gets up from his seat, walks up to the table in the corner—for no objects are left in the central space—fills two glasses, either from a bottle with beer, standing among a score of others, or from a pitcher with *chicha*, and presenting the one glass to a girl, desires her to drink with him. After accepting she turns to some other man present, and says : “*Don N. N., con Usted !*” She then drinks just a small quantity of the liquid—if not urged to empty the contents of the glass, in which case she generally yields to the entreaty though with some protestations—whereupon she, in the first case, hands the glass to the person she challenged to a drink, or, in the second, to her victorious attendant. The challenged party meanwhile has got up, and, as the case may be, either receives the half-full glass from the girl, or fills himself another glass to answer to her toast ; and if he is so disposed, he, too, turns to some other girl, and challenges her to a draught, whereby she is obliged to accept of a fresh glass, and so, in this manner, the toasting is kept up chain-wise, until all present have had their share in that round. Often an officious member of the household, or some domestic farm-hand who likes a drink himself, busies himself at the table, uncorking the bottles and filling the glasses, and when it occurs to him that the occasion calls for it, he, with some good-humored observation, comes up and hands the glasses to one of the couples.

Now a wish for a song is uttered. Several of the girls are called upon to delight the company with one. There is a little hesitation and arguing. No one cares about being the first. The delay is, however, of very short duration. One of the senior girls is pointed out as an expert singer, and without much ado she answers the call, is handed the guitar, and after some tuning and preluding she comes out, in a rather shrill and uncultivated voice, with some sentimental song touching upon love, especially upon the sufferings of a secret or rejected lover. The following sample will most accurately illustrate the character of these songs :

“*Ya me voy, pues me lleva el destino
Cual la haya que el viento revata,
Y, ai de mí, tu no sabes, ingrata,
Cuando sufre mi fiel corazón.*”

“Now I part, now destiny carries me off
Like the leaf swept before the wind.
And, woe’s me, you know not, ungrateful,
The sufferings of my faithful heart.”

The melodies are, like the chords, melancholy, somewhat monotonous, too, and the execution is not free from a nasal modulation, especially in the last strophes. Rarely is heard in the country a soft and really melodious voice ; not because the girls do not originally have one, but because the habit of singing at the top of the voice at noisy entertainments naturally wears it out. The unpleasant modulation is more due to custom, very likely a survival inherited from the Indians.

The song has ceased, and the performer has been duly complimented. She is now tuning up again. Suddenly the notes of the *samacuecca*, the national duo-dance, vibrate from the cords of the guitar, touched with vigor to arouse enthusiasm. It is the call to the floor. In fact, the love-song was only the overture, and the moment for stirring action has arrived. The gallants present have secured their partners, and, thanks to *chicha* and beer, are now in the right trim to perform a dance which can only be truly enjoyed and gracefully performed when all heaviness of body or seriousness of mind has been done away with. The *samacuecca* is a strictly national Chilean dance, popular even in high society, and identified with sociability in Chile. It might also be said of it that it constitutes a link between people in humble life and men of refinement, for where it is going on in the country is neutral ground, and gentlemen have a custom of dropping in on their road past and mixing with the peasants to while away time with the girls, or of getting up a *samacuecca* for that same purpose, in which case they cannot very well exclude the relatives of the girls and their humble friends from access to the gayety. At gala balls in high society the *samacuecca* is not on the list until after mid-

night—that is, after the table, when champagne has called forth enthusiasm and done away with stiffness; when the mind and body of everybody present feels light, and their hearts crave the good old dance, in which at the same time so much good humor, grace, and silent eloquence can be used.

But we left the village girl beating vigorously away upon her guitar to the air of the dance. The familiar air has had the effect intended. The enthusiasm has become general. And now the call is answered by one of the young men. Rising with animation to his feet, he strips himself of his *poncho* and spurs (for all guests have come on horseback), and thus prepared for action, he returns, handkerchief in hand, to the girl he has whiled the time away with; asks her to step the dance with him, at the same time reaching out his hand with the handkerchief so spread over the palm, that it for a moment answers the purpose of a glove; the girl lays her hand in his, and is led out to the middle of the floor, where she is placed before him. Now she, too, gets a handkerchief in her hand, and the couple is ready and awaits only the signal for moving out. The girl at the guitar, who meanwhile has kept up the somewhat monotonous prelude at a break-cord rate, now, accompanied by the men beating the palms of their hands together in default of castanets, falls in with her song, ever on the subject of a desperate case of love, and ever of a most simple composition, running likely thus:

*“Una pena y otra pena son dos penas para mí
Ayer penaba para verte, hoy pena para verte aquí.”*

“One pain and another pain makes two pains for me,

Yesterday I was in pain to see you, to-day I am in pain to see you here.”

And wafting the handkerchiefs in their right hands, the girl holding a fold of her skirt up with the left hand, the man carrying his left arm akimbo, with the hand resting on the hip, the pair on the floor move gracefully toward each other, make, upon meeting, a sort of reverential salute, then turn suddenly around on their heels, face each other again, salute and pass, move backwards, she with

womanly grace, he with the air of a courtier retiring from the presence of the queen of his heart; then again they advance—he, now, like a mighty cruiser, she like a pretty yacht steering by the wind, exchanging salutes with the handkerchiefs as they sail swiftly past each other on mid-floor. Again they move apart, and again they advance one upon the other. This time he has assumed the rôle of a lover pleading his suit; she the one of a girl, now inclined to come toward him, now to hold him off. Then as they meet he makes a sham effort to catch her by means of his handkerchief. To do this he takes the two diagonally opposite corners of the handkerchief between both hands, twists the cloth around, and, with a most tender air, lets it gently down over her head to the level of her neck, letting immediately one end drop as she winds around, and he, too, in the same breath. And without being touched in the least, and without any check having occurred to the proceeding of their mutual step and motion in conformity with the rules of the dance, she glides away while he courteously comes up to her again. But as the girl of the guitar sings out the last strophe of the song for the first round, the dancers, now on mid-floor, swing around like a top, and facing each other come to a dead halt with a reverence. The voice of the singer has ceased; not so the voice of the guitar, which continues to sound as an *intermezzo*.

Immediately upon the close of the round, the attentive party spoken of before presents the couple on the floor each a glass of beer, *chicha*, or *pisco-punch*. The man generally swallows the whole of the liquid to the health of his fair partner, who, perhaps, only moistens her lips in it, if not urged to return the compliment in like manner. The guitar player and singer has meanwhile been presented with a glass. Both actors and orchestra having received refreshments, the latter now falls in with the song for the second round, and again the former move out to repeat the dance as before, perhaps with more confidence in bearing and life in performance, and when the round is finished there is a treat again. The third and last

round is the most animated. Everybody present seems intent upon helping to work the dancers up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The voices of the girls, the beating of hands in imitation of castanets, the thumping on the box of the guitar by an expert, and his coarse voice, resound deafeningly in the room to quick but well defined *tempos*. Gradually, as the dance draws near its close, the general effort becomes of a superlative character. Shouts of encouragement, as if a race was going on, are directed to the swain, who, though panting, bears himself bravely through; and by the time the enthusiasm has reached its climax at the finale, he winds up, maybe, with letting his handkerchief drop on the floor before the feet of his partner, and bends his knee upon it throwing himself into the attitude of a pleading lover. The girl reaches out her hand, he grasps it, and rising to his feet leads her from the scene, while some other swain comes up with his partner and takes possession of the floor.

Such is the *samacuecca*. Of course, as to the execution, no certain rule can be laid down, as it entirely depends upon the man whether there is animation in the dance or not, he being the aggressive party; and also, if animated, whether in good taste or not. His deportment toward her is, however, always courteous, whether in a shy or forward manner. The *samacuecca* frolics generally begin early in the afternoon, and when once started are carried on till late in the night or till dawn of day. In that case there is provided a *cena*, or late meal, during the earlier part of the night. A young lamb and some chicken are bought by some one among the guests—for the family of the house does not come in for any expense—and the lamb is roasted entire, while the chickens are cooked for a *casuella*, or broth, with potatoes, and seasoned with plenty of cayenne pepper. This latter dish is offered as a stimulant for the exhausted body. It depends altogether upon the circumstances when these frolics come to an end. However, as there generally is a party of young men, as stated before, who start them and keep them going at the

expense of the drinkables required, it is evident that when these men retire the chief means of continuance depart with them, especially if there is no one of the remaining men who holds a standing among the girls, or has the means to expend in a fresh supply of fuel for enthusiasm. As the leaders most frequently are bachelor farmers, and their friends come to visit them, there would naturally be a general break-up before midnight, and certainly at dawn. In the afternoon following there might be a call upon the girls inquiring into their health, and it then not seldom happens that *chicha* and beer are sent for again, as an antidote for weak nerves. The animation revives; the guitar is handed to some girl, and the sound of her voice to the instrument soon gathers more callers to the house, which is usually another than the one where the gathering took place the day before; and before long there is a *samacuecca* couple on the floor, and a second edition of the frolic just ended is in full blast. It might require a third day fully to exhaust the material for its continuation, for the time being.

The farm hands are accommodated in huts grouped into a little village, or arranged into a street at the entrance to the *casa* (dwelling house), and main buildings of the farm, or scattered about in convenient places. They receive from twenty *centavos*, or a *chaucha*, to thirty *centavos* a day, or properly as high as ten *pesos*, or about nine dollars a month, including a ration of graham bread, jerked beef, beans, grease, salt, and figs. At six o'clock in the morning the bell of the establishment sounds the administrator's call. As the *peones* come up, the *administrador* serves out from the *bodega*, or provision store, their ration of bread and tools; while the women, who are either the wives of the men or the cooks of a general mess, receive the remainder of the ration due to each individual. As he goes out to his work in the field, the farm hand eats his *disayuno*, or breakfast, moistening the rather dry meal by a draught of water from the river or canals which he chances to pass on his route. What is left of the loaf when the appetite has been satis-

fied is carefully stowed away in the folds of the *poncho*, which he carries tied up around the waist while working. If the water, commissioner, the *juez de regadío*, has happened to turn the water of the river into the canal of the farm during the night, the *camayos*, or irrigators, must be out all night, too, to attend to the opening of the *acequias*-sluices, and to the spreading of the water over the fields by opening passages with their spades. The soil should properly receive a *regador* every ten days, to a height of three inches. The ploughing is done with a long pole shod with a steel point, and drawn by oxen, for the nature of the soil and its products does not allow of the use of the modern plough. Apart from the impracticability of turning the soil of a hillside with a modern plough and horses, the alfalfa fields would only suffer by a change from the old to the new system, because the surface requires to be wounded only, so as not to injure the root of the alfalfa, which, once planted, remains for good in the ground. Thus, when a wheat field has been cropped, alfalfa shoots quickly over the stubble, changing in a few days the yellow color of the field into a beautiful green. The cutting of wheat or barley is, for the same reasons, deemed far more profitable with the old-fashioned scythe than with modern machinery, though this has been introduced in certain places. That horse-thrashed grain is superior to machine-thrashed is again another established fact. At twelve o'clock the bell at the farm sounds for dinner, and at six the day's work is considered over in the field.

The *arrieros*, or muleteers, lead a somewhat wandering life, passing the least part of the time at home, and the greater part on the road or abroad. At home, the mules are kept in the spacious *corral*, or enclosure for animals, formed by adobe walls about five feet high, and the rear walls of the buildings. When the troop has to depart for the market place, railroad station, or port, the muleteers are up at early dawn, lassoing the animals and fastening the *aparejos*, or freight cushions, on their back. They then are led to the main yard, upon which the warehouse opens, and here the *cargo* or freight is put

on them. It is quite a treat to behold this operation going on, for the smartness and exhibition of sinew with which the Chilean muleteer performs, cannot be excelled by muleteers of other nationalities. In order not to lose time by the mule's natural habit of avoiding him, and restlessness while undergoing the loading operation, the muleteer throws his *poncho* over the head of the animal, blindfolding him, which has the effect of making him stand with his head down, and without stirring. As fast as the mules are loaded they are started off on the road, with the bell-mare leading ahead, the animals perfectly knowing the road the coast over. And one by one the muleteers, too, depart; and last of all, the *capataz*, or headman of the troop, who lingers to the last, receiving the last instructions from the administrator.

The nearing of a mule troop on the road is always announced by a heavy dust-cloud rising before the traveler, and soon heralded by the sound of the leader's bell and the shouts of the muleteers. The mules follow the mare, loose, and the men close up in the rear. Now and then it happens that a *cargo* becomes loose. No sooner is it noticed than one of the muleteers is alongside the mule of this *cargo*, and in the twinkling of an eye he is off his animal (which ceases its walk at the same time), and striding hurriedly along with the awkward stride of a man almost continually in the saddle—his hide-covered legs being bowed to the shape of it—and the immense wheels of his spurs clattering and dragging along the ground, he comes up with his *poncho* on his arm to the mule in question, which, aware of his approach by side glances, and as if knowing that there is something wrong with the load, and wishing to get it right again, halts upon the man's summons, and awaits his arrival, patiently suffering itself to be blindfolded with the *poncho* and tightened up anew.

The *vaqueros*, or mounted herdsmen, are the real horsemen of Chile. They hold their sway in the corrals, the fields of alfalfa at the home-farm, and the grazing of the *estancias* abroad. They attend to the sad-

dle-horses for the special service of the establishment, or the oxen fattened for the market, and to the animals kept in the *estancias*, breed-animals especially, cattle and horses. These *estancia* horses, in droves, are brought to the farm to thrash the grain in the season, if horse-thrashing is used. Each year there is a *rodeo* on an *estancia*, when the animals on the hills are driven down to a convenient locality on the ranch, serving as head-quarters of the herdsmen in charge, to be branded and marked. The farmer often helps in person, and perhaps takes his family along to pass the days, nomad fashion, under a shade of dried brush with walls of the same material, in order to witness the sport going on at such occasions. The young cattle are driven from one enclosure into another, for the marking operation. A platform with shade is erected for the spectators. Thus the enclosure is converted into a sort of arena, where the *hacendado* himself, mounted upon a magnificent and well-trained prancing steed, might be observed, lasso in hand, to direct men on horse and on foot in the operation. As the cattle, one or two at a time, come in, they are lassoed in a manner that immediately throws them over, and the brand is applied to the haunch; while for the mark, a strip of hide of the forehead or throat is cut so as to overlap. There is some very great exhibition of skill in lassoing and in horsemanship, especially when a bull, who has escaped former *rodeos*, is drawn in on the arena as a finale for the day's work. He is entirely savage, having never been confined in his life; and after looking defiantly at the horsemen, he utters a low, guttural sound, paws the ground, and from the dust-cloud thus raised he rushes straight for one of the mounted men, who lets him come up close, and then by a dexterous movement, wheels his horse around, escaping the horns that were directed at him; while the bull, blind with fury, shoots past him. Learning its mistake, it again charges the same, or other foe. One of their feats is to come at full speed against the horns of the bull, and then wheel around like a top on the very spot on the hind legs of the horse as a pivot. Finally,

the animal is lassoed, and made to undergo the ordeal of the branding and marking operation. The *hacendado* himself is often as skillful a lassoer and horseman as his best *vagüero*, and does not fail to inspire respect for his capacity as such at these occasions; and as the ladies of his family are usually on the platform when the sport is carried on, it is not uncommon to see other gentlemen in the arena, lasso in hand, and caprioling on fine horses. It is especially the favorite prank to set out at break-neck speed at a wall, rein the horse in, throw him on his haunches, and in the same breath wheel him around on the spot, within an inch of the wall; or to leap a gate, or to pick up a hat whether at a stand-still or at full speed.

In point of general education, Chile is striving to attain a standing in the front rank of civilized nations. According to statistics, one child for every 27.41 inhabitants attends public school, each child costing the State an average of \$11.25 per annum; and of the entire population of the republic, one in seven can read, and one in eight can both read and write. But in the provinces of Atacama, Coquimbo, Valparaiso, and Concepcion, where the education is further advanced, one in every 3.8 can read, and one in every 4.4 can both read and write. Of governmental educational institutions, there are in Santiago the University, the National Institute (these two costing the State about \$125,000 a year), the Normal School, and the Military and Naval Academies (each of these two latter institutions able to accommodate a hundred cadets); in Valparaiso, the Naval Training School, and schools of music, painting, and sculpture; and through the country there are six *seminarios*, or schools for the education of priests (costing the State \$40,000 annually), and three colleges for the education of teachers (two of which are for women) and nine hundred ordinary schools. There are upwards of 1,300 educational institutions, to which the State contributes \$830,000 annually, and they are attended by nearly 160,000 pupils. In the provincial capitals there are *liceos*, or educational institu-

tions, where the pupils prepare for the University, or take diplomas as surveyors. These institutions are supported by local taxation, fees, and government grants. Of private educational establishments there are quite a number in the country, commercial colleges and institutes for girls and young ladies. Well-to-do people send their children to these establishments, where they can have board and lodging if required. The usual line of boarding school studies are found here—English, French, and German, and for those who desire it, music and drawing, and for girls, needle-work.

The University of Santiago grants degrees in law and medicine only. The National Institute is dedicated to the studies of agriculture, veterinarianism, geology, mineralogy, surveying, and mechanics, and grants diplomas in these sciences. The Military Academy was rather deficient in regard to modern tactics at the time the late war broke out, and the government often sent cadets who showed special promise to the Polytechnic School in Paris, to continue their studies there at the expense of the State, and to be educated for artillery and engineering officers. The academy will now, however, since the glorious result of the war, receive a considerable impulse forward; not only because progressive men have attained to high military commissions; but also because the army needs now be much stronger in its organization, and the system of defense far more extensive, than before the war. The president now in office, Don Domingo de Santa Maria, has already made a movement in the direction of founding in Santiago a military polytechnic school, based upon the same principles as that of Paris.

The training school of the naval cadets in Valparaiso has kept pace admirably with schools of its class in other countries in point of instruction in modern warfare, and has really turned out quite a number of officers of distinction. Of the senior officers many have been trained under the guidance of an English naval officer, Captain Simpson, who, after entering the Chilean service, was appointed director of the naval training school.

He was an expert sailor, kept the cadets mostly on board ship, and enforced rigid discipline; understanding, at the same time, how to win the loyalty and confidence of his subalterns. Several Chilean naval officers have served in foreign navies, where they have had a more extensive experience in sailor-craft than could possibly have been had in the home service.

A general enlightenment is perceptible through entire Chile proper. Among the farmers are many who have studied and graduated in the University, national institute, or *liceos* of the province. They are, on the whole, intelligent men. Several have been abroad, and even those who have only received the education that an ordinary public school can afford to give, have sound ideas on general topics.

Chile cultivates commercial relations with Great Britain chiefly. Its imports, amounting in 1879 to about £4,559,076, were principally cotton, woolen, and iron wares. Its exports comprise principally copper, silver, coal, wool, hides, bones, tallow, *charqui*, or jerked beef, and live stock, the value of which amounted in 1879 to about £8,531,567. Its manufactures are limited, principally coarse woolen and hempen cloths, cordage, leather, soap, charcoal, coarse wares of glass and metal, flour, cigars, beer, wines, and a brandy called *pisco*. Warm blankets and *ponchas*, and light *mantas*, are woven by the girls of the interior from the wool of sheep, guanaco, and vicuña. The great iron factory of Peña Flor turns out most excellent work.

In 1880 the revenue of Chile amounted to £3,286,000, while the expenditure was £3,075,061. The national debt in that year was £14,916,410, half of which had been contracted for the construction of railroads. Chile has about a thousand miles of track completed.

On the 18th of September, 1810, while in open rebellion against the Spanish Cortes, the Chileans organized a popular administration, succeeded the year after by a Congress, which, however, acknowledged the supremacy of the King of Spain. But in 1812 the brothers Carrera, Miguel, Juan José, and

Luis—the first of whom had served as a captain in a Spanish regiment of hussars — attempted to emancipate Chile completely from all connection with the mother country, and to found a new State with a constitution in accordance with the desires of the time. But owing to the internal disputes which arose between the *condillos*, Rosas, supported by the unselfish and brave General O'Higgins, and Miguel Carrera, supported by his brothers, the Chileans weakened themselves, and were defeated at Rancagua on the 2nd of October, 1814, though gallantly led on by O'Higgins. The battle of Rancagua was the most bloody and hard-fought battle which ever took place during the War of Independence, and it lasted not less than thirty-three hours. In this battle the extraordinary bravery of O'Higgins would have turned the scale of fortune in favor of the Chileans, if Miguel Carrera, who in the hour of trial to his country had placed himself under the banner of this political enemy, had only hurried to the rescue in due time. But the battle was lost, and the rule of Spain once more established in the country.

Meanwhile O'Higgins, who had escaped to Mendoza in Argentine, was successfully pleading the cause of his country with his host, the governor of the province, José de San Martín. This officer was destined to render Chile the most signal services. He was born of Spanish parents on the 25th of February, 1778, in the Argentine province of Entre Rios, where his father was Governor. Upon the death of his father, he, then a little child, was taken to Spain by his mother, who, when he grew older, placed him in the royal military academy in Madrid. When the Peninsular War broke out, he fought against the French, and obtained in 1811 for bravery displayed on the battlefield of Albaferas the rank of Colonel. He then made up his mind to return to the country which had been by chance his birth-place, and to proffer it his services in its struggle for freedom. In the engagements around Montevideo he began his glorious career in South America, with his cavalry regiment organized upon European princi-

ples. In Tucuman, later, he showed great capacity, and was, in 1814, appointed Governor of the province of Cayo (later divided into the provinces of Mendoza, San Juan, and San Luis), upon which it was feared that the Spanish general Osorio intended to carry out an assault from Chile. At the time O'Higgins applied for his help, in 1815, there reigned a great confusion in the Argentine Federation. Nevertheless, San Martín—inspired with enthusiasm at the idea of liberating a nation—succeeded in the noble task of encouraging the province to sacrifice itself in behalf of Chile, and thus he raised, without aid from Buenos Ayres, an excellent army numbering 4,000 soldiers, half of the number being Chilean fugitives. These he drilled in person, and then, placing himself at the head of the force, with O'Higgins as second in command, he crossed the frontier—the high ridge of the Andes—in February, 1817, and attacked the Spaniards, after a march, that, for hardships, hardly has its parallel in the annals of history—through regions several thousand feet higher than the highest mountains of Europe, where he had to brave terrible tempests, glaciers, and mighty torrents. The Spaniards, led by Marco del Ponte, were defeated at Chacabucco; and San Martín, at the head of his victorious army, made a triumphal entrance into Santiago, where he was offered the government of the new State. He, however, declined, saying that his mission was not accomplished until he had also liberated the Peruvian capital; and O'Higgins, his staunch coadjutor, was then declared Supreme Director of Chile.

The independence of Chile was proclaimed on February 12th, 1818, and finally secured by the decisive victory gained at Maipú, over the Spanish forces under Ordoñez, on the 5th of the following April. An officer who had been in the Napoleonic wars, declared that he had never seen a more bloody encounter. It lasted, however, only a few hours. The Spanish General, Ordoñez, and several officers were taken prisoners; while 2,000 Spanish soldiers were slain on the field of battle.

San Martin now began to equip and collect, with the aid of the new Chilean government, a naval and army force with which to depart on his intended campaign against the Spaniards in Perú. Eight ships and sixteen transports were finally collected in the harbor of Valparaíso, and the command of these was intrusted to Admiral Lord Archibald Cochrane; and with four thousand one hundred men, and arms and ammunition for fifteen thousand, the gallant San Martin embarked and set sail for the field of his ambition in September, 1820. San Martin died in 1850 in Perú.

The government of General Don Bernardo O'Higgins proved, in many respects, beneficial to the new State. He encouraged immigration from Europe; opened the ports of the country so long closed up by the Spaniards to foreign commerce and trade, and took many important steps to further internal affairs. He ruled with a severity that made him many enemies; and he was accused of abusing the dictatorial power with which he was invested. He adopted strong measures to crush his political enemies, foremost among whom were the brothers Carrera, who were prosecuted and executed for grave political offenses. He became very unpopular, and was finally called upon to resign his office. This he did, handing his charge over to a provisional Government in 1823.

General Don Ramon Freire, an officer who had fought under the fallen director in all the battles of the War of the Independence, succeeded to the supreme office of State. Freire called together a legislative body for the purpose of framing a constitution for the country, but the result proved a failure. Another Assembly was then convoked in 1829, whereupon Freire surrendered his charge in favor of Pinto, who divided Chile into four confederate States.

This new arrangement caused a civil war, during which several leaders rose to supreme power, until in 1830 it fell into the hands of the conservatives. The liberals then rose in arms under General Freire, but were defeated, after a few months' struggle, at Lircay,

where their leader was taken prisoner. Freire was banished, while General Don Joaquin Prieto, the leader of the victorious party, was elected President on the 17th of September, 1831, with the ambitious and able Don Diego Portales as Vice-President. A new Constitution was framed and adopted in 1833. It invested the executive with extensive power.

In 1836, General Freire attempted to raise another revolution in favor of the liberals, and with this view hired two vessels in Perú, in which he embarked for Chiloe, where he intended to organize his base of operations. But news of his enterprise had leaked out; and on landing on the island he was arrested and banished once more from the country. He was permitted to return, however, after a lapse of time, and lived the rest of his life retired from politics. He died in 1851.

When General Prieto's time expired in 1836, he was elected again for the following term of five years. In 1837 he sent an army to Perú, to reinstate Gamarra as President in Perú. That general had been defeated by the Bolivian President, General Santa Cruz. The Chileans routed the united Peruvian and Bolivian troops under Santa Cruz, on the 20th of January, 1839, and gained their point.¹ Meanwhile Portales had been assassinated in a mutiny in June, 1837. With the exception of the military movement in Perú, no other took place under the administration of Prieto, who devoted himself to regulating the internal affairs of the country, in which task he was energetically supported by good counsellors.

General Prieto's happy administration of ten years was followed by the administration of General Búlnes in 1841. Búlnes made new commercial treaties with foreign powers, and obtained the recognition of the republic of Chile by Spain in 1844. He ruled ten years like his predecessor, and was succeeded as president by his former minister Montt.

The united conservatives and radicals twice caused revolutions to break out under this president. The last revolutions took

¹ See OVERLAND MONTHLY for June, 1884, page 633.

place in 1859. These, however, disturbed the public peace only for a few months. Montt, in spite of these annoyances, continued the policy of moderate advancement he had adopted, with energy and good sense—perhaps at times with some severity—although for the good of the country. He regulated the finances, the administration of justice, and the Commercial Code; and put forth a new Civil Code, modelled after the Code which the Venezuelan jurist, Don Andres Bello, a man of rare intellect and integrity, published for the benefit of the South American States. During his double term, Montt was invested with dictatorial power whenever circumstances made it necessary.

He was succeeded in 1861 by Perez. This President belonged, like his predecessor, to the Liberals. He advanced and enlarged the public educational system, had railroads constructed, roads opened, and public edifices erected. He introduced the decimal system in measure and weight, and passed a law that granted tolerance as to religion, with the view of increasing immigration. He neglected nothing that might serve to build up the power and wealth of the nation. From 1862 to 1869 he carried on war with the Araucanians with good success. Their commander was a Frenchman, who had usurped the dignity of king among them, under the name of Oralie I. The existence of the settler in the southern territories and on the coast of Patagonia, was secured by these wars. President Perez adhered warmly to the so-called Monroe doctrine, which claims the complete independence of America from interference in its affairs by European powers; that American questions must be determined exclusively by a common Congress; and he protested, therefore, most energetically against the expedition of the French to Mexico. During the rule of this President arose the question as to limits between Chile and Bolivia, but the matter was settled then by the treaty of August 10th, 1866.

Perez was succeeded in 1871 by Don Federico Errazuris (LL. D.). Bolivia having failed, ever since the treaty on the limit

question, to act up to its spirit, Errazuris, in order to preserve peace, adopted the policy of meeting Bolivia's further demands, and signed a treaty with her to that effect on the 6th of December, 1872. But being a man of keen apprehension and great foresight, he saw the cloud which hovered above the northern horizon, and strove to see his country prepared for any emergency. Bolivia and Perú, though naturally opposed to one another, had one interest in common—an revenue derived from the nitre fields—and an alliance between the two to gain certain aims at the expense of Chile was not impossible. Perú had lately added two powerful iron-clads to its otherwise small naval force, and Errazuris, aware of the necessity of bringing Chile's navy up to the standard of the Peruvian, ordered constructed in England the iron-clads Blanco Encalada and Cochran. On the 6th of August, 1874, a third treaty in regard to the limit question was granted Bolivia by Chile, in order to preserve peace.

After a wise though severe rule, Errazuris, when his term expired in 1876, was succeeded by Don Anibal Pinto (LL. D.). It was under the rule of this President that Chile, having exhausted the last drop of its patience with Bolivia, who had violated her third treaty as well as her former ones, at last broke off friendly relations with her northern neighbor, and on the 14th of February, 1879, occupied the territory which she had surrendered claim to upon conditions which were never kept, thus bringing the limit question back to its original standing. The rupture between Chile and Bolivia involved Perú in the ensuing conflict; for as there existed a secret treaty, offensive and defensive, between Perú and Bolivia, signed on the 6th of February, 1873, and shortly before both republics entered upon a policy which principally extended Chilean interests in the nitre fields, Bolivia was called upon by Perú to stand by her, to brave the consequences of their mutual policy. The hostilities between Chile and Bolivia opened with the occupation of Antofagasta, on the Bolivian coast, on the 14th of February, while Perú formally declared war on the 5th of April, 1879.

The present Constitution of Chile is the same that was framed in 1830, and promulgated in 1833. It vests the supreme power in a president, elected directly for the term of five years, with the privilege of being reelected. Of the six presidents who have ruled Chile between 1830 and the accession of the present president, Don Domingo de Santa Maria (LL.D.), 1881, four were reelected, thus serving a term of ten years each. The president appoints his own council, a body of fifteen, the members of which can be removed and others substituted at his will. The legislature consists of a senate of thirty-seven members, one representative for each province, elected for the term of six years, and a congress or chamber of deputies, of one representative for each 20,000 inhabitants, elected for the term of three years. Suffrage is limited to persons who can read and write, who are twenty-one years old if married, and twenty-five years old if unmarried, registered, and qualified as high income taxpayers. Thus, the privilege of voting is limited to the wealthy. This explains why the number of ballots thrown for presidents always are so very few in proportion to the number of inhabitants in the country, being properly but a little more than one to each fifty. And as the greater portion of the voters hold offices dependent on the president, the electors can easily be controlled by the government. Chile is thus, in fact, an oligarchy, though in name a republic. No government on record under the name of republic ever possessed more power than the Chilean. The president can, if energetic

and so disposed, wield absolute authority, and ignore public opinion. And yet, this feature in the governmental policy of Chile serves to maintain a degree of peace unparalleled not merely in countries inhabited by kindred races, but in almost any commonwealth of the civilized world; and has, I am bound to say, at the same time served to promptly promote the interests of the people, the development of the country, and the aggrandizement of the State. Thus, the adoption of a constitution placing immense power in the hands of the supreme magistrate of the State has proved a veritable blessing to the country. That this is the case speaks most highly to the credit of the leading class in Chile, not alone as regards integrity, but as to the ability to produce able statesmen. And in view of the fact that the warm patriotic feeling so strongly rooted in the Chilean public has its very origin in the *esprit de corps* of the political class, we may conjecture that though the president might dictate who shall be his successor, enlightenment and patriotism stand on guard, at least against the possibility of any military adventurer or vile speculator upon national revenues pushing his way upwards, either on the social or political ladder of the country, much less reaching to get the supreme power into his hands. Thus, the maxim that the character of a people reflects itself in its government, holds good in reference to Chile. In its very government is indeed reflected the nation's practical sense and love of country, of order, industry, and glory.

Holger Birkedal.

FROM MISSION PEAK TO MOUNT DESERT.

WE sat on a door-step in Alameda County, Dan and I, in the twilight, watching the stars brighten as the night darkened overhead, and planning the great things to be done when we grew up. One of us meant to sail into the open polar sea and find the lost ten tribes of Israel; the other had no manner of doubt that the secret of the Nile

was reserved for him to reveal. At last one of us said, looking at the stars gleaming through the eucalyptus boughs, that the best thing would be to write, a thousand years hence, a fifty volume subscription book of "Rambles among the Constellations." We planned the route with enthusiasm, from Sirius to Aldebaran, with a drive over the

Milky Way for a finish. But there were doubts as to the sufficiency of fifty volumes for the task; yet if these limits were exceeded, only the inhabitants of Saturn and Jupiter could be depended upon to subscribe. Then we suggested that most of the journey could be left out. "The places between the stars must be as dull as Milpitas, and the best scheme will be to spot all around on the places we like."

The first volume is not yet written; but our boyish plan of "leaving out the between places" commends itself to maturer judgment; and these notes of the way from Alameda County to Mount Desert are not to describe a journey as along a clothes-line stretched between the two places, but to "spot around among the stars" in roundabout fashion from one to the other.

Daily life on the trans-continental cars has been described by travelers until the mind recoils as one comes to the chapter in each tourist's book entitled "A Week on Wheels." But the little party of strangers who found themselves booked through from Oakland Point to Chicago, deserves a word of comment. We were seven, and the cosmopolitan element of American travel was seldom more clearly illustrated. Number one was a tall, handsome, college-bred young man, a Broadway, New York, merchant, of large means, who had been visiting his vineyards in Southern California, and was returning, full of enthusiasm concerning the future of that region. "Yes, indeed, it is the modern Garden of Hesperides. I shall have a dozen college fellows, all old Columbia boys, to settle down alongside of me. O, yes; and a few Princeton fellows to do the fighting—they are all pugnacious—and Yale men for teachers, and a Harvard man to edit our paper." Number two was a faultlessly dressed and most daintily gentle-mannered young Japanese, of good family, from an interior town, who had cleared twelve thousand dollars by some government contracts, and was on his way around the world. He had contributed notes to *The Chrysanthemum* (since unfortunately withered), and had taken a part of a course at the Tokio University. He

had met Professor Morse in Japan, and knew Japanese students who had attended Cornell, and Harvard, and Johns Hopkins. All in all, I believe he was the favorite of our party, so bright were his sayings, and so vigorous and apt the dozens of rapid sketches he made on his brown paper tablets of scenes from the window, and of famous places in Japan. "Here are my cards," he said at parting. "And you must all come and see me in my own home, and we will go junking on the Yellow Sea, and visit Seoul, if you like." Number three was a bristly defiant Englishman, a sea-captain on a vacation, and though he was tough and twisted timber, it was royal oak, every fibre, well soaked and seasoned in many a gale. Out on the platform he flared every night, and at all hours, to take weather observations, and came back with his bronze-red beard blown over his shoulders, to sit on the edge of his berth and tell sea-tales. Number four was a small, hesitant, ill-dressed, and homely man, stumbling in speech, and yet impressive, by reason of a noble simplicity: a home missionary, who had been at work for ten years in the Rocky Mountain region, chiefly in Utah, but often in Montana and Idaho. Entire devotion to his work had brought this poorly educated missionary into an atmosphere of calm endeavor that won the respect of men of the most opposite beliefs. Number five was a "globe-trotter" of a type that only the upper classes of the South can produce, educated at the University of Virginia, his father a wealthy Georgia planter. He had joined a regiment of Virginia cavalry when the war broke out, and fought desperately till the end. Then he went to Mexico, and through Central America, mined, speculated, and came to grief; worked as a day-laborer at Acapulco, found his way to Brazil, went with a British army officer to Egypt, was for a time in the service of the Khedive, under General Stone, traveled across Asia, hobnobbing with Arab sheiks and Mongol chiefs, reached San Francisco in time to make twenty thousand dollars on the first great rise of Nevada stock, and a year later was farming in Oregon. He had just returned

—this was in 1882—from a solitary prospecting tour about the Big Bend of the Columbia, and the perilous borders of British Columbia, where renegades and desperadoes from both sides of the line meet. Some of his mineral discoveries were of so much promise that a company to develop them had been formed in San Francisco and New York, and business connected with this enterprise was taking him across the continent, which he had crossed a dozen times before. Number six was a large, active, and genial man of middle age, the general passenger agent upon one of the largest of American railroads. Number seven was the Californian on his circuitous way to Mount Desert.

The seven ran things just as they chose in that car, or, to be more accurate, six of us did, for the missionary drew a line occasionally. He utterly refused to clamber out in a snowdrift when the engine paused for water at sunrise in the Rockies, and a shining bank of rosy and pallid snow lay a hundred yards distant. The rest went for it with a wild hurrah, the gentle Oriental last, too courteous to push, even in good nature; they snowballed each other; they drew half a hundred men from the other cars into the performance; up went the windows, handkerchiefs were waved, hesitatingly, at first, but now with true partisan zeal. "Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the resonant engine whistle. "Come on now; all abo-o-o-ord! who-o-op!" The trampled snow-bank was instantly deserted, except by the overcoat of a red-faced Ohioan in another car, who had hung it on a rock in order to "sufficiently wax" a tall fellow from New York, and only awoke to a realizing sense of his loss when the train was a dozen miles further east. "It isn't the coat," he confided, "but the way that New York crows over me. Though I beat him all hollow at snowballing, yet I shall have to set up the drinks all the way to Chicago."

One of the party took a snow-cake into the car, and presented it to a pretty little music teacher from San José, who had never seen snow nearer than the Coast Range foothills; and before it melted a medley of children, who had made a pandemonium of the

northwest three sections or so of the car, swooped down upon her, took possession, and held high saturnalia, even crowning their enormities by pelting the grieved, mortified, and scandalized white-chokered porter. Pandemonium is an unpleasant word, but these were boarding-house children, who knew everything except how to behave, and loved nothing except eating and jabber. I suppose they will grow up, and circulate about the fashionable watering places, and marry like unto themselves, and remain from first to last always vulgar and always tiresome.

It was chiefly because we pitied the porter so much because of the times he had with those children, and because their bediamonded mothers were so sure not to give him more than a quarter apiece, that when the Georgian said, as we neared Omaha, "I move we give our porter two-and-a-half apiece," there were five votes in favor of the proposal, and ultimately, six of the cosmopolites did wickedly unite in this extravagant proceeding. Hereafter, on the "C. P.," there is one porter whose ideal tip is two dollars and a half six times multiplied, and to whom, already, the experience, when told to his cronies, has assumed a shape like the following: "There was a dozen on 'em, California gemmen, and dey gib me twenty dollars apiece; suah, now, boss, dat's what dey did. Times ain't what dey used to was."

It seems almost as if some punishment were some day to fall upon California for having so marvelously escaped the dull, hard task of a whole generation's devotion to pioneering. Yes, I know there are rough-hewn log cabins in San Luis Obispo and Siskiyou, and a few other regions, but nowhere in all California—whose Americanization began but thirty-six years ago—is there more of rawness and poverty and unprogressiveness than I have seen in parts of Indiana, Ohio, and West Virginia. The smoky towns, vast reservoirs of coal and iron, rear their black walls on narrow shelves above the rivers; and thousands of workmen gather there, and manufactures of myriad sorts thrive in the region, and slowly men gather fortunes and found powerful families. But far up the nar-

row valleys, among the rounded hills, in sleepy rural communities, there is less of change than any one could well imagine. In the ravines of the Blue Ridge, whether in Virginia, Maryland, or Pennsylvania, one often finds a class of citizens dwelling on small and poor farms, living in the log-cabins and cheap frame houses that their ancestors built, and perfectly contented with their surroundings. I wonder in what part of California strong and able-bodied men would be seen barefooted about the railroad station as at one place in West Virginia? To say that the middle classes at the East spend less money than the same classes do in California, is a mere truism. Their only temptation to spend more is in the way of summer excursions, as these have been reduced to a science—an alluring science of wandering and loafing for weeks. The middle-class farmer in California usually lives better, wears costlier clothes, and drives much better horses than his brother of the Atlantic States does. He makes more money, handles it more recklessly, and loses it more often; but his life-time covers a range of experiences and changes twice as great as that of the Eastern farmer. And it is quite impossible for any Eastern agriculturist to understand what a single generation has done on the Pacific coast. There are some scenes in California which nothing east of the Sierras can match in the way of magnificent beginnings for a prosperous, close-welded, and highly cultured civilization. Such, for example, is the view—a mosaic of farms and orchards—from Mission Peak, in Southern Alameda County, over the central portion of that valley, so short a time ago the appanage of the Valles, the Castros, the Alvisos, and the Estudillos; or the outlook along Napa Valley from St. Helena, in the time of the vintage; or the broad *mesa* that extends eastward from Pasadena. You will look in vain in the fairest parts of the Mississippi Valley, or of the Atlantic slope from Maine to Virginia, to find closely settled rural communities like these, whose heritage of soil and climate is so rich that there is hardly any limit to the possible subdivision of the farms.

The young Californian, who has never crossed the Rockies, has unconsciously imbibed exaggerated ideas of the density of population. The close packing of humanity in large cities will somewhat surprise him; but the vast waste spaces, the forest lands, the morasses, the deserts of barrenness and granite, will surprise him a great deal more. We of California have been bowing our heads, and saying "Yes, we acknowledge that it is nearly all waste—what with our Mojave sands, our San Joaquin West side" (good enough for wheat, *this* year at least), "our lava beds and quartz ledges and slickens." But let any Californian travel from Washington to Baltimore, and take careful note how much land he sees that never has been cultivated and never can be. Let him ride through the garden countries of Maryland, and see whether the average of quality is higher than the Coast Range "foot-hill lands."

There are, in this region of Maryland, many beautiful woods, grand with autumn coloring in favorable seasons, and affording a greater variety of trees than are usually found farther north. Finer specimens of oaks, maples, beeches, hickories, chestnuts, or tulip trees, it would be difficult to find. But to a Californian, these woodlands lack luxuriance; one misses the tangles, the nooks, the deep, cool, and silent places of the Santa Cruz redwoods. It is not so much that they lack flowers; deep woods are not the places for much wealth of bloom; the real masses of flowers always linger about sunlit openings, and fringe the forest borders with color, and spread brilliantly on the treeless hillsides. It is not at all that they lack beauty; park-like for miles the pastures of the heart of Maryland extend, and within an hour's drive of Baltimore. But there is to the dweller of the Pacific a lack of the sense of *wildness*, after his redwoods, pines, balsams, and madroñas, in these groups of deciduous trees; nor will he fail to think how all this lowland would suddenly become another creation, if, in the midst of its gentle hills, Tamalpais or Cucumonga were set. They have, in the heart of Harford County, a pic-

turesque spot called Deer Creek Rocks, a ragged promontory and cliff, on whose summit enormous masses of rock are piled in a most remarkable manner. The mere impressiveness of the place, however, is not superior to that of some of the bends and bluffs of Alameda cañon, or of its tributary, Stony Brook, comparatively unvisited places in California. Indeed, the famous Anthony's Nose on the Hudson is no whit finer, even at its best, with moonlight on the broad and classic river beneath, than is that particular mountain promontory that looms above the widest lake-like portion of Alameda creek; while the Sacramento above Redding, the Trinity below Douglas, are more inspiring than any ten miles of the Hudson. The best charm of Chesapeake woods, as of classic Hudson scenery, is human and historic; and this is a charm that must strengthen and accumulate with every work of genius, every act of heroism that adds its contribution to it. The elements of this historic charm in the Hudson region are well known to literature; those of the Chesapeake, no less interesting, are hardly heard of except by students. Maryland, historically developed from the most interesting of the proprietary colonies, strikes its roots deeply in the soil of the Royalist, aristocratic England. The Palatine of the Bishop of Durham was the model for the Charter of Terra Mariæ, and the stories of the long struggles with the powers of the proprietary, with Chesapeake pirates, with Blue Ridge outlaws, with aggressive neighbor colonies, and with rival and jealous sects, through all of which Maryland gained strength, freedom, and individuality—a story of old parish records, and Maryland manors, and long buried towns, like St. Mary's and Joppa, once Baltimore's rival—is as interesting a chapter of colonial history as that of Hendrick Hudson and the patroons. For on these sunny hills, and in the fertile swales sloping to river and bay, and on such productive isles as Kent and Spesutia, the English country gentleman of the time of Shakespere dwelt, much as he did in England itself. New England, on the contrary, knit from the first in close settlements, seized

from the armory of Teutonic ideas the ancient township system, with its assembly of the freemen, and its large equality. In Maryland there were the manors of Evelinton, Great Oak, Vanticoke, Kent Fort, Susquehanna, Anne-Arundel, and many others, some of which still keep their stately names, and are hoary with traditions. Such as these are My Lady's Manor and Bohemia Manor, where the patriarchal type of society was curiously flavored with the feudal element, in that hospitable and rollicking seventeenth century. Here lord and tenants lived in almost the same relations known among the Anglo-Saxons a thousand years ago, when the greatest agrarian revolution our race has known had slowly changed the free village communities into independent communities of tenants, and the ancient judicial system had given way to private jurisdiction, subject only to the royal authority.

In all the Atlantic region, few more interesting and typical mountain regions can be found than that of the Minisink, the last fortress of the Lenni Lenapes Indians, whose gate-way was the rock-walled Delaware Water gap, where the dark and rapid river flows between Mounts Minsi and Tammany, and rounds the cliffs of Manunka Chunk. In this region, Dutch copper miners toiled long before Penn laid out Philadelphia. Nicholas Scoll, Surveyor-General, entered the region in 1730; by 1737 the famous "Walking Purchase" of eighty-six miles was made; by 1742 the ardent and fearless Moravian missionaries were at Bethlehem, and sending outposts into the wilderness. Within twenty years the American pioneers had foothold; their slender "Durham" flat boats were poled along the river, the chief link with civilization; their log cabins and school-houses were on the broad plateau where once the Minisink war-trail ran. To-day, in these September weeks, the mountain paths through rhododendron thickets are alive with color and laughter and song. It is the summer-resort of hundreds of cheerful Philadelphians. Sleepy and rural the village is—as apart from the world as the dreamiest of Mendocino logging camps—but hotels and

cottages occupy the plateau above it, and blue peaks rise over the dark emerald slopes, and skies of a rare depth of hue arch overhead; while light ships pass to and fro along the broad river, by low isles and cliffs, yellow, purple, and white with flowers of early autumn.

But if there is, in all this Atlantic realm, any region that is simply and absolutely satisfying, it lies between Rockland and Grand Menan; it looks eastward to Yarmouth and Minas basin, and the bay of terrible tides described in the geographies that were studied under the shadows of Mission Peak a score of years ago. It is better than the heart of the White Mountains, for the sight and sound of the sea are everywhere; better than the elm-shaded ridge of Portland looking down on mole and fort, broad harbor, and pine-clad islands, and ocean's expanse; for the mountains stand like giants in the waves, and fleets of fisher-boats flutter about them like moths around a flame; and the crimson sunset hangs over the peaks of purple and violet, till twilight quiets the gray sea-birds clustered on barren rocks above the storm-twisted pines. Oh! that the entrance to our Golden Gate were through such gleaming archipelagoes as these that lie between Rockland and Bar Harbor! Pillars of granite fast rooted are they, the deep sea sheer beneath their heights; clothed newly every hour with different coloring of rose, or jacinth, or amethyst, or beryl, or emerald, till none of Mr. Black's Hebridean coloring could surpass it. In fact, though all may not think so, better than Mount Desert is the way thereto.

We sail northward from Rockland, past lobster-like Islesborough, following the forgotten track of the Lord of Castine, till we reach that wild and fortified headland; thence rounding Cape Rosier, far southward, with dozens of islands seaward; then turning eastward between Sedgwick of the mainland, and Little Deer Isle, into the tortuous and island-dotted "Eggemoggin Reach," twelve miles and more from Blake's Light to Naskeag Point, each rod opening new beauties, till suddenly new groups of isles in the

blue sea and far beyond them, like a section of the northern Coast Range, intensely purple, and far more rounded and great and satisfying than one had imagined, the heights of Mount Desert's continent-like island fill the horizon. Or, we can sail east from Rockland, south of North Haven Island, and past Deer Island and Swan's Island, with isles and open sea all the way—a thousand different courses open from which to choose. And, whatever course we take, we do not miss the view—worth a trip across the continent, when, from the deck of yacht or steamer or fisher craft, we look from the island-guarded mouth of Southwest Harbor into that Norwegian fjord—Somes Sound, with mountains to the west and to the east, and abrupt cliffs and ravines, down whose precipitous sides squalls burst on careless pleasure boats. It cuts the island almost in two, and aids the multitude of other inlets to give Mount Desert a curious resemblance to many-pronged Celebes.

After we leave the mouth of Somes Sound, built on a noble cliff three hundred or so feet above the sea, near Bracy's Cove, looking forth on light house and island groups with Long Pond and Jordan Pond, and the Triads and stately Pemetic to the north, is the quiet summer home of President Eliot, of Harvard.

Politics and fashion assemble at Bar Harbor, miles away, and there steam yachts, and government vessels, and flying proas, and odd craft of all conceivable forms, lie for weeks, and one may count fifty pleasure parties out at once in sail boats, or row boats, or birch bark canoes skimming the water like midges.

A rambling and pioneer-like village clusters about the wharves, but as soon as one escapes from these shanties and crooked streets there is a fine plateau, on which the large hotels and private "cottages" are situated. Here are so-called cottages that in point of size, beauty, and costliness are nothing less than palaces. When it comes to spending two hundred thousand dollars on the grounds and summer cottage of a single family here, the days of Republican simplicity seem to have been forgotten. But peo-

ple who own no cottages here appear to have quite as good a time as those who do. The rugged and precipitous rocks, beautiful bays, sheltered coves, and strange grottos: the woods of lonely white birches, massive Norway pines, slender and fragrant cedars, trembling larches, spicy hemlocks, under whose shelter the rarest of New England flowers, ferns, and mosses hide, and whose openings are scarlet and purple with wild berries; the cataracts that foam over moss-green stains of rainbow-hung granite—these are free to every one.

Nor is there any lack of material for legendary and antiquarian interest. Henri IV. of France gave all the region from the Delaware to Quebec, to *Sieur De Monts*; but even while the grant was being made, the bold *Sir Humphrey Gilbert* raised the Cross of *St. George* over fog-wet Newfoundland, claiming all the adjacent coasts, even *De Monts's*, "*Acadie*." *Champlain*, the hardy pioneer, a bluff and manly seventeenth century "*Hervé Riel*," named the isle "*Monts Deserts*," in 1604, and passed on to his romantic wanderings in the forests of New York and Canada. *De Monts* next gave the island to a beautiful and ardent Catholic lady, *Madame Guercheville*, and she fitted out an expedition controlled by Jesuits, who landed in 1612, near what is now *Schooner's Head*, on *Mount Desert Island*; named the place "*St. Sauveur*" built cabins, and

planted grain. They soon established a colony near the mouth of *Somes Sound*, on *Cranberry Island*, and attempted to convert the Indians. Their peaceful settlement was soon after destroyed with fire and sword by *Captain Samuel Argall*, the free-booter and adventurer, afterwards deputy Governor of *Virginia* (1617-'18). Thus, about the time the *Thirty Years' War* was beginning in Germany, and the *Civil War* which ended in the siege of *La Rochelle* had begun in France, while *James I.* was locking his noblest subject in the tower, and while *Lord Verulam* was yet England's honored Chancellor, the religious colony of *St. Sauveur*, planted by men who had taken the oath of *Loyala*, had just been destroyed, and only the religious wars in Europe prevented an attempt on the part of French Jesuits to reconquer this rocky domain.

Past the site of their ancient colony, young people from Boston and Baltimore, Portland and Philadelphia, Charleston and Chicago, sail in swift catamarans and graceful yachts; far above it, on the picturesque cliff, *President Eliot's* unassuming cottage stands. It is an English and a Protestant world bounded by the purple horizon that circles the *Porcupine Islands* and *Mount Desert* and the *Coasts of Maine*, where the cruel cannons of privateersman *Argall* drove the trembling priests to the forests two hundred and fifty years ago.

LOVE'S MEANING.

I THOUGHT it meant all glad ecstatic things,
 Fond glance and touch and speech, quick blood and brain,
 And strong desire, and keen, delicious pain,
 And beauty's thrall, and strange bewilderings
 'Twixt hope and fear, like to the little stings
 The rose-thorn gives, and then the utter gain—
 Worth all my sorest striving to attain—
 Of the dear bliss long-sought possession gives.

Now with a sad, clear sight that reassures
 My often sinking soul, with longing eyes
 Averted from the path that still allures,
 Lest, seeing that for which my sore heart sighs,
 I seek my own good at the cost of yours,—
 I know at last that love means sacrifice.

Carlotta Perry.

THE PROSE AND VERSE OF R. W. EMERSON.

No one will find in Emerson's writings a System of Philosophy ; and it is a relief, to the modern mind, to be assured of that. For we have come to perceive that a system of philosophy is apt to be a system of more or less beautiful moonshine. We venerate the philosophers of the past, but we do not build on their philosophies. For these have consisted, for the most part, of logically proved conclusions, drawn from premises that no man can either affirm or deny with certainty. I do not speak of philosophy, or philosophical thought ; but of the great so-called Systems of philosophy : those magnificent attempts to explain the universe to which we pay the tribute of our astonishment and admiration, but from which we get hardly one grain of ascertained truth. In the writings of Emerson there is no attempt to explain the universe. They are made up, rather, of observations upon this corner of the universe in which we find ourselves, and upon the human life that goes on in it.

To these observations upon man and life Emerson brought a mind peculiarly clear, and unspoiled by any fevers of personal ambition, or by the fumes of passion, or the biases that a bent or a specialty are sure to bring. And he brought, too, something that is as essential to clear-seeing as a clear eye : the ardent love of truth. It was, indeed, such a devotion to truth, even in its homeliest and humblest aspects, that one might call it the love of fact. But the subjects that most interested him were not those matters of the material world, which make the staple of observations of fact in these times, and the observers of which might be supposed, from their own account of the matter, to absorb all the devotion to truth that is going. Great Men, American Civilization, Character, Education, Politics, Behavior, Love, Friendship,

Heroism, Self-Reliance, Intellect, Duty — such as these are the human topics of this prose and verse.

One of the first things that strikes us in approaching any of these topics with Emerson is that we are in the company of a mind that habitually sees both sides. And this quality has made his writings seem to some persons cold and remote from practical life. In point of fact he is one of the most practical writers to be found in our literature. No doubt for incitement to a certain sort of action—violent, blind action—it is better to have seen only one side, as we see the moon and the candidate of our party. But when a man has seen both sides, though he stops, he stops and thinks ; and the outcome of it is apt to be some deliberate and persistent course of action. To this sort of practical activity Emerson's writings are stimulant and helpful.

Every one who amounts to much is found to believe in some things in particular. That is to say, there are some things which have struck him as so remarkable and important, that they dwell in his mind, and are uppermost in his involuntary trains of thought. In crude men it is likely to be some outward and concrete thing. One man never ceases to talk of the great ox he saw in Bavaria ; another, of the beautiful woman he met on the steamer. With a deeper man it is some cluster of abstract convictions. With Emerson it was a group of truths concerning human nature and human society, so vital, yet so commonly overlooked or misprized among us, that they may well be pointed out again and again.

For example,—the existence, and the value, of a natural aristocracy. When Mr. Matthew Arnold lately dwelt upon it before us, people did not mob him, for they thought they ought to think him a great man ; but they winced, and did not like him the better for his frankness. Yet Emerson saw the

¹ Emerson's Complete Works : XI Volumes. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

truth plainly enough. "The terrible aristocracy that is in nature," he exclaims in the essay on Aristocracy:

"Real people dwelling with the real, face to face undaunted: then, far down, people of taste, people dwelling in a relation, or rumor, or influence of good and fair, entertained by it, superficially touched, yet charmed by these shadows:—and, far below these, gross and thoughtless, the animal men, billows of chaos, down to the dancing and menial organizations . . . It were to dispute against the sun, to deny this difference of brain . . . I never feel that any man occupies my place, but that the reason why I do not have what I wish, is, that I want the faculty which entities."

This perception falls in with a marked characteristic of these writings throughout: their advocacy of the first-rate, in all things, as against the clamorous second-rate. And it is this, as much as any other quality, that makes them tonic and bracing for our young people. Unless our visiting neighbors from abroad are vastly mistaken in us, we are the country of the second-rate. Nothing, they affirm, is first-rate here but our bigness. Our literature is greatly disseminated, but of second grade. Our politicians are "smart," but second-rate men. Our art is promising, suggestive, but second-rate. Our music is second-rate, or worse. Our "best" (that is our fashionable) society is likewise. Our education falls short of liberal culture by the same deficiency. Everything with us is on a grand scale, is prophetic of great things, but up to the present time, when compared with the best that is or has been in the world, is second-rate. Now the attitude of many of our writers—especially in the most popular newspapers and magazines—is a sort of brazening out of this felt inferiority; a resentment of criticism upon it; a defiance of the first-rate to prove itself any better; often a flattery and truckling to what is perfectly well recognized as second-rate, as being in the majority, and therefore supposably the profitable side to be on.

But Emerson, noticeably among all our writers, has taken the other tone. His doctrine has been a recall to allegiance to the first-best in all things: to the choicest books; to the purest politics; to the highest educa-

tion; to the noblest attainment in personal character. Motives and aspirations which other writers occasionally bow to with perfunctory politeness, plainly considering them visionary and utopian, a part of that mythical system of things which is still to be respectfully deferred to before the public and despised in the drawing-room—these high motives and aspirations he honestly believes in, because he actually sees them, and because they are his own.

This loyalty of his to the first-rate has not tended to increase his popularity, especially as it implies a vivid perception and plain-spoken characterization of the second-rate. He has not scrupled to mention the existence of that type of person "with whom the only intercourse you could have was to buy what he had to sell."

"'Tis certain, that our civilization is not yet complete; it has not ended, nor given sign of ending in a hero. 'Tis a wild democracy, the riot of mediocrities and dishonesties and fudges. . . . We have much to learn, much to correct,—a great deal of lying vanity. The spread eagle must fold his foolish wings and be less of a peacock."

He has not pretended to be proud that so many of our "masses" can read and write, when there are so few who can do more than that.

"Here that same great body has arrived at a sloven plenty,—ham and corn-cakes, tight roof and coals have been attained; an unbuttoned comfort, not clean, not thoughtful, far from polished, without dignity in his repose—"

Yet observe, he sees both sides, and the sentence goes on,—

"Honest and kind for the most part, understanding his own rights and stiff to maintain them, and disposed to give his children a better education than he received."

It is with no aristocrat's scorn that he recognizes this existence of the plebeians. It is rather with pity for their condition, and hope of its betterment. It is one thing to thank God we are not as other men are, and quite a different thing to pray God—and in hope, not despair of it—that other men may some day be better than we.

It is one of the traits that mark his writings as distinctly American, this hopeful-

ness. Even of American politics he does not despair, bad as he perceives them to be :

"No measure is attempted for itself, but the opinion of the people is courted in the first place, and the measures are perfunctorily carried through as secondary. *We do not choose our own candidate, no, nor any other man's first choice,—but only the available candidate, whom, perhaps, no man loves.* . . . The country is governed in bar-rooms, and in the mind of bar-rooms. The low can best win the low, and each aspirant for power vies with his rival which can stoop the lowest, and depart widest from himself."

He has hope, because of what Mr. Arnold has called "the remnant."

"Whilst each cabal urges its candidate, and at last brings, with cheers and street demonstrations, men whose names are a knell to all hope of progress, the good and wise are hidden in their active retirements. . . . We know, all over this country, men of integrity, capable of action and of affairs, with the deepest sympathy for all that concerns the public, mortified by the national disgrace, and quite capable of any sacrifice except of their honor."

And besides,

"Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own ; the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral which knows the way, and has the force to draw men and states and planets to their good."

We have called this hopefulness a trait of American literature. There are two other qualities of Emerson's writings, also characteristic of our literature : a kind of clear-headed honesty, and genuine humour. In his "English Traits" we were revenged beforehand for any biting truths that our friendly visitor lately told us, for Emerson did not hesitate to say what he saw in the mother country. "The English"—he is speaking of the established church—

"cling to the last rag of form, and are dreadfully given to cant. . . . The fanaticism and hypocrisy create satire. Punch finds an inexhaustible material. . . . The church, at this moment, is much to be pitied. She has nothing left but possession. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman and reads fatal interrogations in his eyes, he has no resource but to take wine with him."

Yet there is no cynicism in the American critic's keen-sightedness. There was not the least of a shrew about him, and so it would be a mistake to call his judgments shrewd.

They are simply honest and clear. And the "other side" is therefore never out of sight.

"If religion be the doing of all good, and for its own sake the suffering of all evil, *souffrir de tout le monde, et ne faire souffrir personne*, that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred to those of Romilly, of Clarkson, and of Florence Nightingale, and in thousands who have no fame."

It has undoubtedly done much to prevent Emerson's popularity that he early preferred to say some things which there had been a tacit agreement not to say as yet. One might assert, even, that there had been a tacit agreement not to see these things. For seeing is more largely than people think a matter of the will, or of the willingness. "My children," quotes Emerson of the grandfather who found the boys frightened in the dark, "you will never see anything worse than yourselves." It was apparently his own conviction, and he was a true Anglo-Saxon in his desire to face the precise fact, and in his conviction of the safety of declaring it.

His humorous bent can make a little game even of the Concord philosophy :

"Another reported that, at a knotty point in the discourse, a sympathizing Englishman with a squeaking voice interrupted with the question, 'Mr. Alcott, a lady near me desires to enquire whether omnipotence abnegates attribute?'"

And in his notes on Brook Farm :

"Thus Mr. Ripley told Theodore Parker, 'There is your accomplished friend —, he would hoe corn all Sunday if I would let him, but all Massachusetts could not make him do it on Monday.'"

And again :

"The ladies took cold on washing-day ; so it was ordained that the gentlemen-shepherds should wring and hang out clothes ; which they punctually did. And it would sometimes occur that when they danced in the evening, clothes-pins dropped plentifully from their pockets."

And in his account of his aunt, Mary Moody Emerson :

"If her companion were a little ambitious, and asked her opinion on books or matters on which she did not wish rude hands laid, she did not hesitate to stop the intruder with, 'How's your cat, Mrs. Tenner?'"

No one tells a humorous anecdote with more delicious appreciation than he. As of

"the Frenchman and Englishman who quarrelled. Both were unwilling to fight, but their companions put them up to it; at last it was agreed that they should fight alone, in the dark, and with pistols: the candles were put out, and the Englishman, to make sure not to hit anybody, fired up the chimney,—and brought down the Frenchman."

Emerson's style has often that flash of exaggeration which is one characteristic of American humor. Sometimes it is keen wit, as, "The Frenchman invented the ruffle; the Englishman added the shirt." He tells of his friend whose "pears grew to the size of melons, and the vines beneath them ran an eighth of a mile." You see this trait in the phrases he quotes: as Ben Jonson's, of a book that was "so rammed with life." The earth he calls a "bullet," and again "a little scrap of a planet." England has "a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon." These strong expressions are not cheap efforts to be expressive. They indicate that the thing has impressed him strongly, and he despairs of carrying this strength of impression over to another mind except by some such spontaneous freak of hyperbole.

Emerson's language is often pure dialectic Yankee; not with any humorous or burlesque intention, as in Lowell's writings, but from mere love of the plain fact, and therefore of the plainest statement of it. "Hitch" your wagon to a star,—because we actually say that: not fasten, or tie, or buckle, or hook, or infibulate, but just "hitch." He seems always to use the language of everyday speech by preference, because it is the language of everyday fact. One would say that he avoids the vocabulary, and even the constructions, of the distinctively book language, because it has so often been used "to conceal thought."

Another American characteristic in his writings is their continual practical bearing. The fact, with him, seems always to bring along with it the question, "What is to be done about it?" He would "tax whisky and rum almost to the point of prohibition." He would have the public museum in each town "relieve the private house of this charge of owning and exhibiting" great statues and pictures.

"I wish to find in my own town a library and museum which is the property of the town, where I can deposit this precious treasure, where I and my children can see it from time to time, and where it has its proper place among hundreds of such donations from other citizens, who have brought thither whatever articles they have judged to be in their nature rather a public than a private property. A collection of this kind would dignify the town, and we should love and respect our neighbors more."

He preaches drainage to the farmers, and the establishment of a professorship of books to the colleges. He was one of the first to claim for woman the rights that nearly every educated person now admits to be her due. It was he that advocated, in a lecture before President Lincoln and the Cabinet at Washington, the emancipation of the slaves as a necessary measure of war.

We have said that this employment of the homeliest speech, this flashing exaggeration of phrase, this perpetual play of humor, this honesty to the plain fact, this belief in the ultimate safety of its frank expression, and this practical bent of mind, are all American characteristics. And yet, an eminent English author took occasion lately to complain of "the Boston literature," as he called it, as not the true and long awaited American literature. It is only, it seems, "a transplanted English literature." Let us be glad it is no worse than that. What are they looking for from this country? Perhaps they are expecting the true literature of America to bellow like the buffalo, or roar like Niagara Falls. They do not know that we ourselves look at the matter of our chief treasures a little differently. There has already blossomed out, our transatlantic neighbors should be informed, that distinctively American literature which they have so long been expecting: it is full of the red man, and the vaquero, and the buffalo, and plains, and precipices, and the revolver. It is called with us "the dime novel."

Distinctively practical, honest, lucid, sane,—such is the mind that shines out from all these volumes. See, for instance, his summing up of Theodore Parker's character:—

"His commanding merit is this, that he insisted beyond all men in pulpits, that the essence of Chris-

tianity is its practical morals; it is there for use, or it is nothing; and if you combine it with sharp trading, or with ordinary city ambitions to gloze over municipal corruptions, or private intemperance, or immoral politics,—it is a hypocrisy, and the truth is not in you; and no love of religious music or of the dreams of Swedenborg, or praise of John Wesley, or of Jeremy Taylor, can save you from the Satan which you are.”

What a terrible climax in that single final word! Perhaps the clear sanity of Emerson's mind is seen as well as anywhere in the *Essay on Swedenborg*. Alive to his greatness, he is not in the least blind to his limitations; and of his works he says: “Their immense and sandy diffuseness is like the prairie or the desert, and their incongruities are like the last delirium.” Yet the great mystic is one of his “Representative Men.” This sane balance of the judgment makes his criticism valuable. As a critic, he does not follow the fashion of modern criticism in the display of acumen by showing what an author is not—as if one should describe a pear tree by proving against it the charge of not being a potato-vine (the sort of achievement that makes the reputation of many a “critic”),—but he shows us what he essentially is.

Emerson's style is against him, with the average reader. It is easy to see its faults. It is sometimes abrupt; it is often monotonous; it returns to certain tricks of phrase and construction. We tire of the “tis.” But we easily forgive any such trifles for the merit that it is never dishonest, never excessive, never empty, and never dull. The average reader finds it difficult. And the reason is not far to seek. There are two kinds of difficult style: one, that which is too abstract for the ordinary comprehension. Herbert Spencer's page, for example, would be clearer to many persons if edited with notes consisting of concrete illustrations. The other kind of difficulty in style is less common, but more insuperable: it constitutes the difficulty of all good poetry that is difficult at all. It is the excess of concreteness: the lack of abstract statement. It is, in other words, the statement of abstract truths by concrete instances.

“At Education Farm, the noblest theory of life . . . would not rake or pitch a ton of hay; it would not rub down a horse.”—“Culture with us . . . opens stately enough, but soon becomes narrower and narrower and ends in a squirrel track, and runs up a tree.” “A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors.”—“A sympathetic person is placed in the dilemma of a swimmer among drowning men, who all catch at him, and if he gives so much as a leg or a finger, they will drown him.”—“Xenophon and his Ten Thousand were quite equal to what they attempted, and did it: so equal that it was not suspected to be a grand and inimitable exploit.”—“If the king is in the palace, nobody looks at the walls.”—“Tis wonderful how soon a piano gets into a log hut on the frontier. You would think they found it under a pine stump. With it comes a Latin grammar, and one of those tow-head boys has written a hymn on Sunday.”

The difficulty of such a style is not at all in understanding the concrete instance, but in appreciating the truth which it instances. The principle is given, not with the illustration, but solely by the illustration. And it is not every one who will stop to see, or who is capable of seeing, the vast implication of it.

Moreover, this peculiarity makes his style seem more than ever disjointed. For the illustrations, indeed, are disjointed; it is only the general truths that stand in connection. Only the crests of his thought rise to the surface, and his mind strides on from crest to crest. In this way Emerson's prose is half poetry; and sometimes only the amphibious, accustomed to breathe in both elements, can easily follow him.

Emerson's range of interest and observation, to judge solely by his writings, was not of the widest. His sight was one of those lenses of the very highest power that cover but a small field. The same has been true of most great observers. Over and over again in his lectures and essays we find him uttering in different ways the same few vital truths. For example, that there is no such thing as luck: it is all cause and effect.

“Things work to their ends, not to yours, and will certainly defeat any adventurer who fights against this ordination.”—“You are a very elegant writer, but you can't write up what gravitates down.”

And that the only important question concerning a man is—not what he has, but what in himself he is.

"We pass for what we are, and we prosper or fail by what we are . . . A certain quantity of power belongs to a certain quantity of faculty. Whoever wants more power than is the legitimate attraction of his faculty, is a politician . . . Being will always seem well;—but whether I cannot contrive to seem, without the trouble of being?"—"Tis not important how the hero does this or that, but what he is. What he is will appear in every gesture and syllable."—"As we are, so we do; and as we do, so it is done to us."—"You cannot hide any secret. If the artist succor his flagging spirits by opium and wine, his work will characterize itself as the work of opium or wine."

Even one's vision is limited by his attainment, according to Emerson:

"We can only see what we are, and if we misbehave we suspect others."

And our utterance he declares to have the same limitation:

"Use what language you will, you can never say anything but what you are. . . . What I am has been secretly conveyed from me to another, whilst I was vainly making up my mind to tell him it."—"What you are stands behind you and thunders so I cannot hear what you say."

Emerson's writings, we have admitted, do not constitute a philosophy, if by that we mean a vast system of words concerning what we cannot know. He was certainly no philosopher in the sense of that admirable description of one who claimed the title: "The amount he thinks he knows, and his total inability to say what he does know, eminently fit him to be a philosopher." These writings are made up, on the contrary, of carefully observed facts, most lucidly and tersely—even abruptly, sometimes—expressed. The great philosophers have added very little to the sum of ascertained knowledge. Plato, for example, was indisputably a great philosopher. But read Plato through with note-book and pencil, and say candidly how many established truths are therein given to the world: truths on which other discovery might build,—on which civilization might build if a deluge destroyed all garnered truth but that. What is valuable in Plato is his poetry, rather than his fact. It

is equally true of the later philosophers. Some gleam of imagination, some crumb of practical ethics, some effluence of their own personality, constituted their present value to the world. As Lewes sadly and honestly confesses at the close of the chapter on Berkeley in his *History of Philosophy*: "That Berkeley was a deep and remarkable thinker must be readily conceded; and he failed, as the greatest Philosophers of all times have failed, not because he was weak, but because Philosophy was impossible. . . . One great result of his labors was the lesson he taught of the vanity of ontological speculations. He paved the way to that skepticism which yawns, gulf-like, as the terminal road of all consistent metaphysics."

If, then, Emerson is not to be counted a philosopher, he was something far more valuable than that,—an observer and declarer of most important truths concerning life and man. If we will not call it philosophy, then we need a new name for this wise common sense, speaking the plainest language, but applied to the highest concerns.

How courageous and manly his ethical doctrine:

"What is called religion effeminates and demoralizes. Such as you are, the gods themselves could not help you. Men suffer from politics, or bad neighbors, or from sickness, and they would gladly know that they were to be dismissed from the duties of life. But the wise instinct asks, 'How will death help them?' These are not dismissed when they die. . . . The weight of the universe is pressed down on the shoulders of each moral agent to hold him to his task. The only path of escape known in all the worlds of God is performance. You must do your work, before you shall be released."

Emerson's positive bent is well seen in the essay on Immortality. It hardly contains one future tense. It does not discourse of what will be, but of what is: namely, of man's present attitude toward the question; since that is the only aspect of it concerning which we have any positive knowledge.

"A conclusion, an inference, a grand augury, is ever hovering, but attempt to ground it, and the reasons are all vanishing and inadequate."

The intimate friends of Emerson's writings have sometimes been puzzled at a cer-

tain lack of appreciation of them by the public. They have not sufficiently perceived that this is only one aspect of a certain great question of this age: one that, like all epoch-questions, does not recognize itself till it is already near solution. It is the question touching the relative values of the three great fields of enquiry. When modern civilization first emerged from the dark ages, there were two of these fields opening to study: the field of physics, or matters concerning the earth; and the field of metaphysics, or matters concerning that which is beyond the earth. Now there has opened a third field, between the two—humanics, or matters concerning that which is on the earth, but not of it—man, and human life. The undervaluers of such writings as those of Emerson lie in the two extreme camps: of those who care chiefly for material facts; and of those who care chiefly for metaphysical fog. The former do not read them, because they contain no tables of millimetre measurements: the latter read them, perhaps, but hesitate to praise them, because they make no pretence of settling such questions as “whether omnipotence abnegates attribute.”

The scientific movement of this century was a revolt against language that did not stand for any definite thing. The philosophers produced imposing books, and their words were intelligible, but not comprehensible: for these represented, not conceivable ideas, but inconceivable “pseud-ideas,” as Mr. Spencer happily calls them. Their assertions could be understood, in one sense of the word, but could neither be accepted nor denied, for they connoted no distinguishable or verifiable things. On the other hand are the natural scientists, with every word, however trivial it may be, at least standing for a clearly conceivable color, form, weight, or measurement. Now, the essential quality of Emerson is that, while possessing the point of view, the predilection, the mental temperament of the scientist, while having the positive spirit, he had the human instead of the material interests. He was an observer, and a collector, not of beetles and of facts concerning them, but of facts con-

cerning human beings and life. The doubt, therefore, as to the rank and value of Emerson’s writings is only a part of the general doubt as to the relative value of knowledges. In the reaction in favor of material studies, most of the loud voices have naturally been on the side of the reactionists. They have almost persuaded us that, while a fact, set down with care and carried to a number of decimal places, concerning the length of a beetle’s wing, is scientific and of great value, a truth about human feeling, thought, passion, motive, is nothing but literature; perhaps, even, nothing but poetry; and therefore of no value but to entertain a leisure hour. We need to recover our recognition of the greater value of the truth concerning man, and of the greater value of writings that throw light on human life. These volumes of Emerson’s works, if we estimate them soberly, and without timidity before the temporary prejudice of our times, may safely be said to contain a body of observed fact, of verifiable truth, that is of great value to the world, even in comparison with the “scientific” facts that have been accumulated since they began to be written. For civilization is not steam or telephones or electric light. It is thought and conscience. The discoverer who should discover a way to get a man of the first rank nominated for the highest office, would do a thing of more practical value for this country than the discovery of any number of asteroids. The “scientific” facts help to build the house: human facts, such as these writings of Emerson give us, help to put a good and wise man in the house, and help him to live there well. Material progress has built on the material facts: on the human truth have built, just as visibly and indisputably, manly and cultured—that is to say, civilized—human lives.

It is common to give the natural sciences the credit for having brought in the modern tendency to “hug your fact”: to see, first of all, what is, as the one condition of bringing about what should be. But this is to mistake the symptom for the cause of this mental convalescence. The new spirit showed

itself in literature before it did in science. The ardor for unadulterated fact was at last so great that it included the material world. Emerson's writings furnish a good example of the healthy New England mind when it caught this new fervor for verifiable truth, and applied it toward the illumination of human being and living.

If Emerson had been a specialist he would perhaps have seen more new facts, but he would not have shown us so many old truths in such new and important relations. The view of the specialist (in the narrow and popular sense of that word) is the midge's view, as it walks on the base, then the side, then the top of the pillar, and never sees it, because it always sees it, and sees nothing else. To see things in the large and therefore in their relations to each other; to correct the illusions of perspective in getting the bird's-eye view,—this is the function of such minds. He was the reverse of a specialist: he was a generalist; and it is such that the world especially needs at present, in the wilderness of disconnected facts.

Of Emerson's poems, both the sense and the form have contributed to repel the mass of readers: the intellectuality and reserve of the one, and the complex rhythms of the other. They are not passionate, hardly emotional, poems, in the ordinary sense of the term. To many they doubtless seem austere. Having something of Shelley, in their devotion to intellectual beauty, and something of Wordsworth, in their tranquil contemplative wisdom, they have something greater than either—more purely intellectual than the one, more subtly and serenely wise than the other. After reading the second-rate popular poets, as we open Emerson's volume and read or recall these poems of his from page to page, it is like the breath of a clear, starlit evening after coming out of a bad but crowded concert, or a fashionable church. There is no voice of personal sorrow in them; no weak regret; no agonies or lurid fires. If he sings of the passion of love, it is not as the boys and girls like to hear it sung:

"Ah, not to me those dreams belong!
A better voice peals through my song."

And who can gainsay its manly beauty and wisdom?

"Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First shadow of surmise,
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

"Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

There is no other New England poet that has described her summer and winter graces with so delicate and truthful a pencil as Emerson:

"Firm-braced, I sought my ancient woods,
Struggling through the drifted roads;
The whited desert knew me not,
Snow-ridges marked each darling spot.
Eldest mason, Frost, had piled
Swift cathedrals in the wild;
The piny hosts were sheeted ghosts
In the starlit minster aisled.

* * * * *

But soft! a sultry morning breaks;
The ground-pines wash their rusty green,
The maple-tops their crimson tint,
On the soft path each track is seen,
The girl's foot leaves its neater print.
The pebble, loosened from the frost,
Asks of the urchin to be tost.
The fresh ground loves his top and ball,
The air rings jocund to his call,
The brimming brook invites a leap,
He dives the hollow, climbs the steep.

* * * * *

When trellised grapes their flowers unmask,
And the new-born tendrils twine,
The old wine darkling in the cask
Feels the bloom on the living vine,
And bursts the hoops at hint of spring."

The experiences fully told in these poems are limited in their range. But the experiences intimated are varied in proportion to the scope of the reader. They are very full between the lines. Reserved as they are,

these are very human poems, and reveal one who has both *gelebt* and *geliebt* :

“Leave me, Fear, thy throbs are base,
Trembling for the body’s sake :
Come, Love ! who dost the spirit raise
Because for others thou dost wake.
O, it is beautiful in death
To hide the shame of nature’s end
In sweet and wary serving of a friend.”

“Daughters of Time, the hypocritic days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdom, stars, and sky that holds them
all.
I, in my pleaded garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.”

As to Emerson’s rhythm, which seems to many persons so rugged, the mistake has been in supposing that he wrote thus from inability to write ordinary melodious verse. Unquestionably he wrote such rhythm simply because he preferred its richer music to the regular sing-song which pleases untrained ears. That he could write in perfectly flowing melody is evident from many poems :

“O, tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire ;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.”

“The hand that rounded Peter’s dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity.
He builded better than he knew ;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.”

In very many meters he has abundantly shown that it was easy for him to write melodiously, from the lightest iambic and trochaic to blank verse :

“Or only a flashing sunbeam
In at the window-pane ;
Or music pours on mortals
Its beautiful disdain.”

“To crowded halls, to court and street ;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet ;
To those who go, and those who come ;
Good-bye, proud world ! I’m going home.”

“Or listening to the laughter of the loon ;
Or, in the evening twilight’s latest red,
Beholding the procession of the pines.”

It is no doubt especially difficult for English critics to realize to what a fatal facility in verse-making this continent has come, insomuch that we tire of mere monotonous melody. Any newspaper will furnish examples of it, even in the advertising department. The cultured ear of a poet like Emerson demands a more complex music ; as the musician who is weary of Mozart turns to Wagner. It is not to be doubted for a moment that Emerson could easily have made all his verse as smooth as that just quoted ; any more than it is to be doubted that Browning could write melodiously, after “Evelyn Hope” ; or Clough, after “*Qua Cursum Ventus*” ; or Matthew Arnold, after “Calais Sands,” and “On the Rhine.” But what musician does not prefer the complex, surf-beating music, as of an Ocean Symphony, of Arnold’s “Dover Beach” ? But the majority will never like it, nor will they like the rhythm of Emerson’s best poems ; any sooner than they will prefer the Rhine Nymph’s Song, or Chopin’s Nocturnes, to “Auld Lang Syne.”

Whether it be for their wild, sweet beauty of rhythm, or for their freshness and purity of sense, it would be difficult to find any other poetry, unless it be in the Greek, or some of Shakspeare’s sonnets, or certain strains from Matthew Arnold, that so blend in with pine song and brook song, and the wind on mountain tops, as these poems of Emerson.

Who, then, will read and enjoy these volumes of the prose and verse of Emerson ? Not he who is still looking for a system of philosophy, woven out of the cob-webs of logic, that shall pretend to expound “the riddle of the painful earth” ; nor he who cares only for the processes of brute nature ; but rather those fewer persons who are already disposed to believe that we shall never get wisdom from gazing up into the fog, or down into the sand, but from looking around us on human life, trying with cheerful courage to see what is the precise fact of our con-

dition, and what is the nearest duty to be done.

It is a mistake to call Emerson a "seer." The word has been too much associated with illusion and shams. It has been taken to imply an ability to see in the dark, which in these times we are not inclined to believe in. His writings are no oracles. The Concord Philosophers have missed him as far on one side as the Philistines have on the other. His memory should not stand in the figure

of a preposterous idol, with its head illumined—and concealed—in a halo of misty adoration; nor of a fanciful super-earthly dreamer: but of a scholarly New England gentleman, who saw a certain few momentous truths very clearly, felt them very deeply, and expressed them with peculiar beauty and force; indeed, with such a finished perfection of form as will ensure their permanent place among the world's choicest literary treasures.

E. R. Sill.

ETC.

It is much urged that our quadrennial turmoil over the Presidency, and our various other periodic turmoils of the sort, are great educating influences. The way to learn to do a thing is to take hold and do it; and by having their own government put into their hands, people learn self-government. How, indeed, did the Germanic races acquire that genius for government that no other of the Aryan families possesses, if not because they alone picked up and persevered in the practice of town-meetings? for it is hardly supposable that they knew any more about government than did Kelt or Slav when they were all together in the Asiatic birth-land. Indeed, there are not wanting sanguine prophets who believe that if the Kelts or Slavs were to be put off by themselves somewhere, without an authority over them, and set to governing themselves, they would, in course of time, develop a stable popular government. That may or may not be; it is quite conceivable that, left to themselves, they would inevitably develop any popular government into an oligarchy of force or fraud, or a despotism, and like it all the better; but in any event, the general proposition is certain that by self-government a race learns to govern itself. Nevertheless, we by no means go with our good friends who see in these frequent elections a means of education in government. And this for the reason that in all the operations of our political system there are few to be found that involve so little self-government as the election of a president. The citizens of New England, in town-meeting assembled, have a say on all matters considered, and have to think over the advantages and disadvantages of them. Every man there understands very well what are the issues involved when the question is raised whether the farmer must fence his field or the dairyman restrain his cows. He knows what discomforts or law-suits have befallen through invasion of bean-fields by straying heifers, and has convictions on the subject. But when the event comes round which, of all

others in the whole circle of his activities, makes him feel himself a sovereign American citizen—the presidential election—he has actually nothing to do but to find out the name of the nominee of his party, and put a ticket so inscribed into the box. The voter already educated to self-government, reads up the claims of parties and candidates, and votes accordingly; he may even write to the papers, speak in public, talk in private, explore for and lay hold of the cords that lead up to party nominations, and so take an actual part in the making of a president, great or small, according to his individual power. But the voter who is not already educated to self-government is just the one who gets no practice whatever out of the campaign, in anything but the familiar art of folding a ballot, or of parading in drill-companies variously adorned, and supplied by campaign committees with a free band. We are not speaking of the absolutely ignorant and foolish man, who is unable to discriminate as to the qualities of candidates if they lived next door to him, and would see no earthly reason why Dennis Kearney should not make a good Judge of the Supreme Court; we are speaking of the good, honest, middle-class voter, who knows perfectly well which of his neighbors is a proper person for road-master, or surveyor, or school director, what the duties of these local positions are, and what manner of man is needed for them—but who feels in these humdrum local matters not enough interest to rouse himself to do much self-governing. The presidential election, on the contrary, involves glitter and excitement, and much newspaper talk. The President has not really as much to do with the policy of the country as Congress; not as much as the Speaker of the House; yet every one knows how much fainter is public interest in the election of Congress. The largeness of the area involved, the number of the people, the conspicuousness of the position, all work on the voter's imagination, and make him feel that right here, in this quadrennial tumult, is the very pith

and core of self-government. And yet, in point of fact, the very pith and core of self-government, the corner-stone on which it has always rested, is the selection of the officers and control of the policy of your own township, ward, or school-district.

NEVERTHELESS, there is a very simple method by which presidential campaigns might become educational influences as much greater than that of township elections as the interests involved are wider and more complex. It is that the voter should make himself as well informed on the questions concerned in each campaign as he is on the pros and cons of voting for a new schoolhouse in his district. And if this easy suggestion is calculated to bring a smile to the lips of any of our readers, we feel prepared to assure them that it will not to those of others. We fear that there is a large number of very worthy citizens of this country, who have never yet made out where the humor lay in the celebrated announcement of one of our leading legislators, that he had spent two weeks studying the question of finance, and was prepared to speak with authority. How many of our citizens who are prepared to speak with authority on the tariff question, for instance, have ever read one word on the subject save in newspaper articles? There are as many worthy citizens professing a conviction on the subject, who have never read more than an occasional newspaper jeer about it, as there are people who suppose they know what Darwin's theories were—nay, more, who form opinions on them—without having ever listened to a lecture on the subject, read an article or text-book resumé, much less a page in any of Mr. Darwin's books—absolutely nothing but newspaper jokes or chance allusions. We have heard an intelligent woman, for instance, protesting against Mr. Darwin's habit—well known, she assumed—of jumping to conclusions without evidence; of tending to theory to the neglect of investigation; of asserting with dogmatic certainty the slightest conjectures. Any reader of Emerson, again, has heard people talk about his doctrine with confidence, on the strength of a conception picked up from newspaper burlesques of a style of speech for which, perhaps, Mr. Alcott is more responsible than any one else. It is safe to say that not only have the victims of these floating conceptions never once read one page of a competent economist, or of Darwin, or of Emerson; but that the creators of the conceptions, chiefly newspaper writers, have not either. Most of them are simply imitating something they saw in some other newspaper. A very few newspapers originate most of the matter other than local that fills the press of the whole country. In what vague confusion of an echo of what some one said who really *had* read the authorities (or some reproduction of them) these popular conceptions originate, it is hard to guess. But if anything we can say can recall any reader who needs such advice from vague newspaper impressions about matters on which competent authorities exist, we

shall not leave it unsaid. THE OVERLAND goes into country neighborhoods, from Siskiyou to San Diego, through Arizona, Montana, and New Mexico, to the Islands, and Japan, and British Columbia, and South America. There are young men and women in all these neighborhoods (older ones, too, but *they* are probably beyond mending), who can refute in a minute the absurd position of the evolutionist—they saw the ridiculousness of it easily, as it was stated by the "Grangeville News"; indeed, it is quite obvious that the learned professors who hold these doctrines are persons of very inferior understanding indeed. They can see through, too, in a minute, the economical fallacies of all the learned professors who have devoted years to investigations in *that* line; the article in "The Hardscrabble Bed-Rock" shows plainly that these learned persons are so hopeless ninnies that no attention need be paid to their writings. Dear sir, let us beseech you, lay it down as a bottom principle, that any argument that occurs to you upon skimming a subject, in refutation of a learned man's position, is certain to have occurred to him when he had got as far into his subject as you now are—and that point he reached ten or twenty or fifty years ago. Never dream that these points that seem so conclusive to you—so simple and so obvious that you saw them at first glance—have escaped him.

A few years ago the farmers of this State undertook, with considerable unanimity, to convince Professor Hilgard that wheat *did* turn into "cheat." They wrote a great many articles, and called the Professor's attention again, and again, and again, to certain phenomena, absolutely convincing in the matter to their minds. They assumed, with all friendliness and the most naïve certainty, that he could never have thought of *this*, or that he was surely unaware of *that*. And the Professor, with inexhaustible patience, went away back into the dim regions of memory, to that elementary period in his studies at which he *had* thought of these arguments—and showed again and again by what farther knowledge they had been proved utterly fallacious. And—to the credit of the farmers—his unwearied and inexhaustibly courteous explanations were understood, his experiments tried, and his position accepted: and they understand now not only the fact that any intelligent man who has studied vegetation for many years has observed all the ordinary phenomena they have, and that if his deductions differ from theirs, it is because he has observed a number more which they have not, and which refute their obvious-seeming conclusion; but also the method by which knowledge of such matters is obtained. But here is Juvenis, who has very positive ideas on the tariff, and intends to vote and shape his political affiliations according to them. It seems to him that the opposing view to his is too silly for a man of sound brain to think of countenancing. But when his friend who *does* hold this unaccountable folly, proposes that he should read up on the subject, and produces the books he has him-

self been going through, Juvenis is staggered; he cannot undertake such a task; the newspaper is enough for him. And yet you will find him on street-corner or ferry-boat, or in the country store, propounding his opinions on the subject as just as good as those of his reading friend. Good sir, either you should be willing to take the necessary pains for your opinion, or you should not lay claim to one. It is a free country; there is no earthly restriction to prevent your earning yourself an opinion—but there is a restriction stronger than Congresses or Czars could lay against your having one that is worth anything *without* earning it by the necessary work. Suppose these young men all over California and the territories, and wherever else THE OVERLAND reaches them, should set themselves to take no opinion affecting their action as citizens on drifting, shallow, incompetent authority, or vague impressions, but to study without shirking or preconclusion, and from competent authority, the facts of the case? There would really be self-government then.

Mount Whitney.

STERN Sentinel of Pacific's broad embrace,

Thou standest drear, and lone;

The sun's first glance falls on thy snowy face,

Thou hearest the ocean's moan;

With foreheads bared, the hills enclose thee round;

Winds woo thee o'er in storm, and zephyr sweet;

And Summer with her girdle loosely bound,

Like some fair Ruth, lies blushing at thy feet.

No bird on thy bleak summit seeks its rest,

No flower e'er blossoms on thy chilling breast.

The Nations rise, and die, and rise again,

And still thou standest lone, and drear, and cold,

Immovable, unchangeable, as when

The first-born century above thee rolled.

Thy vigil keep, Oh Mount; till on the brink

Of chaos, Time shall break his flight—

Wrapped in thy solitary grandeur, sink—

Like lost Atlantis—in thy might.

Madge Morris.

From the Dome of the San Bernardino Court House.

FACING the north, the valley stretches out to the foot of the hills about six miles distant. Between the gaunt spectres of cacti that put up their thorny palms toward the sky, little patches of red indicate good soil, and by and by, when engineers shall husband the waters of the mountain streams, the cactus will give place to the orange and citron. Just up the side of the hill, nestled in among them, is a place called Fairview, where strawberries and tomatoes grow the year round, untouched by frost.

That road, winding up the mountain like a thread, leads to a "Sanitarium," which rests at the foot of the Arrowhead, or "Spade," as it is more commonly called. It is related that in the early days, when the Mormons came here, the first elder encountered the Devil, who disputed possession. It was finally

agreed that the ownership of the valley should be settled by a game at cards. The game went on pretty evenly at first, until a lucky deal gave the Mormon the advantage, and a skillful throw decided the question. The Devil, exceedingly wroth, seized the offending card and threw it away. It struck the mountain with such force that it remains there until this day, a living witness of the truth of the story. I cannot vouch for this story, but this I do know, that the bald, bare spade stands out in bold relief, and I *believe* there is no Devil now living in the valley.

That is the Sanitarium, with its broad porch, overlooking the tiny lake margined with the dark line. That line is a pomegranate hedge, whose scarlet blossoms kiss the water's edge. Around the lake grow grasses and reeds, and fishes swarm to the surface, or hide among the reeds. The waters are quite pleasantly warm, as the lake is fed by water from boiling springs. Further up, above, are the "mud baths," where people afflicted with rheumatism wallow up to the neck in black, sticky mud. Many of them are cured, they say, but whether the mud or faith effects the cure, it is hard to say.

Imagination calls to mind the sound of mocking-birds and drumming bees, that hide in the bushes near the hotel. The air seems heavy with the sighs of winds, perfumed with ferny odors from the Sybil's Grotto, or Lover's Dell, in the dark ravines below. Every season countless picnickers drink from the cool waters that splash over the falls in that cañon at the right of the Sanitarium. To some people these mineral springs are very, very dull. In the bitterness of his soul, a patient thus described his experience: "You must get up just as you are comfortably asleep, and wishing devoutly that you had never been born, struggle into your clothes. These you must carefully arrange the night before, or you will be trying to pin your socks about your neck, and putting your feet into your new hat. Then you plunge out of the house into a bath, saving yourself only by superhuman exertions from drowning, because your sleepy head tends naturally to the bottom. You stumble out of the bath, and take a nauseous dose of water. Drink and dawdle. Dawdle more, and drink again. Repeat the dawdle, and repeat the draught. Breakfast, or rather the ghost of one. Dawdle. Dress. Dine. Dawdle again. Drink again. Do it all over again. Don't sup. Go to bed. This is your life. And while you are doing your drinking and dawdling, a melancholy organ plays the most melancholy music. And a few people elbow you, and look sickly at you, spill water over you, and try to talk to you of things you don't in the least care for."

That mountain in the east, rising above the others, lone, stern, and tempest-seamed, is Mount San Bernardino. It pictures a dreary solitude. Suns on suns have rolled away since its gray locks were lifted to the eternal sky. On its white summit the hours drop like stones, and countless phantoms from the

past throng its bleak shadows. One *feels* the silence, which is only broken by the moan of wind, and the rumbling sound of a slumbering volcano at its base.

That red-covered hill is one of the "Redlands," whose soil has been rendered fertile by the skill of the engineer. That's the "big reservoir," lying just across the cañon. Coming west, note that mass of crumbling wall. That is all that remains of St. Bernard's mission. It is impossible not to feel interested in the story all these missions tell. Here lived the poor old patriarch priests, surrounded by their flocks and herds — mildest of feudal lords — with their Indian serfs about them. Life at middle age became a kind of siesta, that dozed itself into the evening of death in an almost imperceptible manner. About them grew up the young Spanish-Californians, hard riders and tireless sportsmen, who could tame wild bulls and rob the she-bear of her whelps. There, on the plain below, they had bear-fights and bull fights, nor found any Una among the maids of their native glade to waken them to higher pleasures. There they grew fat and lazy, and lay in the sun, sombrero pulled low on the brow, smoked, and chewed "jerked beef," while the priests soaked in their own wine till the wits grew dull and woolly.

That's the Santa Anna River, running like a thread of silver over its treacherous sands. It is dark and swollen in spring, and sometimes heavy boulders roll along its bed, and crash against the wheels of passing wagons.

Away to the south lies Riverside and aristocratic Arlington. 'Tis noon, and the orange tree hangs languid in the sun; the broad banana's green banners droop shadowy; the magnolias are blooming on the avenue. Stately houses rise on each side of the streets, and, specter-like, point the conventional way to heaven. A facetious visitor likened Riverside to a well kept cemetery, and more than one has spoken with tender melancholy of its touching sameness and conventional drives. It has all the beauty of a beautiful monotony. Miles and miles of orange trees—just so many to the acre—little grass plots, a few flowers, a few white rocks, and now and then a fountain, while "all the air a solemn stillness holds." It is not a tempting home to a California sinner.

Facing the west lies the Cucamongo mountains, at whose base are the celebrated Cucamongo vineyards, where the "Angelica wine" is produced. The vines literally hug the mountain. Further on, lies Etiwanda, a "City of the Future," now a thriving, pretentious village. The blurred glass gives but a dim sight of Ontario and its Euclid avenue, electric lights, and college walls.

From the landscape's soft repose, the eye wanders back to the town of San Bernardino, where men take up life's other labors, and the cheerful scene is shifted. Murmurs of the crowd that throng round the human shambles faintly reach the ear. The street is thronged with wagons and carriages, and the busy life goes on. In that house over there a romance has just reached

its last chapter. Early last year, a couple met, and after a few meetings, loved. They were not to blame in the matter. It was a very good, honest, true kind of affection that sprang up between them, but neither of them had money, and so friends intervened, and they parted. It was a very light thing to the intervening friends, but it was death and destruction to a vast deal that was very good in both of them.

"You may love, and unlove, and forget, my dear,
Fashion and shatter the spell
Of how many loves in a life, my dear,
Ere 'one learns to love once and well."

But that unloving, after having truly and honestly loved, is a very hard thing. God help the women who are made to do it because it is inexpedient for them to do otherwise. This girl was reminded that her lover, though clever, could not place her well; that if they married, there would be many hard years to struggle through; and that when those years were past, so would be her bloom, her beauty, her fresh young capability of enjoying all charming things, which it was in her power to command. Well—the advice was taken: he is going to the bad as fast as possible; and she—is married to a man twenty-five years older than herself. *M.*

An Athlete in Venice.

O MY Canadian fleet-foot, light-foot runner—
My hero with the gold and silver medals—
My friend—companion of my walks in Venice!
When you again will watch the circling pigeons
Fly round your chimneys in the Old Dominion.
Will you not think of me and of Venezia?
How in the shadow of the campanile
We saw them feed the pigeons of San Marco;
Beneath the arches of the Doges' palace
We watched the gondolas upon the Molo;
And from the bridge—"il ponte del sospiro"—
We heaved a sigh for desolated Venice?

And I—when I shall see a young Apollo,
Or marble victor of the Olympic races—
Will say—"Aha! I know that turn of ankle,
I saw it years and years ago in Venice,
When I was young and Venice beautiful";
I'll take from out my desk a pigeon's feather,
Closing my eyes to the red dusk around me,
And all will come—piazza, piazzetta,
The column with St. Mark's, the winged lion;
And far away across the blue lagoon
The enchanted islands—yes, it was enchantment.
Ah! here am I, and here's the pigeon's feather;
But where's the boy I never saw again?—

When you across the blue Ontario waters
See the canoes dark in the sunset shadow,
And all is beautiful in the glowing color,
You then will dream of the lagoons and gondolas.
Of me, of Titian or of Salvati—
Your thoughts to me and mine to you will race:
On foot I lose, in thought I win the victory,
And I'll remember all you have forgotten.

Edmund Russell.

BOOK REVIEWS.

On the Frontier.¹

After a shorter interval than has been his custom of late years, Mr. Harte brings forth another book, this time consisting of three short stories, all of early California. It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that it is better than the last, since that is implied in saying that it is not a novel but short stories. The subjects are well distributed among the different phases of early Californian life: the place of the first story, "At the Mission of San Carmel," is, of course, among the waning Spanish and priestly surroundings; of the second, "A Blue-Grass Penelope," in San Francisco and its neighborhood, in the stock-gambling period; of the third, "Left Out on Lone Star Mountain," in the mining camps. "A Blue-Grass Penelope" is considerably the longest and most ambitious of the three; "Left Out on Lone Star Mountain" will probably be best liked by most readers. Perhaps it is somewhat more picturesque and well-rounded, but the others have more genuine character in them. It is, however, quite unnecessary to weigh them against each other, and we feel better satisfied to say simply that each is in certain points better than the other.

More to our purpose it is to note some of the general qualities of Mr. Harte's work, as year after year modifies it. He is in a curious position, one that perhaps no writer before ever found himself in. He is obliged to write solely and entirely from one period of his life and one set of scenes and people, all now remote from him, and receding farther and farther into the past of memory, while his life is among totally different and incongruous surroundings. Of California he must write—no one cares to read him otherwise. He might perhaps handle the tramps and tinkers of English lanes, the gamblers and outlaws of Glasgow, as well, but no one would care much about his stories of them. They would seem merely faint echoes of Dickens. This fact in itself shows how small the proportion of fundamental truth and human interest in Mr. Harte's stories has always been, and how much of their worth depends upon the picturesque setting which he constructed with so marvelous a skill. Obligated to draw upon a more and more distant memory to get this fascinating setting of environment, he shows himself still capable of doing it with considerable truth and beauty. The coast-line below Monterey as the fog comes in; the marsh-land about Alviso by night; the mountain in a spring rain; the manners and speech of the Spanish gentleman; the dialect of the miners—these all are, in the main, life-like, and leave a clear and lasting conception in the mind. Yet there has gone out of them a certain vigor and strength; they are not

vivid with life as of old; there appears in these externals of Californian life, as drawn from memory, a certain dimming of the sharp outlines. Little inaccuracies, too, creep in: for instance, it is quite impossible that the spring should call out in the marsh region extending back from the Alviso neighborhood in the direction of Los Gatos (for this, we take it, was the location of the Los Cuervos ranch), "a blazing landscape of poppies, broken here and there by blue lagoons of lupine, by pools of daisies, by banks of dog-roses, by broad outlying shores of dandelions, that scattered their lavish gold to the foot of the hills, where the green billows of wild oats carried it on and upwards to the darker crest of pines"—all at one and the same time; poppies, lupines, "daisies," dandelions and "dog-roses" is not a possible combination in this part of California. It is possible that the miscalling of some of the flowers has made Mr. Harte seem farther from a correct recollection of the spring flora of Santa Clara County than he really is; but in any event, we do not think he would have written that sentence twelve years ago.

A more noticeable point in these stories is that they are less daring than the most of Mr. Harte's works. They propound no new ethical theories, and contribute no illustrations to the doctrine that bad people are better than good people. The true hero of rectitude and high gentleness in the first story is not the graceless American sailor, but the venerable and ascetic padre; the heroine of the next one, made the central figure by courage and devotion, is not the guilty companion of the husband's flight, but the blameless wife, and the hero is an upright and reputable and law-abiding gentleman; and in the third, the brains and the magnanimity are chiefly the property, not of the leading gambler or rake of the camp, but of the youngest and most innocent man in it. In short, throughout these three stories, Mr. Harte approves of his good people, and shows only what he describes, in Captain Poindexter, as a "humorous tolerance" for his bad people. Whether this is merely an accidental trait of the present book, or indicates a change in Mr. Harte's ethical tastes as he grows older, we cannot say.

There are various affectations and unrealities in the stories. The Blue-Grass Penelope especially says and does some things she doubtless would not say and do in fact, and leaves undone some that she would; but you do not think of the unreality in reading on, so well does Mr. Harte always carry you along with him. And it should be added that no one can open a book from his pen without recognizing at once the hand of a man who knows how to write; and that alone is a great, and we must gloomily add, a rare, satisfaction.

Briefer Notice.

A new competitor for approval in the way of a school *History of the United States*,¹ comes from Mr. Scudder, whose "Bodley Children" should certainly recommend him as an author precisely fit for this sort of thing. The only other child's history of the subject that this can possibly come into comparison with is Colonel Higginson's, and we have given the book the attention (for the school teaching of the history of our country is certainly a most important matter) of reading both, side by side. We bring from the perusal a conviction that the ideal child's history of this country is not yet written, but that both Colonel Higginson's and Mr. Scudder's are good text-books, each having some advantages over the other. Colonel Higginson's is more entertaining, and, perhaps, better adapted for younger children; Mr. Scudder's is of more use as an introduction to constitutional history, and is really better for the political teaching of older children. It reduces war-periods to their proper importance, and raises constitutional questions to theirs. It is absurd to make children commit to memory every skirmish of the Revolution, and leave them with no comprehension of the issues involved in Jefferson's election. In short, the "perspective" of Mr. Scudder's book is more scholarly than that of any that has yet been offered the schools. Moreover, he is very candid, and just in his whole statement of the controversies over Slavery and States' rights, of the Civil War and the Reconstruction period. In his sketch of the history of tariff questions he is less satisfactory; but on the whole, for statement of the *truth* of our history, and with due regard for its importance or unimportance, it is the best school history of the country yet offered. The illustrations are likewise better and more numerous than in any other, and the book is very attractive in general make-up.—Professor Rolfe's Shakspeare editions are now followed by a volume, uniform with these, upon Tennyson's "Princess." Whether it is a forerunner of others upon the Laureate's works is not

said. It seems curious to annotate thus a living poet, and, of course the principle on which it is done must be somewhat different from that on which Shakspeare is annotated. Shakspeare notes are intended, for the most, not merely as aids to students, but also as a means of making known the results of research. The present edition of *The Princess*² has not much to offer to any one already a careful reader of Tennyson. The numerous allusions to history, literature, and the like, that sprinkle many of his poems offer the chief reason for the existence of the notes; and every teacher knows that these allusions are stumbling blocks to the young reader; indeed, there are few older readers, even among the educated and appreciative, who would come scathless through a strict examination on them. The collation of the different editions is still more an acquisition to the reader already fairly acquainted with the poem. The "critical extracts" reveal a great paucity of satisfactory comment on this poem, though Mr. Rolfe does not seem to think so. The pictures and ornamentation of the little volume are pleasing.—*Pilgrims and Shrines*³ is an account, in two volumes, of the visits of a devout Catholic lady, an American, to the various shrines of saints and martyrs in France and Italy. The descriptions are illustrated by over fifty etchings, from the sketches of the author, who is a favorite artist in the North Interior States, where her home is. The accounts of the shrines and her visits to them, and narratives of the saints they commemorate, are written with enthusiasm as a traveler, and fervent piety as a Catholic.—We receive a campaign biography of Governor Cleveland,⁴ which has more modesty and dignity than is the custom of campaign biographies. The chief part of it is devoted to the Governor's administrative action, and full extracts from the veto messages are a valuable feature. The author is a personal acquaintance of the Governor.

² *The Princess: A Medley.* By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Edited with Notes, by William J. Rolfe. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

³ *Pilgrims and Shrines.* By Eliza Allen Starr. Chicago: Union Catholic Publishing Society. 1883.

⁴ *Life and Public Services of Grover Cleveland.* By Pendleton King. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

¹ *A History of the United States of America.* For the use of schools and academies. By Horace E. Scudder. Philadelphia: J. H. Butler. Boston: William Ware & Co. 1884.

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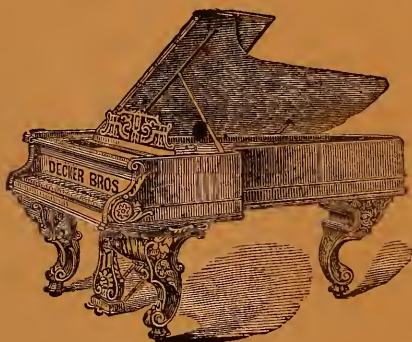
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The rapid progress of Government explorations and surveys, together with the immense immigration and consequent railroad building in our Western States and Territories, make many changes and additions imperatively necessary in any Atlas where completeness and reliability are aimed at. Nor is the Old World without its changes, all of which must be noted in a work of this kind, or it becomes of little value as a work of reference. We have been to great expense, both in money and labor, to obtain and compile the new information transferred to this edition, being determined that COLTON'S ATLAS shall continue to be, as it always has been, superior in point of completeness, accuracy, and mechanical execution to every Atlas in the country. Notwithstanding the expense incurred in issuing this edition, the price will be, as heretofore, **TWENTY DOLLARS.** Will be sent by express (not mailable) on receipt of the above amount. Address

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THE DON IN "PAUPER ALLEY."

I.

SEÑOR DON SERENO DE ORDOÑEZ Y MONTALVO places himself, his house and family, at your disposition, and if you are a lady, at your feet!

For a gentleman with so high-sounding a name to be a frequenter of "Pauper Alley" seems an anomaly; but, nevertheless, Señor Don Sereno had been literally and metaphorically an *habitué* of Pauper Alley for some time past, as a certain droopy carriage, seediness of attire, patient, worn, and rather self-distrustful look sufficiently attested.

Everybody in San Francisco knows Pauper Alley. It is a little narrow street running through from Clay to Pine, in the very heart of the banking, broking, mining, and stock-gambling community. It is, or used to be, a world in itself. During the bonanza period of which we write, one might say it was the very heart of California, for the whole State—more, the entire coast—felt its every pulsation, and became chilled or fevered, elated or depressed, in accordance with its palpitations. To the stock or mining sharp the alley was as a lump of sugar or a drop of syrup to an enterprising fly. He could be brushed away, but only to return buzzing

and biting more persistently than ever. In deed, his world was all within its narrow limits. The new San Francisco Stock Board was at one terminus of the alley, the old Board at the other, the Pacific Stock Exchange about the center; while scattered throughout its entire extent were "bucket-shops" and kindred institutions innumerable. The principal banks are all within a stone's throw. Saloons, palatial exchanges, restaurants, and lunch-houses abound. There is an assay office and metallurgical works handy, in a basement. Nearly opposite is "The Bonanza," a most luxurious saloon, while "Sam's," "Joe's," "Ben's," etc., tempt with cordial familiarity and intoxicating stimulants to both body and brain. Bootblacks innumerable line the sidewalks, if sidewalks they can be called, for the entire passage-way is tacitly surrendered to pedestrians.

During the session of the various "Boards," and especially about the hour of their close, Pauper Alley used to be an exhilarating sight. It was literally thronged—densely packed with noisy, excited, but good-humored operators; messenger-boys tearing through the crowd, breathless, as though on errands of life and death; some exasperated individual with a grievance haranguing a laughing, chaff-

ing group of listeners; somebody "tight" and belligerent entertaining another mob—half the windows of the alley open, lined with spectators to see the fun; the saloons all thronged; a dense stream of thirsty humanity endeavoring to enter, and an equally dense stream seeking to make their exit; the boot-blacks all scrubbing for their lives; their patrons enthroned, sleek, close-shaved, red-faced and jolly; for in Pauper Alley prosperity patronizes the barber, bar, and bootblack. There was a chink of gold twenty-dollar pieces; they abounded, and were thrown around with careless indifference. The music of their attrition pervaded the Alley. They were flung, with ostentatious disregard, upon the bars to pay for drinks, the change thrust into the pocket without being counted. Men stepped aside into offices and wrote checks for hundreds or thousands to carry on some "operation," scarcely deigning to fill in the stub. Groups of men studied specimens over their drinks, carried them in their pockets, and button-holed their friends in order to exhibit them. There were samples of silver and gold bearing rock everywhere: in cabinets, in the Exchanges and saloons, on the counters, in banks, and used as paper-weights in the offices of mining secretaries. There was a "boom" about everything—in men's faces, in their carriage and gait, in the crowded Boards, in the offices, in the very atmosphere; for the Comstocks were pouring out their wonderful streams of gold and silver, making and unmaking millionaires, upsetting all tradition and precedent, tempting the humblest with visions of princely wealth. Would it last? Why should it not last? Why should it ever collapse or come to an end? Were there not Arizona, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, Mexico, and the whole western half of the continent behind it? Why should there be but one Comstock? There were already a hundred, if one could believe the voice of the street, the fervor of half-crazed "insiders," and the incontrovertible evidence of the glittering "croppings."

If the truth must be told, they are a pretty hard lot in Pauper Alley; but, if they have their defects, they have also their virtues.

They do not parade a standard which they cannot live up to. No man professes much, while some at least perform more than might be expected of them. They will never fail to help a friend in need, or a fallen man—perhaps even a fallen enemy. They are generous to a fault, charitable to the failings of others. If they cannot endure prosperity, they at least bear themselves bravely in adversity. If they win, they enjoy their winnings royally—after their conception of royalty; and if they lose, they scorn to squeak or envy the winner. Every man openly announces his intention to look after himself, and he naturally expects to meet other men on the same plane. When the noble Indian sports what somebody has called "the chivalric scalp-lock," he is prepared to scalp or be scalped; it is in the fitness of things: in Pauper Alley, though they do not carry any bloody trophies at the girdle, they are certainly prepared to die like men. What business had a seedy, depressed, though still dignified looking Don in such a place? Alas! alas! was it not *Pauper Alley*, after all? Does not the moth flutter around the candle? And is there not an attraction in the chink of double eagles, even though we have none of them in our pocket?

But there was a pauper alley at home for Don Sereno, as well as in the street. In an evil hour he had left his *ranch*o, situated some two hundred miles below the frontier, and removed to San Francisco in order to educate his children. The mother and two little ones were dead, but still there were enough of the family left to make the undertaking a very serious one. There was an enormously fat aunt and two exceedingly thin aunts, two mature, lusty young women, cousins, two charming *señoritas*, his daughters—"Segundita" and "Tercerita"—and four young boys from ten years of age downward.

Mexican *ranchos* near the frontier are not exceptionally productive, and Don Sereno, though he had been Alcalde, *Administrador*, and *Prefecto*, and claimed considerable influence in Mexico, had been disappointed in obtaining further political preferment. So the family had gradually become poorer and poorer.

er, until the interesting young *señoritas*, Segundita and Tercerita, having reached the age of fifteen and sixteen, took to teaching, and being full to overflowing of all sorts of talent, particularly music; speaking English, French and Spanish with equal fluency, and performing miracles upon both guitar and piano, they managed to relieve the now pressing wants of the family, and at least kept the wolf from the door. It was beautiful to see the devotion of these tender young things. Indeed, there was much that was beautiful to see about the family, the like of which can be seen, happily, among their country-people at any moment in any place where they abide. The *Señoritas* Segundita and Tercerita, were the only producers. Doña Paula, the enormously fat aunt, and Doñas Teresa and Dorotea, the exceedingly thin aunts, kept house. One of the lusty cousins cooked and the other washed. The four boys, neatly dressed and carefully examined in their lessons by the young ladies, were started off to the public school every morning. Don Sereno, after his *desayuno* of coffee or chocolate and a biscuit, being kissed and petted and encouraged by his daughters, went off with a loving smile and a smothered sigh to his daily visit to Pauper Alley, after which the young ladies gave lessons at home or abroad, as the case might be. But poor as they were and many as there were of them, there was always room for some still poorer—first or second or third or twentieth cousins, or *comadres*, or remote relatives, or friends of the family. And no complaint was ever heard, nor was the effort considered a sacrifice, nor did the sometimes scant supply ever fail to prove elastic enough to feed all within the fold. Nor was there any loss of self-respect or abatement of dignity—why should there have been? But when Don Sereno, after kissing his daughters the customary morning adieu, entered upon the atmosphere where the music of the attrition of double eagles enlivened the street, it was but natural that he should droop a little in his carriage, and even feel somewhat of inward distrust beneath all his outward self-possession and dignity.

II.

Mr. Robert Majoribanks, a good-looking young Englishman who had lived some years in Mexico, occupied an office in Pauper Alley, up stairs, in the "Comstock Building." He was a mining secretary and accountant, and also helped his income by doing a little Spanish translating, examining titles, etc. He had studied law, and though not in regular legal practice, found his knowledge exceedingly useful upon occasion. He was a very prudent, matter-of-fact, careful young fellow, averse to speculation, rather precise, and outside of business matters a little stiff and slow. He was busy writing up some assessment rolls—for there is a more intimate connection between assessments and dividends than most people imagine—when a knock at his door caused him to look up and bid his visitor enter.

"Ah, *amigo* Don Sereno!" he said with evident pleasure, rising and shaking him by the hand warmly. "I was not aware you were in the city. I met you last at Mazatlan. How are we? and how does the world use you?"

"*Así, así*, Don Roberto, *no mas!* Relative to my health, I cannot complain; as to my fortune—well, it is good, but it is retarded. I have friends of influence constantly exerting themselves in my behalf. I receive by every mail assurances which are entitled to the utmost confidence." Here Don Sereno pulled an old and worn package of letters from his pocket. "I am expecting an appointment from Mexico"—dropping his voice to a confidential whisper and tapping his letters—"as Governor of *La Baja!* but it has been unaccountably delayed. I should have called on you before had I known you were here. I remind myself of our intimate companionship at Mazatlan. I am filled with agreeable recollections. Count on me when I receive my appointment. My house, my services, my family, shall always be subject to your command."

"A thousand thanks, Don Sereno," said his friend cordially. "I also remember our pleasant days in Sinaloa. Likewise I am

always at your service. Perhaps you could command me *now*?"

"Thank you, thank you, *amigo*; I think, indeed, I know you *can* aid me in a little matter—a project which I have in view, wherein I am convinced you can make yourself rich, while at the same time aiding me by your knowledge and experience in mining matters. I have some mines on my *ranch*o, Las Palmitas, below the frontier, and it has occurred to me that I might dispose of them by forming an incorporated company, after the manner now so prevalent here. If you will undertake the management of this matter, you can name yourself the number of shares you desire; you can nominate yourself secretary, and also one of the directors. I may receive any day the appointment of Governor of La Baja; it is merely a question of time. I shall then be able to aid the company in a multitude of ways—to grant them concessions, to concede them privileges, to advance and protect their interests, perhaps secure them the free export of silver and gold, a rebatement of all duties, possibly even the concession of a mint, if the product should justify it. The ranch is filled with minerals, but the principal veins are '*La Cuerna de la Abundancia*' and '*La Candelabra de Oro*.'"

"The 'Horn of Plenty' and the 'Golden Candelabra!'" said young Majoribanks; "those are pretty and tempting names, Don Sereno; but I regret to say I am not in the way of forming companies. I am secretary of a few well-known, established concerns; and while I do not doubt for a moment the value of your property, I should not care to present anything to my people of which I have no personal knowledge. Is there no other matter in which I can be of service to you?"

"Well, yes, *amigo*, there is," said the old gentleman, confidently. "Perhaps you could lend me a few hundred dollars, until I receive my appointment?"

Now, though Mr. Majoribanks—Mr. Robert Majoribanks—was stiff and punctual, he was far from ungenerous. As we have mentioned, he had lived in Mexico, where he

had met Don Sereno as a man of some importance, and even been indebted to him for a trifling service. He had not the slightest confidence in "The Horn of Plenty," or "The Candelabra of Gold," still less in the appointment of his friend as Governor of La Baja; but he had been kindly treated by the Mexicans, had not infrequently done them just such a personal service as that now asked of him, and had never found them forgetful of a favor when they had an opportunity of reciprocating it. Not that the money borrowed was ever returned, dollar for dollar; but some service, some concession, some privilege—of much greater value, perhaps—was given; that is, if they ever found themselves in a position to do so. In the present case he knew well enough that no opportunity of repayment was likely to occur; but obeying one of the traditions of Pauper Alley, never to refuse to help a friend in need, he walked to the safe, and taking out three hundred dollars handed it to Don Sereno, saying:

"It is with but very little, *amigo*, that I can help you at this moment, but we will at least divide. Perhaps the good will with which it is offered may bring the retarded fortune, and enable you to multiply it. No thanks—no thanks!" he said in a hasty and embarrassed way, and in manifest alarm, as Don Sereno began to wax eloquent. "When the tide turns, perhaps you may help to float my ship as I have tried to launch yours. *Adios, amigo—adios, adios*. Call in and see me sometimes when you pass the office."

When Don Sereno returned to the bosom of his family he was attired in a new suit of black broadcloth, new boots and hat. He had shed the droop of his carriage and the look of self-distrust with the discarded attire, and he could not have been more gay or confident had "The Horn of Plenty" been emptied at his feet, had it been lighted up by "The Candelabra of Gold," and an official seal, with an eagle strangling a serpent, conveyed to him the retarded appointment of Governor of La Baja. The dear little darlings, Segundita and Tercerita, embraced him in a transport of affectionate admiration,

felicitated, petted, and caressed him. The enormously fat aunt, and the exceedingly thin aunts, and the robust cousins, and the four *muchachitos*, and the remote cousins, and the *comadres* and friends, held an ovation, and they retired that night certainly the happiest family in San Francisco.

III.

It is surprising how much more power we have to convince others when we are ourselves strong and fortified within. The old gentleman in his seedy attire, with his droopy gait and self-doubting manner, was in danger of being trampled upon in Pauper Alley; but Don Sereno, in fine broadcloth, with a dashing Spanish cloak loosely but gracefully thrown over his shoulders, and an extra curl to his mustachios, was another man. Introduced by a mutual friend to Messrs. Cam & Tappet, the great mining men, as Don Sereno de Ordoñez y Montalvo, Prefecto de la Baja, and with aspirations to the governorship, he created a profound impression upon those gentlemen. They bowed as low, if not as gracefully, as the Don himself; returned courtesy for courtesy, and even made one or two quite fine speeches, though that sort of thing is not at all in their line. When the "*Cuerna de la Abundancia*" was translated into the "Horn of Plenty," and the "*Candelabra de Oro*" into the "Golden Candelabra," and Don Sereno explained that the latter was so called because it had many "*hilitos*," or branches, concentrating towards a single stem, in all of which gold was quite visible to the naked eye, and, moreover, produced a handful of specimens, which he said the children on the ranch had picked up to play with, the eyes of Messrs. Cam & Tappet became riveted with attention.

"If we were to send a party down to your ranch, the Palmitas, to visit the property, could we count upon their finding similar specimens?" they asked.

"O, certainly," said Don Sereno, "plenty of them; although we always thought more of the '*Cuerna de la Abundancia*,' which does not show free gold, and that is the vein I

should more particularly commend to your attention."

"Nothing like the stuff itself to get up a company on," said Mr. Cam; "when you can see it, there is sure to be more of it. I don't believe in the mines where you have to go through to the antipodes before they begin to pay. I think we can promise to interest some parties who will lay hold of your '*Candelabra de Oro*,' if the expert's report is favorable and we can make satisfactory arrangements."

As to the arrangements, there was no difficulty on that score. Twenty-five thousand dollars to be paid Don Sereno upon acceptance of the property; thirty-three and a third per cent of the stock, full paid upon incorporation; the Don to accompany the expert commission to visit and report; all preliminary expenses to be borne by Messrs. Cam & Tappet.

The specimens, which though soiled were very rich, and the romantic story of the children using them as playthings, did the business. A sufficient number of friends were given the privilege of entering upon "inside terms," and these gentlemen, after an interview with Don Sereno, became most ardent and enthusiastic. There was considerable discussion, however, as to the expert commission. Half the company wanted to send a scientific man, a regular graduate of a mining college—European preferred; the other half favored a thorough, hard-headed, practical man, without any frills or scientific terms which nobody could understand. The discussion upon this subject became so heated as at one time to threaten a dissolution of the enterprise in its infancy; but this menacing difficulty was finally happily compromised by sending *both*, a decision which manifestly covered every possible contingency and rendered any mistake impossible.

IV.

Don Sereno was very grateful to his friend Mr. Robert Majoribanks, or "Don Roberto" as he called him. All his good fortune could be distinctly traced to that

lucky three hundred dollars advanced in the very nick of time. Don Sereno's gratitude had been communicated to the family, and that sentiment having been planted in the bosom of the fair and ardent young *Señoritas* Segundita and Tercerita, grew apace. The generous young Englishman was enthroned, idealized, exalted, and the dear old papa was allowed no peace until he brought him home to be adored. O, Mr. Robert Majoribanks! O, "Don Roberto!" your peace of mind departed from that hour. Your cool method and exact calculation were brought to naught. Your rather formal and cold ways were thawed and broken, and re-frozen, and re-melted, and all to your distraction; and never was a precise young gentleman in such a quandary before or since.

If the truth must be told, these grateful and most affectionate young creatures came very near making love to him. Of course, there was no intention on their part to do so, or both would not have joined in the attack upon a comparatively defenceless man. That would have been a waste of energy. But the girls wanted to show their gratitude—not in our cold-blooded way, but in the ardent, southern, Spanish, inflammatory fashion. He was received as one of the family: embraced when he entered and departed with that tender, delicate, æsthetic, shy, modest, indescribable embrace, which once accorded by a charming young lady is never to be forgotten. He was ministered unto; worshiped from near and afar; had thrilling Spanish plaintive love songs sung unto him; glances shot at him which no mortal man could withstand. Besides, if he turned from the grateful, tender Segundita, in order to recover himself, he was met by the equally tender and grateful Tercerita: and so he was gone before he knew it; owned himself vanquished, and found no shame or anything to regret in the confession. The only doubt in his mind was, which had dealt the more fatal blow. He was wounded all over: to which should he surrender? from which should he plead for the final *coup de grace*?

And the young ladies? Well! they were about fifteen; innocent, ardent, and inexpe-

rienced. They had no thought but of gratitude to Don Roberto de Majoribanks. But as he was a fine-looking, pure, fair-complexioned, fresh-colored young fellow, just the type which the southern ladies most admire, it was very nice to be grateful. Still, had he been old and gray-headed they would have been equally so—though, no doubt, they realized that it was much pleasanter to be grateful to Telemachus than to Ulysses. Then, too, having no experience, they were both unconscious of the force and fatal character of their affectionate demonstrations, their tender glances, love songs, and the whole artillery of their blandishments. Long after poor Mr. Robert Majoribanks was hopelessly crippled, they were caressing him with additional fervor. Sooner or later all ladies learn to treat the vanquished with discretion; they are taught the full powers of their charms, and use them, at least, with some reasonable degree of economy. At length, it became evident even to these inexperienced young things what was the matter with "*el pobrecito* Don Roberto." But which had dealt the fatal blow? They knew no more than he did. But what could they do? They could not treat him coldly. He had done nothing to lose their gratitude, or forfeit the confidential and affectionate character of his reception. So that, at length, when all preparations were finally completed for the departure of the experts to visit the mine, and the services of Mr. Robert Majoribanks were solicited by all parties to accompany the expedition as interpreter and legal adviser, it was a relief for him to do so. "I shall be able to analyze my feelings in the desert" he said—for he, at least, knew it was a desert. As to the others, they were indifferent on the subject, provided only the precious metals were there in sufficient abundance.

V.

It has been hinted that there exist in the mining community two schools of opinion relative to expert knowledge—one "going their pile," to use the slang phrase, upon practical men, the other attaching their entire

confidence to the scientific expert. Experience seems only to confirm both parties in their convictions, and as all must have been satisfied, it is high testimony in favor of both. In the present case, as we have already intimated, a compromise was agreed upon; Mr. Emil Yungshafer, a recent graduate from Freiburg, appearing for the scientific school, and Mr. R. O. K. Sharp or "Rock Sharp," as he was familiarly called, for the practical.

Rock Sharp was a tall, strapping, curly-headed, fine-looking young Irishman of about thirty, a mine manager, and so-called "expert," with little more than his mother wit and shrewdness to depend upon. He could sink a shaft, or run a drift, or open "a stope" as well as anybody, and was as good a judge of gold quartz as the next man; but there his accomplishments ended. Being naturally very shrewd, he had made the most of his opportunities, and could be trusted to exercise sound judgment within the limits of his experience. He had made some lucky hits and some unlucky blunders, but with the address of his countrymen he had managed to turn both to equally good account. Thus his admirers were ready to back him with any number of twenty-dollar pieces, well knowing that by hook or by crook he would turn them to the best possible advantage. He was a light-hearted, gay, good-natured fellow, whom everybody liked, and for whom every one had a good word.

Yungshafer was a tall, exceedingly fair, German-student-looking young man, fresh from college and the Hartz, measuring everything by the standard of his limited experience, which should be considered after all but the threshold of mining knowledge—or for the matter of that, of any knowledge—but which many older and wiser people unnaturally accept as the acme of all learning and achievement. Having the M. E. stamped upon them, the coin is current, and shines the brighter for being fresh from the mint.

If the gentlemen composing the company of *The Candelabra de Oro*, or anybody else, had supposed the representatives of these celebrated schools of science and practice were

going to fall out, after the fashion of learned doctors in general, and thus shed either light or confusion upon the vexed question, they were destined to be greatly deceived. These two fine young fellows joined hands at once in the most cordial manner, and the other fine young fellow, the "interpreter and legal adviser," followed suit. So with the kind old Don they made a jolly party, carrying good things enough with them to defy hunger, and thirst, and the desert. They chartered a little coasting schooner from San Diego to the nearest port, if port it could be called. When they landed, they found animals and *mozos* all ready awaiting them, and reached Las Palmitas, some forty miles inland, without accident or hardship. But as to the desert, there could be no mistake about it; as for the *rancho*, that might easily have been mistaken for anything else. A cluster of stunted palms, from which it had received its name, Las Palmitas, a large, roomy, old adobe house and a corral, were all that entitled it to be considered a ranch—at least, so the superficial observer would have said. But Don Sereno pointed out that the thin, dry grass was really pasture of the most nutritious character; that the undergrowth of mesquit, *palo amarillo*, etc., was of the acacia variety, all bearing beans or fruits of some character; that the stock browsed as well as grazed, and also fed on many of the varieties of the cactus, as the spines hanging from their muzzles sufficiently attested. Be all this as it may, Don Sereno did the honors as became the lord of fifty thousand acres, more or less, and events soon proved that if the outside was unpromising there was certainly a great deal more within than appeared upon the surface.

A *mozo*, or servant, was speedily started off with a rusty old musket, which might have been a hundred years old, and a venerable ox, minus one of his horns and one of his ears, probably of about the same age; for what purpose the scientific commission were curious to inquire.

"To kill a deer," said Don Sereno.

"To kill a deer!" they all exclaimed, "with that wretched, rusty old musket! And

what part does the ox play in the performance?"

"Oh, that is a '*Sancho*'" said Don Sereno smiling. "The *mozo* uses him as a cover. The weapon does not need to be very good, or the hunter a dead shot, for Sancho understands his business and enjoys the sport. He will creep up to the deer gradually, grazing apparently in the most natural manner, and when he has approached sufficiently near, finally brace himself up, while the *mozo* takes a rest upon his shoulder or against his limb to fire the fatal shot. You shall have venison for supper to-night, gentlemen, rest assured."

And sure enough, about sundown the boy appeared with a fine, fat young buck, which old Sancho packed into camp with evident satisfaction. Another *mozo* butchered a beef neatly upon the hide, hanging the strips on a line to dry in the sun. A small boy brought in two or three hare and a bunch of quail, others some delicious *pitahayhas* of both the red and white varieties—the fruit of a species of cactus. A plentiful supply of dainties in cans and boxes was brought from the schooner, not forgetting claret and champagne, and some beer for Herr Yungshafer. Don Sereno evidently understood human nature, and fully appreciated the importance of fortifying the physical in order to sustain the intellectual man.

In the morning, after a refreshing night's rest, all started for the *Candelabra de Oro*, accompanied by two or three stalwart *mozos* bearing long steel bars, tapered and sharpened to a fine point at both ends. A half hour's work on one of the *hilitos*, and little chunks of gold-bearing rock began to appear, varying in size from an ounce to a pound or two, and later some quite rich specimens were brought to light, one or two containing more gold even than stone. By this time both Science and Practice were a little excited, and snatching the bars from the hands of the *mozos* they worked like good fellows; while Mr. Majoribanks coolly and critically looked on, as became a legal adviser. Rock Sharp puzzled over the specimens considerably, but could make nothing of them. It

was gold, of course—as to that there could be no doubt; but as he had never seen the like of the rock before him in connection with the precious metal, his practical knowledge was at fault. He had passed the limit of his narrow experience, and frankly appealed to the superior learning of his friend, Herr Yungshafer, Phil. Doc. "It is *Kalk Spat*," said the student; and *Kalk Spat* no doubt it was.

Rock Sharp's experience being at fault, and the Doctor of Philosophy's knowledge being confined within the limits of the vein matter and the "casing," which was of slate, both the experts fell back upon the gold, of which there seemed to be a reasonable abundance. Perhaps a bushel of specimens was extracted from the several *hilitos*, all handsome enough to adorn a cabinet. The scientific instruments were now brought up; the course of the vein and its several branches accurately determined; the exact latitude and longitude of the spot laid down. A small map, neatly drawn and prettily tinted, was prepared by Mr. Yungshafer, and a careful scientific and practical report drawn up, signed by the representatives of both the schools. The "*Cuerna de la Abundancia*" received little consideration, much to Don Sereno's disappointment. But then, as Messrs. Cam & Tappet had so shrewdly observed, "there's nothing like the gold itself to get up a company upon." And what was the use of prospecting in a hundred-foot vein where one could find "the color" perhaps once a day, when they had such an abundance before their eyes? So, having a sack full of specimens rich enough to make anybody's eyes twinkle, and the wine and beer being nearly exhausted, the expert commission, scientific and practical, made for the schooner, and set sail for San Diego, much elated.

VI.

Mr. Robert Majoribanks had not much confidence in the permanence of the veins of the *Kalk Spat*. He had seen something of them before in Mexico. But as he was engaged only in the capacity of legal adviser

and interpreter, and the Company had employed professors learned both in science and practice, it was clearly out of his province to express any doubts. Besides, after all, have not results throughout California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, and the entire western portion of the Continent repeatedly confused all expert knowledge, disproving the dicta, and confusing the previous experience of all men? So Mr. Majoribanks wisely and modestly held his peace and attended to his own special department, which was the examination and translation of titles, verifying the placing of the *mojoneros*, or pillars, defining the location and extent of the mines, etc., etc., all of which he found to be perfectly satisfactory.

But had he solved in the desert the delicate question relative to his affections, which had so distracted him? It is not every man so afflicted who can take refuge in a desert to seek a solution of his difficulties, or obtain direct and isolated communion with Nature, to gather from her majesty and solitude, strength and inspiration. But though the poor, distracted young fellow wandered much at night alone beneath those indescribably beautiful skies, until the penetrating eye of Science, and the still more penetrating eyes of Experience decided that he was in love, and very far gone, indeed, he could find no solution of his doubts—no balm for his wounded heart. In vain did he cry aloud to the lonely night: "Oh! is it Segundita? or is it Tercerita? Tell me, oh! tell me, ye placid stars! whisper ye incense-laden breezes!"

But on one subject he had no doubts. The Don had a mighty good thing of it. Twenty-five thousand dollars, and thirty-three and a third per cent. of the stock full paid! Surely, the three hundred dollars had brought his friend's ship to port! His father-in-law would be wealthy. And the Governorship of La Baja? No doubt the far-seeing authorities in Mexico would discover his merits by the light of the *Candelabra de Oro*. It is astonishing—the penetrating effect of the light from a golden Candelabrum of many branches. It can be compared only

to the artificial rays shed in the boudoirs of some fair lady of fashion, rose-tinted, refined, and subdued, bringing out every lovely tone, every charming outline, while throwing into delicious shadow every defect. The politicians of Mexico are an æsthetic and cultivated people. By virtue of this radiance he might become the son-in-law of a Governor—he, himself, might even reach to the dignity of Secretary of State. And he could indulge these visions with complacency, for had he not lost his heart even before the dawn of his friend's prosperity? "I have only to make up my mind," he said, "to choose between two of the loveliest and most accomplished of *Señoritas*. Resolve thee, Robert Majoribanks, it is a disgrace to thy resolution—a shame to thy manhood." "I can!—I will!—I do!"—he declared with sudden decision. "All doubt is at an end! It shall be Segundita!—no, Tercerita!—her glances kill me.—No! Segundita!—or I perish!—O! Segundita!—O! Tercerita!—Segundita! Ter-cer-i-ta! Se-gun-di-ta—Heaven help me!—help me! or I am lost!"

VII.

When the scientific commission returned to San Francisco, and the success of the projected sale and incorporation became an assured fact, there was elation and excitement in the bosom of the family of Don Sereno de Ordoñez y Montalvo; for though the Mexican and Spanish-American races can meet adversity after a manner which deprives it of half its terrors, no people in the world are better prepared to enjoy prosperity. Don Sereno was embraced, and re-embraced, petted, patted, and caressed. Indeed, his life at home during the comparatively brief period which he could spare from his now important business, was a succession of embraces: the fat aunt, the thin aunt, the robust cousins, the young señoritas, the four boys, the *compadres*, *comadres*, friends, and visitors all embracing in turn, and yielding him one to the other with reluctance. Mr. Majoribanks, who next to papa was now the light of the family, was also embraced and

re-embraced; but if the lovely young *Señoritas* Segundita and Tercerita, had only known how near he had come to making up his mind, and how each embrace undid his resolution, they would not have so distracted the worthy young man. But they did not know—they thought him more diffident, and retiring, and bashful than they had at first supposed; and being the sweetest and most sympathetic little darlings that ever lived, both sought to encourage him.

Under their altered circumstances it was but natural that the young ladies should improve their wardrobe somewhat. To tell the truth, it was difficult to improve, for the plain black in which they had always dressed was most becoming to them. They were small, but exquisitely formed, with perfect hands and feet, supple figures, creamy complexions, a classic poise of the head, and luxuriant black hair, most exquisitely arranged. It is a fiction that a Spanish lady cannot wear a hat. They do not wear hats in Mexico, or in the Spanish-American States. Segundita and Tercerita had worn them very rarely; and Mr. Robert Majoribanks, having finally made up his mind, and being fully resolved to propose to Segundita—no, Tercerita!—yes, Segundita!—found the young ladies trying on some hats. They were in a dispute as to which was the most becoming, and also as to the proper, appropriate, conventional poise and tilt with which they should be worn. They were very much elated and animated, and the little foreign accent and precision of their English speech lent additional piquancy and attractiveness to their charming manœuvres. "Don Roberto" was immediately enthroned as umpire, and the young señoritas tried on first one hat, then another, now with a knowing tilt forward, then with a still more knowing tilt on one side, then a languishing and distracting pose on the back of the head, then perched audaciously upon the very summit of the high Spanish chignon; marching around the room with changeful gait and carriage, and expression to correspond; passing and repassing Mr. Majoribanks, appealing, expostulating, posing in front of the mirror, contradicting.

"No, it is *these* way, Segundita—*mira!*—*mira!*—*lo tengo!*"

"No, it is *these* way, Tercerita—*Ah, que sombrero!* Don Roberto! *me ayuda!* . Sustain me, Don Roberto. Your taste is perfect—"

"No, sustain *me*, Don Roberto! *mira!* *mira!* Tercerita! Don Roberto!"

Now, the position of an umpire is a difficult and dangerous one at all times and in all places; but O, Mr. Robert Majoribanks! when you allowed yourself to be inveigled into that responsible office, after having so laboriously, finally, and fully made up your mind, and succeeded in discarding all doubts on the subject—your inflexible resolution changed with every hat, and every pose, and every thrilling, intoxicating, appealing glance; and no more distracted and unhappy young man ever returned to bachelor's apartments.

VIII.

The Company of the *Candelabra de Oro* having incorporated under the auspices of Messrs. Cam & Tappet, they naturally, with such a prospect before them, resolved to put up a mill. Don Sereno, being consulted, modestly recommended five stamps; but luckily, only to Messrs. Cam & Tappet, who instantly pounced on him with something very much like contempt. A five stamp mill, to work such ore!—no, indeed! The question to be considered was simply, Shall it be twenty or forty stamps? and the matter was brought before the board for discussion. Now, everybody in California is well aware that it is the mill that makes the mine. It does not require an expert or a doctor of philosophy to know that much. Inquire of your friends; examine into the records of all companies, and you will learn that if you only build a mill of sufficient proportions the mine must grow up to it. It is an immutable law of nature. Moreover, if ore yields \$50 a ton, and you crush a ton and a half to the stamp, one stamp will yield you \$75, ten stamps \$750, and twenty stamps \$1,500 per diem. $75 \times 10 = 750$, $75 \times 20 = 1,500$, and figures never lie. But for the pres-

ent, the Company of the *Candelabra de Oro* showed their prudence and experience by being contented with a mill of twenty stamps—the machinery, boilers, etc., having a capacity for forty—thus leaving room, as Messrs. Cam & Tappet put it, "for a natural and healthy growth."

The twenty-five thousand dollars and the full paid stock were promptly paid over to Don Sereno, but he was not included in the list of directors, the unlucky suggestion concerning the five stamp mill having proven that his ideas were not sufficiently progressive and American. An eminent engineer drew the plan of the mill, aided by the scientific skill of Herr Yungshafer and the experience of Mr. R. O. K. Sharp. Skilled mechanics of all kinds were engaged, and the work of building was promptly and auspiciously inaugurated. This proved to be one of the few lucky enterprises to encounter no serious obstacle, there being no storms, no frosts, no snows in that lovely climate; and as Las Palmitas had but about twenty native residents, there were but few revolutions or *pronunciamientos*, and those not of a formidable character. So, in about six or eight months, it was announced that the mill was approaching completion, and would be ready to start up in about sixty or ninety days. This being the case, the directors, like men of prudence and experience, thought it about time to open the mines, and sent down a considerable force of miners accordingly.

The prospects of the *Candelabra de Oro* being so flattering, and the stock of the company booming at a very high figure, it was somewhat of a blow to the stockholders to learn, unexpectedly, that Don Sereno de Ordoñez y Montalvo had sold out all his stock. For a moment there was quite a flutter of consternation; but remembering that he had been left out in the cold in regard to the directorship, as well as being a little snubbed in regard to his un-American, unprogressive suggestions, and knowing that all Spaniards are apt to stand upon their dignity, they attributed his retirement to pique, and the boom, after being for a moment arrested, resumed its resistless sway.

IX.

The introduction of Herr Yungshafer and Mr. R. O. K. Sharp, of the scientific commission, to the happy family of Ordoñez y Montalvo rather complicated matters. Rock Sharp, true to his nation and character, became an ardent admirer of Segundita, and Herr Yungshafer, if not quite so demonstrative, was deeply impressed by the charms of the lovely Tercerita. But both the young ladies were loyal to Mr. Robert Majoribanks, and in doubt only as to his preference.

"He is in love with Segundita," said Tercerita, "dear, sweet, little darling Segundita. She is much prettier and more loveable than I. How could I have been so blind as not to have seen it before. O, Segundita! *querida* Segundita, you shall have him; I will throw him into your arms. This very night I will make an appointment, and they shall have the parlor all to themselves."

And sweet little Segundita, quite as self-denying as her sister, cried, "Ah, dear, darling Tercerita, *querida de mi corazon*, she loves him, I know, and he adores her—who would not adore her? How beautiful they look together—he is as handsome as she is lovely. It is only for lack of opportunity that he has not declared himself long ago. How stupid is our Mexican custom of not permitting young people to be alone. But we are sufficiently American to dispense with duennas, at least in the house, and I shall see that he has his opportunity. If he were Spanish, he would speak to papa; but it is English etiquette to address the young lady first; and how can he do so, you foolish little thing, unless they are left alone together?"

So Segundita, escorted by Mr. R. O. K. Sharp, and chaperoned by one robust cousin, took to visiting in one direction; and Tercerita, escorted by Herr Yungshafer and the other robust cousin, in another.

Thus it happened that Mr. Robert Majoribanks, upon calling at the house again and again, met neither of the young ladies; and finding but poor consolation from either the enormously fat aunt or the exceedingly thin aunts, or in the affectionate demonstrations

of the boys, who were much attached to him, he took a tremendous fit of the sulks, and avoided the house altogether for an incredible space of time. Just as he had about conquered himself and felt thoroughly ashamed, he met Tercerita with Herr Yungschafer. They looked delightfully happy, and Mr. Majoribanks returned to his room in torture. "Never mind," he said at length, "if I lose Tercerita, I can throw myself at the feet of Segundita." But hardly had he recovered from the shock of meeting Tercerita and Herr Yungschafer, than in one of his lonely wanderings he overtook Segundita and Mr. R. O. K. Sharp. The expert was evidently pouring into her ear all the endless repertoire of blandishments and soft nothings, the gift of every man of his nation, and Segundita—ah, the traitress!—Segundita was listening to him. For a while despair took possession of poor Mr. Robert Majoribanks. He cast a glance of unutterable reproach upon the poor little girl, and an annihilating scowl upon the gallant young Irishman, and retreated; pursued, however, by the tearful glance of poor little Segundita.

As to Segundita, she was in despair. Later, when the family had retired, she cast herself at her sister's feet, sobbing, "O, Ter-cer-i-ta! he loves you—and oh!" sob—sob—sob—"he hates poor little Segundita." But she soon recovered herself, as her sister lavished caresses upon her; and finally fell asleep, half sobbing, while still plotting deeply, secretly, and mysteriously the most expedient method of bringing the perverse young fellow to her sister's feet.

"Marion wept. She had not blamed him;
Yet, with sullen, injured look,
He stood, tossing her few snow-drops
To the dark, half-frozen brook.
Meek she pleaded his forgiveness,
Though she ne'er had done him wrong."

Mr. Robert Majoribanks had the fortitude to shun the house for a month or more. But he was an Englishman: and it is well known that when an Englishman wants anything, he wants it very much indeed, and that if anybody else wants it, he wants it a great deal more. So he finally made up his mind

that he would propose to Tercerita, and, if refused, to Segundita. Then, if he should again fail, he would challenge both the scientist and the expert. The reproachful glances of the fair young *Señoritas* had pierced his soul, and he felt that it would be a consolation to perish at the hand of either of his rivals, if he could only fall at the feet of both the young ladies.

X.

Being suddenly called by the company of the *Candelabra de Oro* to proceed to the City of Mexico, in order to procure a patent for their valuable properties, Mr. Majoribanks resolved to know his fate before departing. "It is Segundita," he said, "after all. I know it now. Those tender glances, those eyes filled with tears as they reproached; O, what agony I have endured! but this very night shall end it."

The family had removed to an elegant mansion on Van Ness Avenue, and thither Mr. Robert Majoribanks bent his steps. He had the good fortune to find Segundita at home, and alone. She was slightly reserved, despite the affectionate welcome which she accorded him; but that only made his heart fuller of worship. She was sad and languid, he thought—but that made her still more beautiful. At his request she sang him the beautiful song, *Ay Chiniquita*, and when she faltered forth in tender accents, and with touching pathos, the line

"*Quien hay de querer a mi*
Quien hay de querer a mi."

he could contain himself no longer, but moved by a sudden and irresistible impulse, he cast himself at her feet, and seizing her hand, poured out an impassioned declaration.

"Oh! Don Roberto!" she said with tearful eyes—"Oh! Señor de Majoribanks, you are too late—I am engaged—Mr. Sharp told me that"—

"Sharp! Sharp! Rock Sharp!" said Mr. Majoribanks, starting up—"traitor!—villain! you shall pay dearly for this!"

"Señor de Majoribanks!" said Segundita in surprise, and drawing herself up with dignity—indeed, nobody could have conceived it possible that the little slender figure could have looked so dignified. "I was about to say that Mr. Sharp told me you were going to Mexico on business of importance. I have not seen you—we have not seen you—for quite-a-long-time. I was engaged only yesterday to Count Cialdini, of the Italian legation. Tercerita is engaged to Prince Khorassan of the Persian Embassy to China, and we are to be married upon the same day."

Let us draw the curtain! There are sorrows too sacred for intrusion. Fortunately, there was no occasion for bloodshed!

Poor Mr. Majoribanks proceeded on his mission to Mexico, feeling that his too susceptible heart had received a wound—or rather wounds, from which it never could recover.

Before he returned to Pauper Alley, the Company of the *Candelabru de Oro* had collapsed. The twenty stamp mill ran just seven hours and ten minutes when the ore

gave out; and the miners reporting that the *hilitos*, having concentrated, had degenerated into a barren ledge of lime, the property was abandoned. A year or so later, Don Sereno "re-denounced" the deserted mill under the laws provided in the *Ordenanzas de Minería*, for the re-occupation and re-habilitation of "*Haciendas de Beneficio abandonadas*." He had opened with a force of native miners upon the *Cuerna de la Abundancia*, and though the ore only paid sixteen dollars a ton, having a hundred-foot ledge, cheap labor, a cheap mill, and a store well stocked with supplies, he soon made a pretty good thing of it. He increased the mill to forty stamps and is long since a millionaire.

It was but natural that the Mexican authorities should recognize, at length, the merits of their distinguished countryman; so the long deferred appointment did not fail, finally, to come to hand. Thus, our friend of Pauper Alley has now the honor of saluting you as His Excellency, Señor Don Sereno de Ordoñez y Montalvo—*Gefe Político y Comandante Militar de la Baja muy a la orden de Ustedes y que besa las manos*.

Henry S. Brooks.

A WEDDING SONNET.

It were an idle thing, good friends, to say
 No after grief be yours! The rose may blow
 In beauty, but the thorn as well must grow;
 And though a brilliant sun brings in the day,
 Lo, a small cloud,—a hair-breadth's size, we'll say—
 May spread until it hides the splendid glow.
 Then let me pray these for you as you go:
 Sweet Patience, calm Content, and all the way
 You travel, white-robed Peace: then at your side,
 When Grief shall come she will come silently
 And powerless to harm. Ay: you will take
 Her hand submissively, and bid her bide
 At will within your walls. So you may be
 Happy and glad with Grief for Love's dear sake.

James Berry Bensel.

PUBLIC DEBTS.

THE modern system of public debts finds its origin in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the loans of the Italian and Dutch Republics. To the Lombard cities is due the discovery of the funding system, and Holland was the first to carry it out on a large scale, and for a long period of time. The Dutch debt was begun in the struggle of the low countries against the tyranny of Philip II., and was increased by their wars against Cromwell, Charles II. of England, and Louis XIV. of France. In 1668 it was \$300,000,000, an immense sum for the time, while the English debt was just beginning.

Before the day of the Dutch debt, governments had found themselves without money, and had borrowed it of any one who would loan. Sovereigns had time and again raised large sums from the enforced good will of their people, and had pledged their royal faith in return. Charles V. of France, as early as 1375, had laid a broad foundation for the French debt, which was eagerly built upon by his successors. Spain owed a large and uncertain amount a hundred years before England began borrowing. But these debts were not public debts as we understand the term. They were emphatically the king's debts. They were, as a usual thing, forced loans, which are nothing more than taxes levied with promise of repayment. The loans were repaid if the king could raise the money and was anxious for his credit. Otherwise, the debt was scaled down or wiped off altogether by the simple expedient of the king's proclamation. The royal promise could be forgotten as easily as it could be given, and could form no basis for a national credit on which a system of national debt in its turn must rest. It was not until government fell wholly or partially into the hands of the people, that the credit and honor of a nation could be pledged to the repayment of a loan. The faith and honor of one king might be of no moment to his successor, and

his debts and his loans might be rejected at the same time. But where power is lodged in a large body, any change short of revolution must be so gradual that the sovereign is in effect, perpetual. With the rise of free governments we see men willing to loan their property on the faith of a promise.

National debts have been called a "mortgage on taxes." At the present day this statement involves a doubtful stretch of language, but in the early loans expressed the exact facts. The borrowing government promised to repay the sum borrowed, and the interest on the loan was guaranteed from certain specified taxes that were set aside for this purpose. It was the transition from the old style of voluntary loan, where men required tangible security in what Wemmick calls "portable property"—as, for instance, the crown jewels—to the present system where no security but the honor of the nation is asked for. Such were the debts of Holland in the seventeenth century. Men of that day, who lived under despotic governments where the king might pay his debts by drawing his pen across their written amounts, wondered when they heard that the government promises of Holland were eagerly sought after by its people, and wondered more when they heard that the interest was paid without question or cavil on the specified day.

Although the present system of public debt practically originated in Holland, it is to England that we must look for its most interesting development. When William III. was called to the English throne in 1688, there was a small debt amounting to something over £660,000, recognized by the crown. It was known as the "King's Debt." With the accession of William, England again assumed the position she had held under Elizabeth and Cromwell, and had lost under the Stuarts. She was once more a first-class power. With her return to the Council

Board of Europe, England prepared to throw herself vigorously into the contest against Louis XIV., whose dream of universal dominion was as dangerous to liberty as that of Napoleon a century later. War was declared, a treaty of alliance negotiated with Holland, and the plans for the "Grand Alliance" drawn up. The need now was for money and men. Both were loyally voted by Parliament. But to vote money was one thing, and to get it, another. A bold and able financier was needed, and such a one was found in Charles Montague. Montague was far in advance of his age. He was fertile in expedients; and where he could not conceive plans of his own, he could adapt the ideas of others to practical use. When the revenues were found insufficient to prosecute the war in a vigorous manner, he was the first to bring forward a plan for a loan.

The first borrowing was done in 1693, and the manner of providing for it is curious enough to attract our attention for a moment. The revenues for 1692 had fallen short of expenses, £500,000, and a like deficit was estimated for 1693. To cover this, Parliament, on motion of Montague, authorized a loan of £1,000,000, to be raised on a system of life annuities. As each annuitant died, his share was to be divided among the survivors until the number was reduced to seven; on the death of any one of these, his annuity reverted to the Government, and the debt terminated with the life of the last annuitant. It was an ingenious plan, establishing, in fact, a sort of lottery, in which the highest prizes were to be drawn by the oldest survivors. In the reign of George the Third, even as late as the year 1769, there were one or two old men, who were drawing an enormous profit from an investment made in their name in the loan of 1692. The interest on this loan was secured, as in the early Dutch loans, by a mortgage on certain specified taxes.

Various other expedients were proposed and carried through by the boldness and ability of Montague. A "Lottery Loan," in which a high rate of interest was given to

certain bonds by a drawing, and the "Bank Loan," by which the subscribers were formed into the corporation that has become the Bank of England, are his best known plans. The loans were gradually turned into the two classes of securities that now make up the British debt—the permanent and the terminable annuities.

The debt of England thus begun amounted at the death of William to more than £13,000,000. The Wars of the Spanish Succession nearly trebled it, and at the death of Anne it was £36,000,000. Before the beginning of the Seven Years' War, it had risen to £76,000,000, and at the close of the brilliant but lavish administration of the elder Pitt, it stood at £133,000,000. The American War doubled this sum, and by the gigantic contest against Napoleon, it was swollen to the enormous sum of more than £900,000,000, representing nearly \$4,400,000,000. From 1817 there has been a gradual decrease, and the debt in 1880 stood at £774,044,235, or nearly \$3,770,000,000.

It is curious to contrast the opinions of England on the debt in the eighteenth and in the nineteenth centuries. Throughout the eighteenth century, the debt was a source of unreasonable terror, even to the best and foremost thinkers; throughout the nineteenth century it has been the subject of as unreasonable a neglect. When the debt reached £12,000,000, the nation was on the road to ruin; when it amounted to £60,000,000, bankruptcy was only a question of a few years; and when it reached £133,000,000, it was all over with England. As Mr. Mantalini would say, she had gone to the "demonition bow-wows." Even so acute a thinker as David Hume wrote that the financial ruin of England was accomplished when the last named sum was reached. And all this clamor was in the face of the fact that the material prosperity of England was increasing at an unexampled rate, and was plainly to be seen by the dullest man who looked around him. When the long struggle against Napoleon had piled up a debt of £900,000,000, there were fewer prophets of evil than when it had been but a tenth of that

sum; and in a few years England settled down to the comfortable opinion that a large debt was an old institution, eminently English, and one of the blessings of a perfect constitution.

In the sixty years succeeding the declaration of peace, the reduction of the debt was hardly £100,000,000, and was less by some thousands of pounds than the reduction of the debt of the United States in the six years following the close of the Rebellion. Since 1875 a more earnest and steady reduction has taken place. The subject was brought to the attention of Parliament in that year, and as a result, the faith of the nation was pledged to the payment of the debt.

The public debt of France dates from the French Revolution. Before that time the king was the state, and the large sums borrowed by Louis XIV. and his successors were more than once scaled down at the arbitrary will of the ruler. At the beginning of the revolution it amounted to about \$650,000,000 in round numbers. By the confiscation of the property of the *émigrés*, by payment in the forfeited lands of the Church and the nobility, it was reduced to \$150,000,000. Twenty-three years of war followed, and millions of men were kept in the field; but Napoleon made war at the expense of the conquered, and he left France with a debt of little more than \$300,000,000. From this time forward the bad management of the French finances is remarkable; and the debt gradually rises, till the Second Empire inherited a charge of nearly \$1,200,000,000. The recklessness with which the debt was now piled up is unparalleled in history. During eighteen years of comparative peace, the debt was increased nearly a billion and a half of dollars. The war with Germany, and the German levy of nearly \$1,000,000,000 raised the debt to the grand total, in 1875, of forty-five hundred millions of dollars—\$4,555,629,500.

The English and French debts are the largest and the most important in Europe. The capitalized debts of the remaining states may be stated roughly at \$7,500,000,000, and the total European debt at \$15,000,000,000.

From this brief survey of European debts we come now to the United States. The subject has for us a deeper interest, and will need a more thorough treatment. The debt of the United States begins with the Revolution. Ten years after the close of that struggle, Alexander Hamilton estimated the actual cost of the war at \$140,000,000. The nominal amount of the debt was considerably greater, including, as it did, \$200,000,000 of paper money that had been paid out at a fraction of its face value. The currency had, by this time, become valueless, and no attempt was made to redeem it. The actual debt assumed by Congress may be placed in round numbers at \$70,000,000. The policy that has since become one of the traditions of our government, of paying off our debt as promptly as possible, was now begun. The debt was practically cleared off in 1807, though one bill of \$2,000 due to foreign officers dragged on to 1828. The War of 1812 raised the debt to more than \$120,000,000. The payment of this sum was completed in twenty years. The Mexican War marks the beginning of the debt that we are now paying off. That struggle left us owing \$47,000,000, which, by disgraceful management in the thirteen years of peace that followed, was nearly doubled. At the opening of the Civil War we owed nearly \$90,000,000, and our credit was so low that a small loan was made with difficulty at an exorbitant interest in the last year of President Buchanan's administration. The spirit of the nation rose with the necessities of the war. The revenue was trebled, the credit restored, and nearly \$2,500,000,000 was borrowed to put down the rebellion. Besides this amount, there was a forced loan from the people of nearly \$400,000,000, by the issue of an irredeemable currency to that amount. The revolted states put forth efforts no less energetic, and the direct cost of the war exceeded \$5,000,000,000. The collapse of the rebellion wiped out a large part of the enormous debt of the country, and left the United States even then with the heaviest annual debt charge in the world. The highest point of the debt was touched in 1866, when it

amounted to \$2,794,161,728. The annual charge for the support of the debt was over \$4 per head of population.

The traditionary policy of the country, broken at the close of the Mexican War, was now renewed, and the nation set itself vigorously to paying its debts. By 1870 the national debt was reduced by nearly \$400,000,000. The succeeding ten years saw the abandonment of the war taxes, which suddenly reduced the revenue by nearly one-third; a great financial panic, which paralyzed our manufactories; the resumption of specie payments: and still the reduction went on. By the 30th of June, 1880, we had paid off nearly \$700,000,000 of the debt. We then owed an interest bearing debt of \$1,723,993,100. The increase in the revenue has kept pace in the last three years with the increase of national wealth, and we have paid off nearly \$300,000,000 more. The non-interest bearing debt is at present secured by a deposit of cash in the treasury, and may be left out of account. The debt of the United States may be reckoned at less than \$1,500,000,000.

With the present income and expenditure, the United States would be in a position to pay off its debt before maturity. The last of the thirty year bonds mature in 1907, and at the present rate of reduction the debt would be extinguished before 1900. If the interest saved on the paid-up debts were applied to the reduction of the principal, the debt would be extinguished in 1895. As the bonds cannot be redeemed unless at a premium before they fall due, a reduction of taxation is probable in the near future.

We turn from this brilliant financial picture to one drawn in darker colors. I will call attention for a moment to the amount owing by the state and local governments at each census of the last forty years.

1850.....	\$191,509,922
1860.....	325,000,000 (<i>circ.</i>)
1870.....	868,676,758
1880.....	1,056,406,208

The increase to 1870 was of state and county debt. The loyal states during the war had equipped troops for the support of

the nation, and the revolted states had incurred debt in reorganizing their governments. By payment, and by repudiation, these debts had been reduced from \$828,443,224 in 1870, to \$408,603,102 in 1880. The increase has been in municipal debts. This item first attracts attention in the census of 1870, where it is stated at \$328,244,520. In the next ten years it increased at the startling rate of \$30,000,000 a year, and in the census of 1880 amounts to \$648,803,106. The reckless expenditure shown by the bare statement of this sum is enough to call in question our whole system of municipal government. The history of this debt is the history of a number of "Rings," by which our chief cities have been plundered through the carelessness of taxpayers, and the weight of ignorant votes.

It remains now to compare the increase of debt with the increase of the property and income of the country. The increase of debt need not necessarily be an increase of burden, if property increases in an equal or greater ratio. A comparison of the debts and the property which is liable for them, will give us a truer idea of the burden upon the country.

The total indebtedness of the country in 1850 was \$238,690,428, and the assessed valuation of property was \$6,024,666,909. This valuation was estimated by the census authorities as \$1,000,000,000 short of the truth. The United States, according to this valuation, owed 3.4% of its property. In 1860 the total debt was near \$350,000,000, but the assessed property had in turn risen to \$12,014,083,525. The census authorities considered this \$400,000,000 too low. Accepting their valuation again, the burden of debt had decreased to two per cent. of the property of the country. In 1870 the total debt was \$3,275,249,120, an increase of nearly 1,000 per cent. The property valuation, in spite of the ruin occasioned by the war, was returned in 1870 at \$30,068,518,507, though it was assessed at \$14,178,968,732. The debt was now 10.9 per cent. of the property of the country. The debt in 1880 was \$3,176,821,578. The taxable property was

assessed at \$16,902,993,543. No estimates were required by the census authorities for the last census, so the true valuation can be only a matter of conjecture. Assuming the former valuations as correct, it could not have been less than \$35,000,000,000, and probably was nearer \$40,000,000,000. Taking the lowest figures, the debt formed 9.07 per cent. of the property of the country. Placing the results in the form of a table, we have the following debt per cent. of property :

1850.....	3.4
1860.....	2.0
1870.....	10.9
1880.....	9.0

A comparison of the debt charge with the annual income of the country will give even fairer results. The debt charge for the country is impossible to obtain exactly, but I think it is fair to estimate at nine, seven, and six per cent. for the three separate years, 1860, 1870, and 1880. This would make the debt charge \$31,500,000, \$229,267,438, and \$220,609,294 for the respective years. The income in the three years respectively was \$4,250,000,000, \$6,500,000,000, and \$7,500,000,000. Comparing these in the form of a table, we find the debt cost in proportion to income in

1860.....	0.74
1870.....	3.5
1880.....	2.9

These results are highly satisfactory, and but for the immense increase in the municipal debt, the financial horizon of this country would be clear of clouds. A present charge of 2.9 per cent. on the income of the country, and a reduction from 3.5 to 2.9 per cent. in ten years, is most favorable.

It is a fact not usually known, that the income of the United States is greater than that of Great Britain. The British income for 1870 was \$4,200,000,000, and in 1880 was \$5,700,000,000, falling near \$2,000,000,000 short of that of the United States. The pressure of the debt, however, is less, for the margin between income and expenditure is much greater. No account of the municipal and county debt of England is available, but it is not very large. The total percentage of the

charge on income to support the national debt in 1870 was 2.8 per cent., and other debts would not raise it to more than three per cent. The increase of income in 1880 had lowered it to 2.6 per cent., or three-tenths of one per cent. less than the burden of the United States debt.

Having examined the concrete instances of the national debts of most interest to us, I will proceed to a more abstract discussion of the subject, that I may bring forward the most obvious principles.

1. A loan is the most extravagant method of raising money, and begets a like extravagance in expenditure. A debt is incurred in times of difficulty, and the terms of raising money are harsh in proportion to the gravity of the occasion. For instance, during a war, bonds bearing six per cent. interest may be sold at 95, 90, 85, raising the real rate of interest considerably. Moreover, the nominal amount of the debt represents more than the value received. On every 100,000,000 borrowed, a large bonus of 5, 10, or 15 millions is paid, in addition to a heavy rate of interest.

From this, the natural corollary follows, that:

2. Extraordinary expenses should be met by extraordinary taxation.

In a representative system of government, this is the only means whereby the people can know what is being done in their name. The proposition to raise ten billions of dollars by direct taxation in a single year would raise a storm of protest, and, if pressed further, would end in revolt. Yet, if we estimate the annual revenue of the U. S. Government at \$400,000,000—which is not far from the fact—that amount might be borrowed by the men in power, and at four per cent. interest there would be no advance in taxation. This is an extreme case, which I grant may never happen, yet it illustrates the danger that we run from the power of unlimited borrowing. Something like this did happen in the case of New York City. The taxpayers were imperceptibly saddled with a debt of \$140,000,000 before the pressure of taxation warned them that the city's income was heavily mortgaged for years.

When in 1856, Mr. Gladstone, from his place in the British House of Commons proposed to include the extraordinary expenses of the Crimean War in the estimates of expenditure for the year, to be raised by direct taxation, he defended his motion by the plainest common sense. He argued that if extraordinary expenses were raised by immediate taxation, the people would count the cost before entering on a struggle like the present. They would balance the advantages of a successful war against the money that was to come out of their pockets. They would examine the reasons for the war, and the results that would flow from it. They would, in short, know what they were doing. On the other hand, if they raised money by a loan, only the trifling burden of the interest would be immediately felt, and they would not realize that both principal and interest must be paid by themselves or their children. It is almost needless to say that Mr. Gladstone's proposition was voted down.

A few exceptions to this sound rule may be pointed out. There are occasions when a debt may properly be incurred; and at the head of these stands a war for self-preservation. A war of aggression, a war to maintain the national pride, or the "balance of power," should be included under the stern rule, "Pay as you go." But when a nation is engaged in a life and death struggle, any sacrifice may be justifiable or necessary to preserve its existence. It is this that justified the forced loan in the late Civil War, when \$400,000,000 was borrowed by the issue of that amount of irredeemable paper currency, in defiance of the Constitution. The other exception—which I allow unwillingly—may occur when posterity reaps the equal benefit. Under this would be included such works of public utility as great bridges—such as the one that connects Brooklyn with New York—canals, the building of railroads or telegraph lines, and other works that are durable and assist the growth of the country's wealth. But the limiting phrase is so vague, and may be stretched to cover so many doubtful schemes, that I allow it unwillingly.

3. The third principle that I contend for, is the prompt payment of the public debt. A debt is a bad thing for governments as well as individuals; and the arguments brought forward to prove that "a national debt is a national blessing," are little more than plausible fallacies. I cannot conceive how an argument, that the Government, while it can borrow at three per cent., should not pay its debts because money brings six per cent. and eight per cent. in the market—I cannot conceive, I say, how such an argument can impose upon any one for a moment. It is easy enough to see how a debt distributed among the people may contribute to the stability of a government—as it did to that of William III. in England—by discouraging revolution; but how a man can lend to himself and make money by the operation passes my comprehension. I will not attempt to argue this question, further than to remark that posterity is likely to have its own burden of war and trouble to bear, without receiving an inheritance of debt; and will now pass to my last proposition.

4. That municipal debts should be strictly prohibited. It is a plain fact, proved by the experience of all the great cities, that men will not attend to their own interests in local government. In any election for municipal officers one-third of the city's vote is not cast. I state the figures moderately, for there are numerous instances where less than half the vote of a presidential election is cast for municipal officers. This third, moreover, of the registered voters is made up of business men and property owners—the very men who are interested in honest government. The men who have nothing at stake—the ignorant and the propertyless—always vote, and as a consequence, there is nowhere such a company of unscrupulous swindlers as form the administration of our cities. A series of articles on the New York "Ring Government," to be found in the "North American Review" of nine or ten years ago, will make interesting reading for any one who cares to investigate this subject.

The story there set forth may be read with

a change of figures in the history of every city of note in the country. And this "Ring," the greatest of them all, was not broken until the burden of taxation had become almost unbearable. The indifference of business men to the local government was well illustrated in the last charter election in San Francisco. Here was an instrument that set an absolute limit to taxation and expenditure. The property owners stayed away from the polls, while the politicians, who live at the

expense of the city, and those who had no property to tax, turned out in force, and the charter was defeated. This indifference of the tax-paying class to the affairs of the government resulted in an increase of debt of over \$300,000,000 in the ten years between the ninth and the tenth census, and an untold amount raised by extravagant taxation.

There is no remedy for this, but an absolute withdrawal of the debt-making power from municipal governments.

E. A. Walcott.

ON THE EDGE OF A NEW LAND.

I.

"QUEER place, this! I'll no say it's very thrivin' to look at. But if there's only a bit corner for me where I can get my bread and cheese, one place is as good as another. Hout, mon, but ye're gay!"

The last sentence was thrown somewhat contemptuously at an athletic, red-shirted young fellow, who, with firm, regular motions, was turning a creaking windlass, drawing nearer with each round a miner's ocher-stained wooden tub. The speaker—a worn-looking, middle-aged Scotchman, who gave at first sight an impression of being more than middle-aged—standing on the rounded green bluff that rose above the broad, flashing Mississippi, seemed in a dream as he looked over the unfamiliar landscape.

Here was a place where a wounded spirit might find asylum—a wilderness, indeed, where civilization had not yet placed her faltering footsteps. She had reached the eastern shore of the mighty river, and there her course was stayed. These bluffs on the western bank still looked down on the haunts of the red man. Just now a savage intertribal war had left for a time this forbidden land vacant. Strange tales of wonderful treasure hid among these steep bluffs had long been drifting among the miners on the other side, but the Indians had guarded their possessions well. Now that the fate of war, however, had dispersed the tribes, the "Beautiful

Land" lay open and tempting to the adventurer. Two daring brothers had crossed the river, and as they had chanced upon a very rich mine, a few kindred spirits followed. Wonderful tales of the lead mines went back to the miners across the river, and though the lands still belonged to the Indians, the white man ventured upon them. A place to which a man, wandering farther and farther through the untraveled West of that date, and trying to escape shame or painful memory, might well stray.

The few miners who worked here did so under protest from the Indians on the one hand, from the government on the other. It was as great a surprise to the red-shirted miner to see the harsh-featured Scotchman, as it was to the stranger to find himself in the "debatable land." But with the instincts of his race, the Scotchman rose to the occasion. He looked straight at the miner with clear, honest eyes, and said, "I was seeking work. Is there any hereabouts, friend?"

"Work?" repeated the miner, "plenty, plenty. The only thing you won't find here is—money to pay for your work." He smiled somewhat sarcastically, eyeing the Scotchman's neat blouse. "What kind of work do you want?" He dumped the clay, and calling "Hello, Jim! Down she goes," sent the tub spinning down the shaft.

"I am a carpenter."

"A carpenter? Let me welcome you to our young town"—he made a grave bow—

"one of your craft, methinks, is honorable. A carpenter! Hem! Well, I think you've struck it rich. There are merchants and lawyers, statesmen and philosophers, in our beautiful metropolis—plenty of 'em—but carpenters are rare—very. We erect our own churches," he went on with grim irony, watching the Scotchman's serious attempt to discern the "metropolis" in three or four log-cabins in a ravine; "but for our palatial dwellings, now—a carpenter would be uncommon handy. Jim! I say, Jim! J-i-m!" he cried to his mate below.

"Hoist, ye roarer," called up the other, disdainful further speech.

"My gentle carpenter," resumed the miner, whose fine physique as well as his words betrayed education—either fortunes in need of bettering, or love of adventure, brought many such into the West—"I'll give you a contract myself—but it will be for turns at the windlass. Population, sir, is an object here. If you settle in our beautiful city, you may be sure the boys won't let you starve. What say you, noble carpenter?"

This style of address would have offended the proud and undemonstrative Scotchman, had it not been that under the youth's half-gay, half-ironic banter lurked a certain fresh, unsordid friendliness; and the face turned upon him, spite of its mischievous expression, was open, candid, and strangely attractive. It made little difference to him where his abode should be fixed—why not here? Looking into the sparkling eyes of his vivacious acquaintance, he concisely answered:

"Ay, lad, I'll stay wi' ye."

So it was that Archy Reid took upon himself such odd jobs as chance offered to him in the frontier settlement, at times serving his shift among the boys, either at the windlass or in the drift below, but ere long gladly turning again to his own craft, and building such cabins as the humble wants of the place called for.

II.

In a humble room in a squalid neighborhood, on the outskirts of a great city, sat a young Scotch girl. The room was bare and

poor enough, but the mysterious sanctity that perfect cleanliness and love can give to lifeless walls hung about it. On the bed, propped up by pillows, lay a young woman with a mesh of glittering yellow hair, and violet eyes burning with fierce, unfeminine anger. There was an odd suggestion of Archy Reid in her haggard beauty.

"Never fear," she said in a harsh, repellant voice, "my day will come; as sure as heaven—if there *is* a heaven," she angrily interpolated—"my reckoning will be bitter."

Lila did not attempt either to chide or to check her sister. She stroked soothingly the white, restless hands, looking at her pitifully. Just outside the window, by some irony of fate, a poor sickly tree lifted upward its scanty green branches. Suddenly a bird as alien as its leafy shelter perched there a moment, and broke forth into a strain so sweet, so clear, that even the dingy room brightened under it.

"Drive it away Lila," cried Janet—"Ah!"—in a paroxysm of rage—"It minds me o' what I canna forget—curse it!"—

Lila, still stroking the trembling fingers, paled. Was this—could this bitter creature be Janet? She had nursed her back to life; but in the close contest, had death taken the soul, and left with life only the bodily frame wherewith to mock love? Ah, no—she would atone to Janet for what she had suffered. The world shutting its cruel door in her face should only cause her sister's heart to open more widely to the outcast. Poor, poor Janet! How happy they had all been—only one short year ago! She recalled the stories Janet used to tell of their orphaned childhood; how their dying mother had given into her son's care the little helpless sisters! How sacredly he had fulfilled the promise he had made her then! Lila had been his "wee lass"—his "mitherless wean," but Janet!—Lila choked at the thought; Janet had been his idol. Her delicate beauty was his delight. "Eh lass, do ye mind the mornin' glories by the porch in the auld home? ye just mind me o' them Janet," he said.

The good Scottish blood of which he was

so proud had never known taint nor dishonor. A lowly tide, indeed, but it had flowed through the veins of honest men; "frae father to son for generations," he was wont to say. He, himself, a hard-working carpenter, braved privations cheerfully for "the mitherless bairns." He owed no man a dollar; but that he might lift his sisters above the poverty of their condition in life he had left even the "auld hame" behind him for this busy American city. Out of his rugged life—barren for their sakes of other affection—came an almost womanly gentleness towards them. The mute poetry of his heart was Janet—slender and fresh and fragile as the morning glories he aptly compared her to.

But when this year Janet had come back from the gates of death, he had asked calmly, with a hope strangely like despair: "Where's your ring, lassie—your wedding ring, Janet?"

A wild light shone in the violet eyes. "God forgive me, Archy," she cried, breaking into a tempest of sobs.

The veins on his forehead swelled like knots, and the searing of centuries seemed to pass over him. When he spoke, it seemed that the voice of one long dead issued from his lips. With dreadful directness he asked: "Who is he?"

"Archy"—she lifted a shaking hand—"have mercy."

"Tell me," he answered briefly.

"God help you, Archy, there's murder in your heart," she cried.

"Who is he?—you need na' screen him; 'twill do no good; sooner or later I'll find him." He breathed hard.

"I canna tell," she cried. "If you'll do no harm, Archy"—her voice fell to a pleading whisper.

"Think well, Janet! You're choosing between two. I'll no desert you now—you'll need me. But I'll know. Sooner or later I'll find him; I swear it."

She shrank from his eyes. "Archy," she answered, "it's a bitter, bitter wrong I've done you. But I will na ruin you. I'll not help you to do murder; I'll not tell you."

"Ye mak your ain bed, lass, ye maun lie

on it," he said wearily, turning away without another word.

From such memories Lila rose, and her eyes fell upon the sleeping baby. She bent gently down and kissed it.

"Let be!" cried Janet, rudely pushing her aside. "If ye do aught, pray that it die this day—if prayers do any good. Prayers!" she repeated, with wild vehemence; "can they bring me back my ain blithe heart? Can they bring back Archy?"

III.

The lilacs were budding in New England yards, but in the mining hamlet, cut off almost from the remembrance of lilac blooms, the early spring was showing a very different face. The Mississippi, winding its bright coils in and out among steep hills, went glinting onwards, blue and clear. The bluffs rose high and sheer above the small town. Here and there an unsightly heap of earth marred their green slopes, and gave hint of the treasure hidden beneath. A hamlet of the wilderness, indeed, was this ambitious, straggling, ill-kempt Katise, hardly entitled even to be named hamlet. Its aspirations, however, proclaimed it a true child of the West, though all present basis for its somewhat absurd claims to consideration was in rude cabins, built partly of unhewn logs, partly of ocherous clay.

The miners, with their ready jests, their jocose way of regarding life, with pick-axe and drill, with great expectations and with little else, issued from their log cabins to begin their day's work. This morning the soft spring air, the opening of strange flowers, the tender-tinted leafage, made hope seem brighter than usual even to the light-hearted men.

A boat slowly rounded one of the bold bluffs that jutted into the river below. Its wheezy whistle roused the slumbering echoes on the hills, and died away in a forlorn prolongation. The coming of this boat was indeed an event, for it bore to St. Louis from the lonely little hamlet the lead its miners had accumulated, and brought thence such

articles as were most needed in the settlement. It was by no means a frequent visitor, but it was a most welcome one, and never more so than when it chanced to bring new members for the little community.

Captain Hazlitt stood upon the deck; the bell rang; the plank was thrown out; the miners rushed pell-mell to the shore: the event of the season had arrived. And the event was—a woman!

A buzz arose of wonder, of amusement—perhaps of welcome, too—for hitherto no feminine presence had graced poor, straggling Katise. Among its incongruous population men there were of all degrees—young and old, gentle and rude, skilled and untutored. But of women—here was the pioneer of her sex.

This woman, tall and slender, stepped, with the gallant captain's assistance, from the gang-way under the battery of the miners' eyes. An event indeed!—nay, more, a woman! Still more, and unmistakably, a lady! Even Pat Harrington was sure of that, and muttered with Milesian enthusiasm, "Howly Saints! D'ye mind me, Jim? She's jist a ra'al lady. Phat fur iver did she come til the mines fur?"

All eyed her narrowly. She turned, shook the captain's hand; the boat-bell rang, the wheezy whistle blew; the boat swung round, and putting her nose up stream, steamed on, leaving a thin trail of smoke fading among the blue hills.

The new-comer looked at the miners a little wonderingly, as if they were to her a strange order of creation: not rudely nor arrogantly, but with the simple curiosity of a child. She seemed without fear, without doubt, even, and quite unaware of the oddity of her own situation.

She was quite young, not many years out of girlhood, and beautiful in a grave, intellectual way: a shapely head, with masses of black hair simply coiled low on the neck; a profile almost severe in its patrician lines; a figure whose mould was both soft and proud.

"Friends," she said simply, "will any one tell me where my husband is?—Mr. Holland," she added, after a pause.

"Holland! Holland?" The name passed from group to group.

"My husband," she said smiling, "came here a month ago. He wrote me to come on the 'Heroine.' Can you direct me to his boarding-house?" She looked about her inquiringly.

"Beg parding, mem," English Jack replied, "there ain't no such thing to be met with 'ere."

"But there's been a strange chap at old Archy's more'n a month back, I reckon," said a tall, black-haired man, in the drawling tone peculiar to men of the south-west.

"S'name ain't Holland," objected Pat Harrington.

"Heap you know about 'is name. Hain't hintrojuiced hisself yet," grunted Jack, true to his national antipathy, and always ready to snub the Irishman.

The stranger paled slightly, and seemed to catch her breath. But her smooth voice gave little evidence of any undue agitation. "Can no one," she repeated, "direct me to my husband? He said he would meet me. He is here somewhere—can no one tell me where?"

A curly-locked, freckle-faced boy, as if the words were jerked from his lips, responded: "Holland? Mebbe it *is* the chap in old Archy's palace"—for the jovial miners dignified with this name the Scotchman's neat cabin, whose hewn logs were laid trimly together, in pleasant contrast with their own ruder dwellings.

A young man of a lithe and powerful frame, a certain good-humored, jaunty air and ready grace of manner, sauntered up to the crowd—the same who had welcomed Archy to Katise months before. He stopped suddenly, and put out his hand as if to steady himself, perceiving the woman and hearing the boy's reply to her question.

"Madam," he said, with simple directness, "I am glad to be of service. I will take you to your husband. There"—pointing to a rough, narrow ravine—"you will find him. Be off, Pat," he added in an indignant aside to the Irishman. "Don't stare your eyes out."

One by one the group broke up. The

various stores landed by the "Heroine" were taken in charge by their owners. The short-lived excitement died out; the miners resumed their interrupted labors. Only the new-comer and her unknown escort remained on the river bank. As she looked into his frank, sunny face, she felt springing up in her a confidence in him that surprised her. He was so young, probably not more than twenty-one or twenty-two years old; he seemed imbued with the light carelessness, the almost cruel triviality, that is one of the endowments of youth and inexperience; what was there in him that justified the good opinion she had formed? No matter what—looking once more into his face, she decided that he was a man to be trusted.

As they passed onward up the long valley with its tangled underbrush, the young man's manner showed some trouble.

"The gentleman—" he began. He broke off hesitatingly.

"My husband," the lady said.

"Your husband, yes—did not meet you, because—"

"Because?" She turned, a sudden fear accenting her question. She looked at him, the only agitation she had felt since the moment of her landing showing itself in the tightened trembling clasp of the hand upon his arm.

"Because," said the stranger, not returning her gaze, "he's—not well. He's—don't tremble so, madam—no doubt he'll be better now you're come." He still refrained from meeting her searching eyes. He knew that he was putting the case in its best light. Old Archy had told him a few moments before he had gone to the landing that he guessed it was all up with the poor fellow.

"I can walk faster. Is it much further?" she said. She did not tremble now. Her anxiety showed itself in her quickened motion, her eager clambering over the rocky masses that impeded their way.

Almost as they spoke, springing upon them from an unexpected bend in the road with the suddenness of a Jack-in-the-box, the cabin of Archy was before them. Archy himself stood in the door.

Horton looked at him questioningly. "His wife," he said briefly.

"Servant, ma'am." Archy made a respectful bow. "Glad to see you. He's been askin' for yer—whenever he could speak." He stepped back, taking her presence as a thing quite to be expected. The three entered. Mrs. Holland alone approached the bed. There lay Holland, in the grasp of wild, delirious fever, its fierce red on his cheeks, its angry purple on his lips.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed in his frenzy, his poor, sick thought bearing the impress of his vain strife in his old life. "Holland and Hobbs—quit! Hol—Holland—gone. New deal!" A wealthy city merchant, swamped by speculation, and beginning life anew as far away from the scene of his mortifying down-break as possible—that was the past, told again and again in his unconscious confessions. He strove now to rise in his ravings; now lay back sullen and muttering in exhaustion.

The two men at the hearth were whispering together. "See here, Archy, don't neglect her. Come down to the store for anything you want. Bennett will wait for his building. Got any money? Let her have all she needs; Lee'll give you plenty. I'll see him."

The other replied a trifle stiffly, "I've got enough for now—I'll let you know when I'm out—do all I can!"

"She must get some rest," pursued Horton. "He'll not go to-night. You've been up enough—I'll take my turn to-night."

The two slipped silently out of the door. When they were a few feet beyond it, Horton, putting a hand on each of the brawny Scotchman's shoulders, looked intently into his blue eyes. "Archy?" he said, "Archy?"

The veins swelled in the Scotchman's throat; his face grew mottled; he seemed another man, with bent head looking down upon the grass. His shoulders drooped, as if he were suddenly aged.

"Archy?" repeated the other, determined to force an answer to some unuttered question.

What stirred the carpenter so? His lips

were trembling; a shrunken look came into his face. As if all his strength had failed him, he sat down.

"Archy?" persisted Horton, replacing his hand on the shoulder whence it had been angrily thrust.

Archy turned, a dumb anger blazing in his face. The blue eyes and the gray looked into each other long and steadfastly. Then, as if in spite of himself Reid had verbally answered his question, Horton walked down the narrow path, and vanished from the ravine.

Archy did not readily shake off his agitation. A faint shadow of it clung about him when he reëntered the cabin. Mrs. Holland was moistening her husband's parched lips. Her fair, delicate profile turned toward him, expressed a certain power of mute endurance that strongly touched the Scotchman's heart. Something altogether womanly, yet almost manly, showed itself in her unhesitating acceptance of the fact of her husband's great danger, and in the resolute way in which she faced it. The carpenter was drawn to her by a sympathy he could neither explain nor resist.

His tongue, which at no time lost its native idiom, in moments of deep feeling reverted still more markedly to it. "Leddy," he said in a voice so gentle that it hardly seemed to be his, "I'll tend him the day—ye'll need a' your strength. He's wanted for naught. Will ye na tak' ain bit bite yersel'?"

He deftly whipped up next the fireside a shelf that hung down against the cabin wall, inserted at its two corners a pair of smooth wooden legs, and spread upon this rude table a white muslin cloth, a luxury quite unheard of before in the place. Having set upon this a tin platter containing fried bacon and some yellow corn bread, he produced the only piece of crockery he could boast of, a small old-fashioned cup and saucer. From a tin bucket on the stove he poured out as fragrant a cup of coffee as ever the cities saw; and his preparations completed, he invited Mrs. Holland to "tak' a bit o' nourishment." As she came to the table, seeing Archy standing, she said with quaint

grace, yet not feeling sure how he would look on the proposition: "Friend, will you not eat your dinner now?"

"Na, thank ye. I'll wait on him," he answered, with a jerk of the thumb toward the bed.

Mrs. Holland sat down; a slight homesick twinge creeping into her heart at this, her first meal in the far West. But she crushed out the feeling. She was resolved to meet the new life bravely. In truth, no one would ever know with how much more gladness than fear Hester Holland had come to this rude, new life—giving up readily the beautiful house she had ruled over; the brilliant society in which she had shone; the luxury that had always surrounded her. A husband absorbed in speculation, more desirous to see his wife shine in the fashionable world than to join her in the intimate home life of intellectual refinement and quiet happiness that her own inclinations crave, may let the bonds of love and sympathy relax, in spite of her tenderest efforts; still more, the peril of utter moral and social ruin in the demoralizing associations that speculation had led her husband into, had been made appallingly evident to this young wife. The loss of wealth and of the old life were a small price to pay for renewed love and confidence, and for her husband's safety from temptation.

The patient lay in one of his rare intervals of silence, and Archy was careful not to disturb him. He busied himself in fashioning a small shelf, with which he meant to adorn the tiny room in his cabin where Mrs. Holland must sleep. She found it difficult to taste her lonely meal. She began to ask the particulars of her husband's illness; Archy, in a few words, telling all he knew concerning it. It was a fever peculiar to the locality—typhus, the doctors called it. He, himself, thought it was not typhus, "but very like it," he added guardedly. He had seen the sick man when he first arrived, staking out a claim "over there by English Jack's." The boys had said the new chap meant to keep a store in that long, low cabin on the level, just beyond the ravine. Archy knew he intended to mine, too. The next thing he

knew was that about three weeks ago he had found the stranger lying senseless down by the run; had called over to Horton busy at his windlass, that here was a dead man, surely. Horton and himself had brought him into Archy's cabin—they had nursed him. That was all.

The simple directness of the story, the unpretentious kindness of the men, went to her heart. "Had you learned his name?" she asked.

"No!"

"It is Holland," said Hester, "Oh, friend, don't deceive me—tell me truly what you think of his condition."

"Chances about even, leddy,"—this, while his knife carefully rounded the smooth, wooden shelf.

"What shall I call you? How can I ever be thankful enough for your goodness!" she said earnestly.

"My name is Reid—Archy, they call me," he answered.

They were to become firm friends. Did either imagine how their lives were to cross each other, or by what divergent paths that friendship must come at last to the same issue?

IV.

The days were passing rapidly on—days soft and bland with spring-time scents, warm in the dim, dusk defiles, warm by the rushing river. On the hillsides the miners trampled down the large purple bells they mistakenly named "mineral flowers." Little groups of them, passing the door of Archy's cabin, brought bunches of the fragrant blossoms, and left them, with half shame-faced inquiry about the sick man. Their simple kindness moved Hester more than she could tell. No day of her long watching went by unremembered. Her loneliness appealed to them, and admiration as well as sympathy stirred their utmost chivalry. She seemed to belong to them all, too, as a gift from their old lives to their new. She, this first white woman of a strange land, was something to be almost revered. They adopted her as a charge confided to the honor of the settlement.

Day by day, under her silent ministry, the flame of her husband's life sunk lower. Would her love fan it again into vigor?

Today, just as the long line of sunset lay red along the bluffs on the river's eastern shore, Horton came briskly up the path to the cabin. He knew—every one in the settlement knew—that for Frederick Holland this night meant life or death. Horton had occupied the cabin with Archy, but on Hester's arrival he had abandoned it to her, leaving the Scotchman there to be at home in all emergencies. The miners had taken turns in watching, spite of Hester's protest—she was not tired, she said, and they, when their day's work was ended, required their rest. By general consent, Horton was to keep this night's vigil. He had never before brought her flowers. Now he held a cluster of pale pink and blue buds. He laid them on the little table at Holland's pillow, and leaning over the invalid, long and earnestly scanned his face. He cast a quick, observant glance at Archy, loitering over some household work. That Hester felt the crisis to be near, he was certain. She looked around and laid aside the sponge with which she had been cooling the sick man's temples. Her eyes met Horton's almost defiantly.

"You think the crisis is here, Mr. Horton," she said. Her voice sounded harsh, as if in answer to some doubt, expressed in Horton's eyes rather than in his voice.

"Yes," replied Horton.

"I will stay here; I must be with him." She sat down beside the bed.

"No!" he answered. "You must save your strength; you'll need it all. Whatever change comes will be at the turn of the night. I will call you at once, if you are needed. You must not stay."

She would have resisted others, perhaps, but she looked into his face searchingly, and without a word, withdrew to the inner room. But she found no rest in its quiet. She looked out upon the Mississippi, listening to its dull monotone with blank sorrow, crying over and over: "My husband! oh, my husband!" The moon rose over the river. Its silvery track widened, lengthened, until

it touched the farther shore. The grim hills threw their dark shadows on the water. At times, a leaping fish disturbed the solitude. All else was silent. The intense quiet became unbearable. She had never seen death. A physical dread mingled with her mental anguish. She sat there, ages it seemed, shrinking even from her thoughts.

Horton stood at the door. His lips moved. She did not hear his words. Instantly, she rose. Both moved to the bedside. Archy, sitting a little apart, looked on. No one spoke.

The sick man stirred uneasily. Blue shadows were about his lips; the flush had died out of his cheeks. Suddenly an indescribable change passed over his face; his dull eyes opened. Unseeingly, they stared straight before him. They rested on Hester as she bent over him. Recognition flashed into them.

Life—not death!

Lingering and slow was his convalescence, and long before health returned to the feeble, shattered frame, Hester had learned to lean with an almost absolute trust on the miners who had shared her weary vigils. Their generous aid to one thrown penniless upon them, their unquestioning acceptance of her, their tacit adoption of her, she thoroughly realized. In some vague way, she felt that her life and its belongings were bound up with the fortunes of this rude hamlet.

But in whatsoever manner she had entered into the affections of these men, it was evident that Holland himself had made no similar conquest. They ministered to his needs because of his helplessness, and because of Hester. They seldom deigned to notice his irritability, great as it was—excessive even for one in his condition. But it was plain that his way, if won, must depend upon himself. They by no means received him upon faith.

As he became stronger, his energy in a great degree revived. He began to go down to the long, low cabin, where were stored such wares as he had deemed most likely to be required in this out-of-the-way spot. The "Heroine" had brought him a stock of

goods, commonplace enough, but suited to the miners' tastes and pockets. Hester's deft fingers had placed them where they could be seen to the best advantage. And so began the humble "store" of the once prosperous city merchant. So it went on, while the little hamlet was basking in the glory of fresh "leads," and a new-born and most astounding prosperity. The hill-sides blossomed all over with huge yellow mounds of ocher. The smelters' furnaces were running to their extreme capacity, and a surging, turbulent, restless race poured into "the new diggings." Log cabins sprung up; a long street on the broad plateau was named; "The Mines" were merged into a hamlet; the hamlet into a town.

Hester was happy, contented and grateful. She felt that she was joined with her husband in the upbuilding of their home. In her neat calico dresses, a daintiness always characteristic of her became more than ever noticeable. Every day the town grew prouder of her. A serene dignity, born of the usefulness of her daily life, touched without chilling her. She felt that she had bridged over a dangerous episode in her husband's career. An extreme tenderness showed itself in her care for him. Though well and strong, a great irritability still remained with him, but she met it with an ever ready excuse. Poor fellow! his nerves were, all unstrung; he was still her patient—that was enough.

On Holland's part, an added respect for his wife seemed the outgrowth of their changed condition. An odd affection manifested itself in him—a moody, unequal affection, indeed, followed by days of moodier silence. But the sunshine of the affectionate days gladdened her, while the silent ones were attributed to his disordered nerves.

Archy Reid had gone away, where, no one knew, unless it were Horton, his unflinching friend; and he showed little disposition to allay the curiosity of the town, for when questioned concerning the Scotchman, he replied that he thought Archy had gone "back East" on business of some kind, just where he could not say. The morning after

that terrible night when the crisis of her husband's fever had passed, Hester had read his farewell note thrust under the cabin door. She had read it with a half-amused smile and a grateful heart. The paper was an old leaf torn from a time-stained account book; the handwriting was cramped and labored.

"Make my cabin your own, Lady," she read. "And if you'll take care of my tool-chest and bit crockery, till I come frae a long journey, I'll be humbly thankful."

Something else had been written, and afterwards scratched out with a knife, and in its stead,

"Your obedient servant,

"ARCHIBALD REID."

But now conjectures about Archy had died out. Hester, dusting with the faded silk handkerchief the shining box left in her care, thought often of the gaunt, ungainly man, with his clear blue eyes and rough hands; thought with a tearful sigh of the softness of his voice when he watched beside her through those long, dreary weeks.

V.

A great horror had fallen upon the little hamlet among the lead mines. When the "Heroine" made her trip up the river in the year of our Lord 1833, the miners gathered to welcome her might have observed something quite different from her usual approach. Captain Hazlitt, a dignified and handsome man, with something of the lost suavity of manner that distinguished men in our colonial days, had been wont to bring his boat to the landing with such a pomp and ceremony as befitted the beautiful "Heroine." To-day, when certain of the miners greeted him, the Captain, far from responding courteously, seemed quite to hold himself aloof from them.

"Better not come aboard, Horton," he said, when, as was his custom, the young man was stepping on the gangway for a short chat with him.

"Why?" asked Horton, observing his disturbed manner.

"Because," responded the Captain, "I've touched at the Fort, and—"

"Well," said Horton a little impatiently, "did the troops threaten to invade us again?"

"No," said the Captain. "But the cholera is in the garrison, and if you can keep on the safe side, better do it. At least, I don't want the 'Heroine' to be blamed if it should break out here."

"Small fear of that, Captain," said Tom Major. "The cholera won't hunt a few poor coons up in the Mines."

"Soldiers is always breakin' out with somethin'," said Cummings. "If 'taint the small-pox or the measles, it's a mutiny or somethin' else. It's cholera now, is it Cap? Humph! Whar did they find that?"

"Don't joke, boys," replied the Captain—as brave a man as ever walked. "It's a perfect plague. Folks say it came from London to Canada; from thence to Detroit. I know it followed General Scott from Detroit, and wherever the army goes, there it goes too. It's pretty bad down at the Fort."

"Captain," said Horton, "have any of your passengers got it?"

"No," said the Captain, "but no man knows where it will break out; and as I've been at the Fort, you may blame us, no matter whether we bring it or not. It would hardly be fair, either, for it's in the Wisconsin mines. There are cases at Hard Scrabble and at Carson's Furnace. Look out for yourselves, boys," he said; and the crew hauled in the plank, the Captain waved his hand in genial farewell, and the "Heroine" departed.

But the Captain's fears and his caution left no impress on these light-hearted men. Just as merrily as ever they turned their windlasses; just as earnestly delved for the ore. They were, after all, so cut off from the great world, they surely need not borrow trouble. They talked about the scourge, sometimes in a half-incredulous way, sometimes meeting an unexpected confirmation of the Captain's story in such chance visitors as came to them either from Galena or from other towns. Still, laughing and singing and swearing, they kept about their usual work.

"Too little, and ain't of no account—the cholera won't trouble to look us up," said Bennett reassuringly.

So they forgot, almost, the existence of the dread evil skulking over the land. Forgot it, until one morning a black-browed Frenchman ran madly down the street, with muttered oaths, to fall a writhing corpse among them. For the cholera had remembered them, and had come to claim its victims in the solitary hamlet.

Jests died out of the low log cabins. Scarcely one there was that did not contain some struggling human form. Heroes arose among them, who fought desperately against fear and unreasoning panic. There were men who went as calmly among their stricken mates as they might have gone in their serenest hours—men who faced death as simply as everyday life. There were men who fled appalled, to fall in solitary ravines, friendless and alone. Everywhere the shadow of a great despair hung over the hamlet.

John Lyscombe entered his cabin one day, with a slow, uncertain step. "Robert," he said, "there's a new case up the hollow. God knows who can attend to this poor fellow. Can you go? Isn't Tom well enough now to trust to Andy?"

"Tom can be left with Andy," said Robert. "Sit down, John; you're worn out. I can't have you sitting up any more. We'll need all the men we have. You must take one night's rest."

"Where's Richard?" he asked, sitting down, and looking at his brother out of his hollow eyes.

"Richard?" echoed Robert, and it seemed as if a sudden feminine quality had passed into his voice. "Richard is with that Swedish family. Two died last night. I made their coffins—poor fellows! I had to go a mile and a half to get the lumber to do it with. One was apparently well night before last, and when I went up there this morning he was dead. Richard thinks Elric may get well."

"It's pretty hard on the lad," said John. "But I'm glad he isn't one to flinch when need comes." His strongly marked face

and gruff voice both bore the impress of utter weariness.

Robert looked at him apprehensively. Long, wearing vigils were telling upon him. His life should not be thrown away uselessly. He should guard it for his sake—for Richard's sake—if he did not for his own. He laid his hand upon his brother's. "Will you promise me to take one night's rest, John, if I go to nurse this stranger?"

"Yes," the other answered, throwing himself down in perfect exhaustion upon the humble couch.

He had scarcely fallen into a deep sleep, when the cabin door was quietly opened and a young man came in. Casting an anxious look upon the sleeping man, he turned to Robert.

"He's not sick, but he's out-done, Richard," said Robert. "There's a new case, he tells me—up the hollow. There's no one else to go; I think I will, if you'll stay with John."

The three brothers were strikingly alike in personal appearance. The same strongly built, muscular frames, the same thick, black, curly hair; but these resemblances only served to make more clear certain decided contrasts. The Lyscombes were certainly remarkable men. A man of commanding presence, considerably above six feet in height, with a swarthy face, lighted by large black eyes, and features stern and almost forbidding, John Lyscombe certainly belied his appearance; for his impulses were all kindly and gentle. With the voice of the rudest grenadier, he had the touch of a born nurse; and while one might suppose him sternly meditating a speedy punishment upon all misdemeanors, he was in reality indulging in the kindest of reflections. A man of impulsive bluster, given to large talk about his possessions—a man of exaggerated notions, but unblemished character, and quite capable of exceptional self-sacrifice. He it was, with his young brother Robert—then a mere stripling—that had first crossed the broad Mississippi, and entered the lead mines of the receding Indians.

Robert Lyscombe was a man of coolness

and of nerve ; not impulsive, not demonstrative ; long-headed, prudent, reticent. A patient, calculating, and not entirely unselfish man, but one whose word was his bond, and who would always be a man to occupy responsible positions.

But Richard Lyscombe, with his elder brothers' stature and general bearing, with a voice not to be known from Robert's, was their exact opposite. His complexion would have proved a fortune to a ball-room belle. His black, curly hair was silken in texture, for the Lyscombes were emphatically a fine-haired, fine-limbed race. But the eyes of Richard were a dark, warm gray, and of that peculiar quality which is said to betoken the inheritance of genius. The fair, almost girlish complexion, might have made Richard Lyscombe look somewhat feminine ; but his superb physique, his well-moulded features, and a certain masculine power about the lower half of his face offset the impression.

This man, glancing at his sleeping brother, said in a low voice : "I will go up the hollow. Who is there to be cared for?"

"A chap at Hobson's, I think," said Robert. "But you—can you leave Elric?"

"Elric? Poor fellow ; he's gone. I used the last of your lumber for him. You must stay with John," he added anxiously. He paused a moment, crossed lightly over to the couch, and looked at the sleeper. A strange expression came into his face ; when he turned again to Robert, "Good-bye," he said simply. When he reached the door, he looked back at the watcher, and more firmly repeated "Good-bye," and went out.

As he walked slowly up the hollow, where the stranger at Hobson's lay smitten with the plague, he passed many cabins where he had been wont to hear laughter and bantering only a few short weeks ago. Now, there was silence only, or some wordless miner would come out as he passed by, and with a simple wave of the hand convey the intelligence that now the dead lay cold within the humble walls. It was horrible—this looking on faces at nightfall, that in the morning, perhaps, would be cold in death.

No wonder the merry miners had become silent and worn.

Just before the Hobson cabin, a wild grape vine wreathed from tree to tree made a pleasant walk. Two poor fellows lay at the cabin door—their distorted forms giving evidences of their past agony. Under the flickering vine-leaf shadows Richard stopped, a chill running over him at the sight. With these two men he had chatted pleasantly that very morning.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

A voice was repeating this solemnly inside the cabin ; a woman's voice—a clear, even voice with a thrill of infinite pity and tenderness in it. It seemed almost a sacrilege to stand and listen, for he knew that the "stranger up at Hobson's" must now be alone with the fate that awaits us all. Was he then too late to be of service? This woman must be the wife of Holland. He knew she was the only white woman in the settlement. He had heard her spoken of frequently, though he had not chanced to meet her. And who had been with her when the two men, prone in the cabin door, had passed into the dark river?

"*For thou art with me,*" the voice went on with solemn emphasis. A low, muttered sound showed that the dying man still followed the words of divine comfort. A moment later a tender, appealing prayer came to the listener.

It was all over. The "stranger at Hobson's" had passed through the dark valley, and Hester Holland, coming to the door, showed a face touched with the peace of divinest benediction. At sight of the two poor fellows lying there, she shrank back. "Who—oh, who," she cried, "will come to help me? The dead are many, the living are so few!"

Richard Lyscombe stepped from under the grape vines. He looked at her gravely. "Mrs. Holland," he said, "if you will go and send my brother to me, we will spare you these horrors."

"Sir," replied Hester, "these men have neither wives nor sisters to follow them to

burial; I have tried to help them while living; should I leave them now?"

"God forbid," answered Richard. "'The dead are many; the living are so few.'" Will you stay here alone till I can bring help and make them ready for burial?"

She looked so slight, so almost girlish—the dead miners so marred with the horror of death, as yet untouched with its divine calm—that Richard's heart misgave him almost at thought of leaving her there. She read his thoughts apparently, and looked at him with quite the same expression she had worn when she first stood with the dead on either hand. Not the shadow of a fear lay on her face, not a waver in her voice.

"Go," she said; "I am not afraid of death. Why should I be?"

As Richard went down the hollow once more he met Hobson, the owner of the desolate cabin. His face was ashen as he stopped in the narrow path.

"Hast seen 'em, lad?" he asked. "Am I in time to do any good?" He held up a large bottle, evidently containing medicine meant for the relief of his poor mates.

"Too late, Hobson," responded Richard. A moment later he said: "Come, we must bury them"—and the two turned toward the stricken cabin.

"It's awful," said Hobson as they went. "Down town I heerd as there's twelve of the fellows baching at Joe Ludlow's, and all 'cept two down in it. What can tha' do?"

They had reached the cabin. Hester had tidied up the place, and made the chamber of death more fitting the presence of its silent tenants. The "stranger at Hobson's" had died quietly, and the serenity of perpetual peace was upon him. As Richard and his companion entered she was bending over the body, and when she raised her head they saw upon his breast a small, time-stained, ivory crucifix.

"Poor fellow," she said, "if his mother could only have this little cross with his last dying kiss upon it!" She said no more, and the men, lifting the two poor fellows who had fallen in the cabin door, began preparing them for their last home. They had died

fighting their grim foe to the very last. With his latest breath, one had cursed with horrible oaths his own fate, and hurled defiance at this remorseless cholera, even while his lips were stiffening. Hester left them both with the two men, crossed the clear brook with its overhanging trees, and sat down for a while on its brink. The pleasant babbling waters brought to her overwrought nerves a sense of comfort.

After a time she saw Hobson and Richard coming down a hilly slope that rose behind the cabin. Richard waved his hand to her. She understood the signal. She rose, and close by the gnarled root of an old elm she gathered a handful of small, fragrant blossoms—just such delicate pink and blue clusters as the miners had once brought her when she watched by her husband's bed—she remembered that as she plucked them. She climbed the little slope behind the cabin, and followed her companions to the open grave, where three rough pine coffins were awaiting them. They had been nailed down hastily. The two men lowered them carefully. When the last one was in its place, Richard, looking at Hester, took up his spade.

She bent her head a moment, then gently dropped her flowers into the grave. She looked at Richard. "They had mothers and sisters—perhaps wives—" she said. "Some day they will be glad to know I dropped these poor little blossoms on their dead."

The last clod was heaped upon the new-made grave, and Hester had gone back to her solitary home; for Holland, while not opposing her administering to the sick—indeed, while expressing approval of it—had, nevertheless, thought it prudent to expose himself as little as possible to contagion, and was temporarily occupying a room at the store. It had been a relief for Hester to have it so; for in what she still chose to consider his comparatively enfeebled condition of nerves, she dreaded anything which could disturb his serenity. Upon the first breaking out of the cholera, the miners had been disposed more than ever to go to Hester for advice, for comfort, and for help. She had never failed them. The poorest, the rudest,

the most friendless might be sure of her sympathy and her aid. She did not even stop to reflect that she had now an opportunity to render back the generous help and care they had given her in her time of need; she simply saw them on all hands, sick, suffering, despairing, dying, needing help, needing her, and that was claim enough.

Every day Frederick Holland would come up the steep path leading to her home, that he might learn the condition of things, and that Hester might know that he was still safe. He never entered the cabin; and Hester, far from blaming his cautious measures, rather rejoiced in them. Frederick was quite disposed to look upon his wife's ministrations as in some measure due to his own magnanimity. How could she, indeed, so devote herself to these poor fellows, were it not for his own self-abnegation?

When Hester had disappeared, Hobson—coarse, rude, and illiterate though he was—turned with such a softened face to Richard, that he seemed to be a finer and a cleaner man. "Ay, lad," said the Cornishman, "luik at her. Be'ant na angel oop thur ony better. Naught too stiff fur her. Happen tha poor devils at Joe Ludlow's know she's coomin'—marnin' an' night she'll wait on 'em. Iver since the fust o' it she's been in 'em. God furiver bless her!"

It was a revelation to Lyscombe. He had thought of her as given to certain haughtinesses of manner—an aristocrat indeed. Moreover,—physically and morally a brave man himself—he had a good deal of contempt for Holland, and had insensibly included his wife in the same judgment. Chance had so far kept him and Hester asunder, and he had known nothing of her vigils in infected cabins. His unsparing devotion to the sick had left him no time to think of matters apart from his own patients. He might have known—any one of the miners could have told him—nevertheless, until to-day, he had neither heard nor suspected that she was in the same work. Was she, then, as Hobson said, going back to those poor, writhing victims over at Ludlow's; down among those Frenchmen, with their agony and

their blasphemy about her? It was horrible! The slight, girlish form, as it had stood among the dead at Hobson's, came up before him. If her husband would only go with her! She was too gentle, too frail, too womanly for such an ordeal. Twelve of the miners were over at Ludlow's, ten down with the cholera. Surely, Mr. Holland would go with his wife into such a scene. Bah! what was to be expected from Frederick Holland? At any rate, he himself would go to Ludlow's; there was need enough, surely. So pondering, he turned in at his own cabin door.

"Ludlow's," said Robert Lyscombe, as the brothers next morning planned out their work for the day—significantly avoiding reference to tasks for the morrow. "I wonder if Harrington and English Jack are all right?"

"Ten of the men are taken," said Richard. "Maybe they are the lucky ones."

"It is not certain," said John, "whether the sick or the well are the lucky ones. It looks as though all would get their turn."

When Richard entered Ludlow's cabin, he found Hobson's story had been quite true. Hester had been there when the first man had succumbed to the disease; she had been there with each successive victim. All that was possible to do had been done. One only had died. He had been buried two days before. There was hope that the rest might live. Hester had already been there this morning; she would be there again, when she had seen the other patients. English Jack and Harrington were both among the sick, but both were now past danger.

"Look at Frenchy, there," said Jack; "he was the worst, and Harrington next. If it 'adn't been for Hester, they'd never pulled through."

"Nor anny of the bys, I'm thinking," said Harrington, in a thin, piping voice. "She isn't in the true Church, but she will be yet—for isn't it there ye'll find all the saints? And it's that she is, intirely."

Lyscombe busied himself about the cabin. It was almost noon, when Pat's dog, sunning himself on the door-sill, gave a sharp bark.

"Will ye hauld yer tongue, ye blaygard,"

growled Pat, indignantly. "Sure ye know well it couldn't be any one but Hester."

The two Frenchmen, who alone had escaped the disease, rose simultaneously. One drew out from beneath a dirty cupboard a soft wolf-skin robe, and spread it smoothly upon a rickety chair. The other advanced to the door, waited a second, opened it, and with a bow almost reverential, admitted Hester.

"Yes, yes," she said in soft, even gay, accents, moving from one to another of her patients. "This is encouraging. The worst is over now; you only need care and patience." She had come to Harrington's bunk—near enough to touch Lyscombe, though she had not seen him, as he sat by the corner of the huge, projecting cupboard. She took the rough, toil-hardened hand of the Irishman in her own, felt his pulse a little anxiously, and laid the hand gently down. The sick man fastened his eyes upon her timidly. His lips trembled. "The praste?" he asked, in a faltering, appealing voice.

Hester looked at him reassuringly. "No, Pat," she said, "you do not need him. You will go to see him yourself when you are a little stronger."

He sank back upon his pillow with the confiding trust of a child, tears brimming his eyes. The dog in the doorway gave a low whine, dejectedly eyeing its master.

"Down, ye blaygard," said the Irishman, in a sudden revulsion of feeling. "Hester," he said, a whimsical pathos touching his words, "Dick's all I have in the wurld. I want you to have him, if I don't get well.

"But you will get well," said Hester. She looked at the lank, coarse-haired dog in the doorway, and was not amused, but touched.

"You and Dick will be coming to see me

soon—honest Dick!"—she crossed over and patted the dog a little.

"Ah, ye blaygard!" said Pat, a smile making his countenance fairly shine. "Haven't ye sinse to know ye've been stroked by the best an' the prettiest hand in Americky?"

At last the plague had spent its strength. There were still a few not yet entirely convalescent, but there were no fresh cases. Lyscombe had not again encountered Mrs. Holland. He had seen her sometimes going upon errands among still feeble miners, but he had only seen her, and, strangely enough, he shrank from meeting her, though he knew now all about her work, and thought much about it, and with much self-reproach for his prejudice.

Mr. Holland himself was conscious that his wife had mounted still higher in the esteem and the affection of the miners. He was mentally more than ever self-laudatory. Sometimes at the store, when the miners were recounting their sad experiences, he would refer a little triumphantly to his wife and her opinions. Once Lyscombe, seeking English Jack, found him in Holland's store, and that gentleman just completing some story of the dread visitant. "Yes," he was saying, "that's what my wife thinks—"

His wife! Lyscombe looked disdainfully at the smooth-phrased merchant. His wife! A hot flush dyed his cheeks. Well, how could it concern Richard Lyscombe if this man took shelter behind his wife's excellence? She certainly was his wife, and a husband has a right to be proud of his wife. Lyscombe went out without a word, filled with distrust and contempt for the worthy merchant, Frederick Holland.

Ada Langworthy Collier.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SMUGGLING IN PERU.

IN the year 1875, on the eve of one of the periodical revolutions in Peru, the English mail steamer "*Atahualpa*" was lying at her moorings in the Bay of Callao, where she had but recently arrived from Panama, and had completed the unloading of her cargo. She was a large, iron side-wheel steamer, with powerful compound engines of four cylinders—two high pressure and two low pressure—and was commanded by Captain R——, a genuine type of the English sailor, who had seen many a hard gale while in command of some of the finest of the trans-Atlantic mail steamers. He was strict in discipline, and any offence committed by officers or crew was severely dealt with. His great pride was in his vessel, and one cause of annoyance to him was the trouble given by the shore authorities with respect to rumors of smuggling.

It was Saturday evening; the sailors—Peruvians and Chileans—were "clearing up decks" with a hearty good will, in anticipation of leave of absence on the morrow. Shortly before six o'clock, Captain R—— came alongside in his gig, and was met at the gangway by his first officer.

"Mr. Bainbridge," said Captain R—— as he stepped on board, "there is trouble on shore again with this vessel. We are suspected of having arms and ammunition concealed on board, and the custom officers are coming directly to search. Hang the authorities! What do they take us for?—smugglers or what? I only wish that there was an English man-of-war in port—I would teach them a lesson, and show these Peruvians that one of Her Majesty's mail steamers is not to be trifled with. But where is the supercargo? Send Mr. Stuart here at once."

In a few moments the supercargo made his appearance.

"How is this, Mr. Stuart? This morning you reported that this vessel was dis-

charged, and yet not half an hour ago I was told by our agent ashore that the Peruvian government had received information that we have arms and ammunition on board—concealed in the baggage-room."

"Captain R——," replied the supercargo, "the report that I gave you this morning is quite correct; freight, specie, and baggage have been landed; the vessel is now empty and ready to go into the dry-dock."

"Well, Stuart, how do you account for this rumor? We searched the vessel after leaving Panama, without finding anything contraband, as the ship's log book will testify. By heavens, sir," continued the captain excitedly, "if I find any of my officers engaged in smuggling, I will have the guilty one court-martialed and dismissed the service. It is a disgrace, sir, to have such reports about my vessel."

"Boat alongside, sir," reported the quartermaster, interrupting the captain.

Captain R——walked to the gangway, and sure enough, there was the custom house boat. In the meantime the supercargo hurried forward to the chief engineer's room.

"Mr. Macpherson," he exclaimed as he entered, "there is mischief brewing. Custom house officers are on board; they have come to search for contraband. Mac," said he in a low tone, "the goods are mine, and are at this moment in the baggage-room. You are the only man on board that can help me out of this scrape."

"Never fear, Stuart, I will do all I can for you," answered the chief engineer, shaking him by the hand. "But how is it that you have kept the goods on board so long?"

"It happened this way. You know the smuggler boatman, Antonio; he promised to come for the goods last night, but for some unaccountable reason failed to do so. For God's sake be quick, Mac, or all will be lost. Get your two leading stokers—the Englishmen—I know you can trust them. Take

them with you and go at once to the baggage-room, where you will find ten small trunks marked New York, containing revolvers and cartridges. Put them down in the engine-room until the search is over. I will pay the men handsomely for their services."

Without further delay, the chief engineer hurried away and disappeared on the lower deck. The supercargo walked aft to where Captain R—— and two custom house officials were in conversation.

"*Como esta V. Amigo Sobrecargo!*" said both officers to Stuart, who was well known to them, "the *Comandante* of the *Aduana* has sent us to search this vessel for *Contrabanda de Guerra*." "But," continued the elder official, a man of sinister countenance, "we know, *Amigo*, that you would not be engaged as a *contrabandista*."

"*Señores*, you are welcome on board the 'Atahualpa,'" replied Stuart. "I am sure that Captain R—— and I will only be too happy to help you in the search, and to prove to you that this report is without foundation."

"*Buena, buena, mi amigo*," answered the sinister looking official.

"Come, *Señores*," said Captain R——, addressing the officials: and, turning to the supercargo, "Stuart, let us get through this unpleasant business at once."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Stuart, as he led the way aft to the saloon. This was done to gain time, as the baggage-room was situated in the fore part of the vessel. "We may as well show the officers through the saloon and staterooms."

A diligent search was made aft; the party then proceeded forward on the lower deck to the baggage-room, where the baggage-master was found, busily engaged in sweeping the room, and looking as innocent as possible; there was nothing to show that, but one minute before, he had passed the last trunk out.

"Anything in here, Baggage-master?" queried Captain R——.

"No, sir. The baggage was delivered yesterday."

"*Que es eso, Capitan?*" asked the sinister looking official, pointing to several trunks

stowed in the back part of the room. "*Diable! esta la contrabanda.*"

"What is in those trunks?" asked the captain.

"They are empty clothes trunks, sir, belonging to the ship's officers," answered the baggage-master, as he proceeded to open them. "You see, sir, they are empty."

"*Caramba!*" ejaculated both officials, "*estas vacias.*"

Disappointed at finding nothing in the baggage-room, they insisted on searching the fore-castle, main and fore holds, in fact, every part of the vessel except the engine-room; finally, seeing that there was nothing to be found, they prepared to take their leave. Upon the invitation of Captain R—— they were entertained with brandy and cigars, and after much handshaking, and swearing eternal *amistad*, the two quitted the vessel.

Later, the same evening, Stuart and the chief engineer were conversing in Stuart's room. Suddenly the door was opened, and a tall, dark man entered.

"Ah, Antonio, is that you?" said the supercargo.

"Hush, Señor," said Antonio, holding up his hand and speaking in a low tone; "enemies are about. The *Resguardo* boat is watching this vessel. Half an hour ago I met the renegade customs officer Juarez on the mole, and he told me all about the trouble on board. Said he, 'The informer is on board the steamer: it is the Chileno fireman, Juan Ortega, with whom the supercargo had some trouble on the last trip up to Panama. He swore to be revenged, and watched his opportunity. He saw the trunks come on board with the passengers' luggage at Panama. He was on deck at the time, and seeing so many packages all alike aroused his suspicion, and induced him at an opportune moment to try the weight of one of them; and although Ortega is a powerful man, he could scarcely raise it from the deck. He knew well by the weight what the packages contained, and to-day he managed to get a letter ashore, stating the facts to the *comandante*.' I know," continued Antonio, "from what that renegade scoundrel

says, that he was himself on board to-day, and had some conversation with Ortega. Look out, Mr. Stuart; watch Ortega, and do not let him get ashore until the goods are landed, or he will do more mischief; he knows perfectly well that the contraband is still on board."

"What am I to do, Antonio? It is impossible to land the goods to-night. To-morrow is Sunday, and, from all appearances, the *Resguardo* boat will continue watching the vessel. On Monday morning we go into the dry dock. I would throw the confounded trunks overboard, and thereby lose \$10,000, but in doing so I would be discovered."

"I have it," exclaimed the chief engineer. "Leave it all to me; I will put the packages where they cannot be found, and defy all the marine force of Peru."

"Well, *señores*, take care; if you are discovered you will both see the inside of the *carcel*, and the steamer will be detained for a long time, if not confiscated. *Buena noches, Señores y cuidado*"; and with these words of warning, Antonio disappeared.

After he had departed, the two officers sat for a few minutes in silence, which was broken by the chief engineer.

"Stuart, if I can only have until midnight without interruption, I will place the packages in safety. Go to bed, old man. You are worn out with excitement. Rest contented; everything will be all right"; and bidding Stuart good-night, the chief left to put his plan into execution.

The night passed quietly, and without further trouble. When morning came, Ortega, the fireman, had disappeared. By some means he had left the vessel during the night. His disappearance looked ominous.

Toward noon a boat was seen pulling towards the "Atahualpa" from the Peruvian ironclad, "Huascar." She came alongside, and the lieutenant in charge came on board, accompanied up the side of the steamer by six armed sailors. Captain R——, who was on deck, received him.

"*Señor Capitan*," said the lieutenant, advancing and handing the Captain an official looking document, "I am ordered by the

President of the Republic of Peru to search your vessel for contraband of war. Although an unsuccessful search was made yesterday by the customs officials, further information leads my government to believe that the contraband is still on board, and concealed in the engine-room."

At hearing this, Captain R—— was, for the moment, dumbfounded; but quickly recovering his usual composure, he assured the lieutenant that there was some mistake; "for," said he, "I have examined every part of this vessel, and a further search will be useless. But to satisfy your government, and prove that we are not smugglers, the chief engineer and I will conduct you through the vessel.

Captain R——, accompanied by the engineer, Stuart, and the lieutenant, went down to the engine room, where nothing was permitted to pass unnoticed, underneath and around the cylinders, the fire-room, and furnaces. Man-hole covers were taken off the boilers—which were empty—and one of the Peruvian sailors went inside, without finding anything; a stack of fire-boxes, piled up near the boilers, was thrown down with the same result; finally, the coal-bunkers were searched—and still nothing. The lieutenant was mystified.

"Strange, *Capitan*," he slowly muttered, "and yet our informant was positive that he saw the packages passed down here, while the customs officers were on board."

"Well, sir," replied Captain R——, "here is the chief engineer; if anything of the sort were down here, he would surely know."

The chief engineer, thus indirectly appealed to, replied: "Gentlemen, if anything were concealed in this engine room, I would find it out; I have shown you everywhere where it is possible for a man to crawl—and you see for yourselves that there is nothing. Surely there is a great mistake somewhere."

The lieutenant came to the conclusion that he and his government had been fooled, or that they had been outwitted by the wily *gringos*, and reluctantly left the vessel.

The following morning the "Atahualpa" was towed by a steam tug to the floating

dock, where she remained until the next day, and was then taken back again to her moorings. The same night, which was intensely dark, and when officers and crew were fast asleep, and nothing was to be heard except the tread of the watchman, as he paced the deck, three men might have been seen passing some heavy packages from the engine-room to the lower deck, and lowering them over the side into a boat, where they were

received by the tall, dark man, "Antonio." As soon as the last package was in the boat, she quietly dropped ashore with the current and disappeared. Next morning the supercargo had the satisfaction of seeing them in one of the principal stores in Callao, covered with grease and dirt.

Where had they been concealed during the search of the engine-room?

Inside the cylinders!

AN AFTERNOON NAP, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IN a thickly-wooded and picturesque cañon that skirted a once popular summer resort in Southern California, a nurse-maid and her little charge were rambling one July afternoon, years ago. The child, a pretty sprite of four, was dressed with a care and even elegance that betokened wealthy, perhaps aristocratic, parents. She was greatly interested in gathering wild-flowers, which grew in tropical richness and profusion around her; with the aid of her attendant, she had already collected a large quantity, which she clasped in her chubby hands with a firmness that threatened to speedily render their fresh beauty a thing of the past.

"Look, Nanna, there's another! I want that other one!" was her constant cry, until the nurse grew weary of her demands.

"Oh, Mabel, you've got more than enough," she said at last. "Let us rest awhile now, and then go home."

"I don't want to rest; I want some more flowers," was the little lady's rejoinder. "I going to have a great, big bunch to carry to my mamma."

"That's a great, big bunch now; mamma won't want any more. Come, Mabel, dear! here's a nice, smooth rock, covered with beautiful soft green moss. Let's play it was our green velvet sofa, and sit on it," said Mrs. Nancy persuasively.

"No, I won't," pouted Mabel, the willful. "It isn't one bit like a sofa, and I'm going to get some more flowers."

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do. You run around a little, just here, and I'll sit down and watch you, will I?"

Mabel considered the proposition gravely for a moment and nodded her head. "There's a bush right over there with pretty red buds on it, and I'll go and get some. You can rest till I come back if you want to, Nanna," she said graciously.

So "Nanna" rested, while Mabel trotted off in quest of new treasures. The red buds being secured, she arrived at the conclusion that she had about as large a load as she could conveniently carry, and finding a comfortable spot on the grass close by, she, too, sat down and set about arranging her bouquet in a more compact form.

Now Nancy had been busy all day in a hot kitchen, ironing and fluting a pile of the dainty, be-ruffled white dresses which Mabel's mamma was pleased to have her wear, so it was not to be wondered at that she felt very tired, and that the quiet scene, the cool, refreshing air, and the drowsy, droning hum of insects about her should have a soothing influence upon her nerves. For a time she watched her charge, while her eyes unconsciously grew more and more heavy, and her lids began to droop; then the little white figure on the grass wavered indistinctly before her vision and finally vanished altogether. In a word, Nancy was asleep.

When Mabel, having satisfactorily arranged her flowers, looked up and discovered the

state of affairs, what do you suppose she did?

Wakened Nancy, of course.

She did nothing of the sort. She stood still and looked at her, while an expression of pleased surprise brightened her features; her eyes twinkled, and a roguish smile dimpled her baby cheek.

"Now I can go round the big rock and see what's on the other side," she remarked below her breath. "Guess I'll leave my *bokay* here till I come back."

She waited still a minute to be quite sure Nancy was really "sound," and then stole off on tiptoe around the big rock, farther and farther into the wilds of the deep, deep wood. On and on ran the naughty feet in their pretty pink shoes, sometimes stumbling against loose stones, sometimes getting ensnared in tangled vines that formed a network over the ground, but still running on farther into the shadow and the stillness, farther from Nancy and home, until they were too tired to run any more. Then she stopped, frightened, and wished she had not come so far. She looked around—how dark it was growing; how tall and quiet and strange the trees looked, and what a long way off seemed the sky!

"Nanna," she called, trembling.

A faint echo mocked her; she called again, then burst into tears.

"I want Nanna! I want my mamma!" she sobbed.

As she stood there in her forlorn distress, with her fat hands pressed together and the tears streaming down her face, a man and woman came toward her. She saw them coming and stopped crying, feeling a great bound of relief at the sight of human beings, though they were queer-looking beings, she thought. They were brown and ugly, with black eyes and hair and heavy black brows; their clothes were rough, yet fantastic, for the man had a yellow handkerchief knotted around his throat and ear-rings in his ears, and the woman wore a gaudy shawl and a heavy necklace that did not in the least resemble the jewelry that Mabel often saw her mamma put on, and thick rings on her fin-

gers with blue, and red, and green stones. They looked so very queer that at any other time she would have felt afraid of them, but now she could only think of her joy at finding herself no longer alone in this wood.

"What's the matter, baby?" asked the woman, as they both stopped in front of her.

"I've lost my way," answered Mabel promptly. "Won't you please to show me the way home?"

"Where's your home?" asked the man.

"Over there," said Mabel, waving her hand rather vaguely over her shoulder. "'Tisn't my *really* home, you know; it's Mr. Thompson's cottage, only we live there now—me, and my mamma, and my grandpa; and Nanna takes care of me too, only she's went to sleep, and I runned off."

"O, you run off, did you?" rejoined the man. "What did you do that for?"

"I—don't—know," murmured Mabel, hanging her head, while her lips began to quiver again.

"Don't scare her, Bob," said the woman in a low tone; then she added, reassuringly: "Never mind, little one, we'll take you home."

Mabel brightened up directly, and held out her hand.

"I'm *awful* tired," she announced, whereupon the man picked her up and settled her quite comfortably on his arm. She began to think he was a very nice man, indeed; how lucky it was that he had found her! The pair exchanged some words which she did not hear, and then moved on. Mabel pointed once again in the direction where she fancied her home to be, and the man said, "Yes, yes; he knew all about it"; and presently, so worn out was she with her long tramp, and her fright, and her tears, the golden curly head drooped on the shoulder of her bearer, and she fell into a sleep as sound as that which had enslaved Nancy while all this mischief was brewing.

"She looks like little Bet," the woman whispered, as they walked on.

"Ay, and she's about Bet's size, too," replied her companion.

So they walked on and on, while the wood

grew darker and the silver stars began to peep over the tree-tops, until they saw the glare of a fire, and some odd shadowy figures, and heard the wild, sweet tinkle of a distant harp.

Meanwhile, Nancy had awakened and found her baby gone. There was a fright, and a wild search, and frantic calls for Mabel! Mabel!—which Mabel could not hear. Then she rushed back to the cottage, thinking that the child might have found her way there alone; and then ensued a commotion not easy to describe. Far and near, high and low, the little waif was sought for; bitter tears were shed, bitter reproof uttered, but neither tears nor reproof were of any avail; nor was the search successful which lasted through the long, long night, and through the following day, and through many, many days and nights after that.

A broken-hearted mother hung over an empty crib, and wept her life away; a banished nurse lamented her lost charge, and reproached herself in vain; while, leagues and leagues off, a little child was learning by degrees to forget the mother and the nurse she had loved, and to attach herself to the strange new life into which Fate had led her footsteps on that Summer's afternoon, when she had "runned away."

* * * * *

Weeks slipped into months, months into seasons, seasons into years. The years themselves rolled by: the mother who had wept for little Mabel had long forgotten her woe beneath the daisied grass; the nurse Nancy had vanished from the ken of all who were connected with her past history; and but one remained of the actors in the brief tragedy to nourish with undying regret the memory of the child.

This one person was Mabel's grandfather, Colonel Leonard Lennox, an old man now approaching his seventieth year. To say that he still grieved acutely for the child's loss would be, perhaps, stating the case in an exaggerated form; but one fact resulting from that loss did trouble him keenly—the fact that he had nobody to inherit his money when the time should come for him to die.

True, he knew plenty of people—good,

worthy people; but what cared he for any of them? He also knew of plenty of charities—deserving charities; but he had no weakness for charities. What on earth should be done with the Lennox money?

While his grandchild had been with him, he had constantly regretted her sex. Now that he had no grandchild, he felt that he could easily have forgiven that innocent failing on her part, could she have but returned to become the inheritor of his wealth.

One day he received a letter from an old friend, whom he had long lost sight of. This friend wrote that he was dying, and that he desired greatly to have a last interview with one whose memory was still dear to him, if the latter would take the trouble to come so far. The journey was rather a long one, but Colonel Lennox prepared for it with alacrity. An object of interest had presented itself at a time when he was a martyr to *ennui*, and was therefore especially welcome. He was met at his friend's door by a handsome lad of eighteen or nineteen, who welcomed him deferentially, and ushered him at once into the room where the invalid was awaiting him.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" was a question naturally asked by the visitor, during the interview which ensued; and the answer was frankly made.

"There is a great deal you can do for me, Lennox. It was really for this reason, more than for any other, that I sent for you. I am going to ask a favor of you, and I believe you will grant it. You saw the lad who lives here with me—the one who showed you into my room?"

"I saw him," assented the Colonel.

"He is my nephew; he is as dear to me as if he were my son. My great grief is that I cannot provide for his future. I am poor, and have for years struggled hard to give him, the education of a gentleman, and maintain him as a gentleman's son. You are rich, I know; will you befriend him when I am gone? Only give him a start in life—I ask no more. Mind, I don't want you to spend any large amount on him—"

"Never mind that," interrupted Colonel Lennox brusquely. "We won't enter into de-

tails. You can make your mind easy about the boy—I promise he shall want for nothing.”

Well, the old friend died ; and six weeks afterwards young Harry Dacre entered a university at Colonel Lennox’s expense. Not to dwell needlessly on this portion of his history, it is sufficient to say that he passed creditably through his university career, and at its close expressed his ambition to study for the law—a profession to which he felt himself strongly urged—for which, in fact, he was sure he had a special vocation.

“All in good time,” said his benefactor. “I have no objection to your becoming a shining light at the bar ; but first, we will travel. Nothing improves a young man like a few months’ travel in Europe in good companionship. We will go together.”

So, off to Europe they went ; visited London first, then the French capital, then Naples, Venice, Rome—all of which classic ground the Colonel’s feet had trodden before.

It was at Rome that Harry fell a prey to his first *grande passion*. It came about on this wise. Lady Vane, an Englishwoman of distinction, who had for many years resided in the Italian capital, and was noted for her brilliant entertainments at the Palazzo Martolo, invited Colonel Lennox and his *protégé* one evening to a *soirée musicale*, where some of the best private talent in the city was to be assembled. Arriving late, they found the elegantly-appointed rooms already crowded, and the music about to begin.

The evening was half over, and Harry feeling decidedly bored, when there was a stir in one of the doorways, and Lady Vane, exclaiming, “Here comes my little prima donna at last !” hastened forward to meet a young lady, simply dressed, who had just arrived under the escort of an ancient dame ; the latter retired after speaking a word to the hostess, who took the girl by the hand and led her to a chair.

“Who is she ?” Harry overheard some one near him ask, and the answer was carelessly given :

“Oh, Lady Vane’s newest fancy, I suppose ; I heard she had picked up some girl with a wonderful voice, and intended bringing her out.”

Lady Vane presently announced that Miss Valdarosa had kindly consented to sing ; and Miss Valdarosa, taking her place without hesitation or embarrassment by the piano, where a fiercely-moustached gentleman was waiting to accompany her, sang an aria from “Traviata,” in a remarkably clear and liquid soprano voice.

Harry Dacre was not far off, and as his eyes rested upon her, he thought he had never seen a lovelier face. It was one of those faces that attract more by purity of outline and harmony of color than by classic regularity of feature or brilliancy of expression ; the forehead was low, but broad, with brown hair brushed back in glossy ripples from the full temples ; the eyes were also brown, shaded by very long and very dark lashes ; the eyebrows delicate but marked, giving character to the small features, whose attribute seemed repose ; the tint of cheek and lip reminded you of nothing so much as of the petals of a wild rose—rich, yet exquisitely soft ; while the feminine grace of manner and movement plainly declared her to be a lady, even though her dress was without ornament, and in that fashionable assemblage she seemed entirely unknown.

Her singing was heavenly, but our young gentleman cared little for that. He was burning with anxiety to be introduced to her, to have the lovely eyes meet his, the lovely lips smile upon him, instead of being forced to sit down and admire her from a distance ; for he had committed the folly of falling in love with her at first sight. When her song was over, she was pressed for an encore ; Lady Vane nodded to her encouragingly, and with charming archness she sang the old Scotch ballad of “Comin’ thro’ the Rye,” which elicited even more applause than her first effort.

“Mr. Dacre, may I trouble you for some lemonade ?” asked a fat dowager-countess with an eye-glass, who sat at Harry’s elbow. Unwillingly he departed on the errand, and

by the time he returned from the refreshment-room, his charmer had disappeared.

"Who is this young girl, dear Lady Vane?" asked the dowager-countess, who had been commenting freely in a whisper on the plainness of Miss Valdarosa's dress; "quite unsuitable for evening wear, you know," and wondering where she could possibly have come from.

"She is niece, or ward, of one of my artist friends," was the reply. "Her voice is being cultivated for the stage. It is an exceptionally fine one; don't you think so?"

"Oh, exceptionally fine!" assented the other, who did not know the difference between a soprano and a contralto. "She is, I suppose, merely a chance discovery of yours?"

"Quite a chance discovery; a most charming and ladylike girl, I assure you, however. Her guardian, Pietro Barucco, is one of the most delightful old men I know. Of course you remember his famous picture in the Exhibition last year—every one was wild over it."

"Of course," replied the old dowager; and when her hostess was out of hearing, she took occasion to remark that she wondered whom Lady Vane would introduce into society next.

The next day, Harry informed Colonel Lennox that he had rather changed his mind in the choice of a profession—he believed he would like to study art.

"Study art!" echoed the old gentleman, horrified. "What can have put such a notion into your head?"

Harry modestly answered that he was considered to have a great talent for drawing, and that with sufficient study he felt sure he could become a good artist.

"That's folly," rejoined the Colonel. "You had better stick to your first choice. The law is a good, solid profession, with money in it, and commands respect; whereas painting is merely a resource for beggarly fellows who have not the brains to make a living at anything else."

However, he found Harry to be so much in earnest, that at last he relented and agreed to let him study painting for six months, at

the end of which time, if he had not made decided progress, he was to agree to give it up.

"You are to hunt up some capable instructor," he directed, "and pay him whatever he asks for his lessons. Don't go to any third-class, inferior fellow, who calls himself an artist because he daubs a little on canvas."

"Oh, I know a first-rate artist who takes pupils," said Harry confidently; "I shall apply to him at once. His name is Pietro Barucco; Lady Vane recommends him highly."

So, to Pietro Barucco he went, and was enrolled among the pupils of that celebrated master, who made no difficulty in receiving him. But, alas for the futility of human hopes! He had expected that by entering the studio of Miss Valdarosa's guardian he would obtain frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Valdarosa herself; but for many weary weeks he was doomed to expect and hope in vain. He became thoroughly disgusted, and was beginning to meditate on the expediency of laying down the pencil and cultivating his voice instead, when the opportunity so long desired at last presented itself.

He was quite alone one day in the studio, his master being absent and his fellow-pupils not having arrived, when the door opened, and the young girl of whom he thought by day and dreamed by night came in.

"I beg your pardon," she said, quietly addressing the embryo Rembrandt, who nearly dropped his palette and brushes in his confusion, "but I was taking a lesson here this morning, and I think I must have left my gloves—I cannot find them anywhere."

"Can I—can I help you look for them?" murmured Harry, whose heart was in his throat.

"Oh, thanks, but I don't wish to disturb you," she sweetly answered. Of course he vowed it was no disturbance, and soon the two were busily engaged in ransacking every corner and hiding place for the missing articles. Harry, in the happy tumult of his feelings, prosecuted the search with such wild indiscrimination that Miss Valdarosa could

not forbear a gentle laugh when she saw him inspecting the contents of a bottle of varnish, as if the gloves could possibly have found their way into that.

"Here they are," she announced triumphantly at last, as she fished them out of a receptacle for rags. "Who in the world could have thrown them there? Never mind, they are not hurt—luckily no paint has touched them. I am very much obliged to you, sir, for giving up so much of your time on my account. These are the only gloves I have at present, or I should not have been so anxious about them."

"Do you come here to take lessons?" asked Harry, with a rapt gaze.

"Yes, early in the morning, before the class meets. It is the only time I have, for I have pupils in singing through the day, and take singing-lessons, also, myself."

"I have been thinking," said Harry, "that I should like to come early in the morning; it would suit me better than a later hour—that is, I could give a longer time to my painting—I am so very anxious to improve myself. Do you think your uncle would allow me to do so?"

"My uncle?—oh, you mean Signor Barucco. Probably he would not object," replied Miss Valdarosa. "I must go now, for I have a lesson at half past ten. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," echoed Harry, opening the door for her to pass out. The studio seemed dreary and deserted when she was gone—it was as though a burst of sunshine had flooded it and suddenly vanished. But he had seen her, had talked with her face to face—was not that happiness enough for one day?

"I hear that young Mr. Dacre has become quite an enthusiast in art," remarked Lady Vane to Colonel Lennox, not long afterwards. "What progress does he make?"

"Pretty fair—pretty fair," replied the old gentleman. "He has plenty of perseverance, at any rate—works early and late. I like to see young people in earnest."

"It is very commendable," assented Lady Vane; then she added rather irrelevantly, "I wonder if he sees much of Miss Valdarosa?"

"Miss who?" asked the Colonel.

"Miss Valdarosa—the young lady who sang at my *musicale* the first evening you came to my rooms. Don't you remember her?—a very pretty, quiet girl, with a remarkably fine voice, who came late in the evening and stayed only a little while."

"Oh, yes, I remember. I haven't heard him mention her," said the Colonel indifferently.

"She is Signor Barucco's ward," added Lady Vane.

"The Colonel said 'Indeed,' but did not recollect that Signor Barucco was Harry's master, nor did he think of Miss Valdarosa again.

In the mean time a dangerous intimacy had sprung up between these two young people. Old Barucco was delighted at Harry's anxiety to make more rapid progress in painting than he had hitherto done, and allowed him to begin his lesson at eight in the morning. Miss Valdarosa came also at eight; and at half past eight the *maestro*, who began work at six, always went out for a little stroll and a cup of black coffee, and was absent for fifteen minutes. Blest fifteen minutes! when the youthful devotees of art could enjoy each other's society without surveillance or restraint, and find in each other's faces more profitable study than in the works of the old masters which they were privileged to copy. Had Barucco, leisurely sipping his coffee and munching his slice of currant-bread, not two squares off, suspected the sort of progress that his favorite pupils were making during his absence, it is probable that he would have arranged his hours differently; but he was as unsuspicious as a child.

There was but one person who suspected, and that was Lady Vane. One day she sent for Miss Valdarosa, to consult her, as she said, about a new pupil she had found for her; and dexterously brought the conversation to bear upon an entirely foreign subject—to wit, Harry Dacre. In the young girl's blushes, her sudden constraint, she read the confirmation of her thoughts.

"My dear," she said kindly, "don't think

me impertinently inquisitive, if I ask you a plain question. Has this young gentleman made love to you?"

There was no reply.

"Silence gives consent," the elder lady went on. "Tell me, without reserve, how matters stand between you; I am your friend, and feel a true interest in your welfare. Confide in me as you would in your mother."

"Oh, Lady Vane!" cried the girl, bursting into tears. "I am so alone; I have no one to advise me. I have been imprudent; I have acted foolishly; but I could not help it. Oh, Lady Vane! could I help loving him? Have I done very, very wrong?"

"Are you engaged?" was the next question, given instead of any definite reply; and in a frightened whisper Miss Valdarosa answered "Yes."

So the mischief was already done. The question was, how could it be undone—or was it now even too late for a remedy to be found? Lady Vane, looking at her *protégé's* downcast face, thought how fair a face it was, and how easily Harry Dacre might make a worse choice—not because the face was fair, but because the girl was modest, and pure, and essentially a lady, although her antecedents were unknown. This independent dame, in spite of fifty years' experience, was still romantic enough to believe in love-matches; if these two simpletons had really grown fond of each other, why should they not be happy in their own way?

But she knew very well that these would not be Colonel Lennox's views; she was sure, in fact, that he would be terribly angry when he should discover the state of affairs. He had confided to her the relation in which young Dacre stood toward him, and his own intentions in regard to the boy's future; and now if the latter should turn upon him with ingratitude and frustrate his schemes, the result would, no doubt, be the total severance of the tie between them, and the consequent destruction of Harry's worldly prospects.

"I am afraid, my dear, that you have both been very rash," she said seriously, as she lightly smoothed Miss Valdarosa's rippling hair with her hand. "Don't you know that

your Harry has nothing in the world but what Colonel Lennox gives him? and how do you suppose he could support a wife?"

"Oh, he is going to be a great artist," cried the girl, looking up with sublime faith shining in her eyes. "He will paint, and I can sing, and give lessons always; so we can easily get a living. If that is all, we are not afraid."

"And your guardian—what says he?"

"He knows nothing—no one knows but yourself, and you have found us out. But Signor Barucco will not care; he thinks only of his pictures. There is no one who cares what I do," said the other sadly. "But Harry must tell that old gentleman, whom I am afraid of, because he has such cold eyes. Will he be vexed, do you think?"

"I cannot tell, child. Go home now, and don't worry yourself over the matter any more for the present," answered Lady Vane, not unwilling to dismiss it from her own mind; for, after all, it was no affair of hers. But she kept thinking of it, in spite of herself, and awaited the *dénouement* with a certain anxiety that she could not shake off.

It came sooner than she had anticipated. Harry, in whose nature timidity had no part, was not satisfied until he had openly announced to Colonel Lennox his attachment to Miss Valdarosa, and his intention to marry her. The result was what might have been expected. The old gentleman was at first incredulous, then horrified, then desperately angry; he called Harry a fool, and swore he should never see another dollar of his money if he did not give up this mad scheme; denouncing in no measured terms his ingratitude for all the favors he had received.

"I am not ungrateful, sir," said the young man, speaking very gently and respectfully, for he was not without some qualms of conscience; "and I am most awfully sorry to displease you—I am, indeed; for you have been most kind to me. But I can't fight against fate; and since it's my fate to love Miss Valdarosa—"

"Hang your fate," growled the Colonel (though he used a stronger term). "Marry her and be a beggar, if you like such a fate.

But remember, you choose between her and me; and if you choose her, I've done with you. I shall never stretch out my hand again to help you—no, not to save you from starving!”

Harry answered that his choice was made; and so they parted in anger and sorrow, but without repentance on either side; and three weeks later Harry married his fair one, and began to study painting in good earnest; while Colonel Lennox, in high dudgeon, returned to America, to take up again the problem which had for a time been laid at rest: To whom should he leave his money, since he was left without an heir?”

Soon after his return, an enemy fell upon him in the shape of a rheumatic fever, and beset him so sorely, that for a good while it was doubtful which would get the upper hand in the tussle. But a good constitution and a good doctor pulled him through; and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to attend to business, he sent for his lawyer, and dictated what he believed to be his last will and testament, in which he bequeathed to three separate and distinct charitable institutions—Catholic, Protestant, and Hebrew—the whole of his large fortune, to be divided equally among the three.

He was just beginning to crawl about again, with the aid of a couple of sticks, looking and feeling much the worse for wear, when it was announced to him one day that a “person” desired to see him on very particular business.

The person, on being shown up, proved to be a woman—not a lady, but respectable in appearance—middle-aged, neatly dressed, homely rather than interesting; there was nothing striking in her countenance, yet Colonel Lennox was immediately attracted by a certain indefinable likeness, a shadow of something or somebody he was sure he had once seen, which seemed to connect the face in some inexplicable manner with the past.

“I don't suppose you remember me, Colonel Lennox,” said this mysterious visitor, in a respectful tone. “I am Nancy Hobson, who used to take care of your grandchild, little Mabel Forrester, many years ago.”

“Indeed! and you presume to present yourself before me?” cried the Colonel, feebly striking one of his sticks against the floor. “Weren't you desired never to show your face to any of the family again?”

“Yes, sir,” said Nancy, casting down her eyes; “but I knew you would excuse me when you heard that I had a particular reason for coming.”

“You want money, I suppose,” said the Colonel, “but you won't get it.”

“Thank you, sir, I don't want money. I am very comfortably situated, and quite able to support myself. But I have heard news of your granddaughter, Colonel Lennox, and I thought it my duty to inform you of it.”

“What?” shouted the old gentlemen.

“Yes, sir. Miss Mabel, as I've learned from good authority, is alive, and has never come to any harm, thank God, though I'm sure—”

“Will you stop chattering, and tell me in plain English what you have heard, and how you've heard it—though I don't believe a word of it, to begin with,” said the Colonel, trembling with excitement.

Nancy accordingly related her story, as succinctly as she knew how, though, woman-like, she could not forbear embellishing it with discursive remarks. The outline of it was briefly this. She had been traveling in Europe, in the capacity of lady's maid, with a family consisting of a widow and two daughters; and while in the south of France, during the sojourn of a few days in a small town, where they were detained by the illness of one of the daughters, had heard from the landlady of the *auberge* where they stopped the account of an incident which had occurred some months before beneath her roof. A gentleman and his supposed daughter had come to her and engaged apartments for a fortnight, paying in advance, but on the third morning after their arrival they had mysteriously disappeared, without any warning of their intention to leave. One trace of them was left; on the dressing-table in the bed-room of the young lady, the chambermaid found a locket and chain, apparently forgotten in the haste of departure.

These were advertised, but never claimed, nor was any news afterwards received of the owner and her companion, though diligent inquiry was made. The locket was displayed by the landlady to her guests, and Nancy, who was present, recognized it with mingled astonishment, delight, and fear, as the property of her long-lost charge. Its identity was unmistakable; it contained a lock of hair arranged in the form of a flower, with the inscription "Mabel, from L. G. F." engraved around it; and in addition to this proof was another, in the shape of an odd little dent, which, as Nancy perfectly remembered, Mabel, in a fit of childish anger, had made upon the edge of the trinket with her teeth. She had immediately declared her knowledge of the owner, and endeavored to purchase it at almost any price from the landlady; but her story was not credited, and to her great disappointment she was unable to obtain possession of the clue.

"And how long ago did all this happen?" asked the Colonel.

"About fifteen months ago, sir—I know we passed through France in the autumn of last year, and—"

"And why, in the name of all that's blamable, didn't you bring me this news sooner?"

"I wrote to you, sir, immediate, but I suppose my letters miscarried; and when I came home I learned you were abroad; and I came here twice since your return, but found you were too ill to see me; so this is the first chance I've got."

Colonel Lennox rang his bell violently, desired his servant to bring him writing materials, and in a twinkling wrote and dispatched two missives—one to his lawyer, the other to a well-known detective whom he had before had occasion to employ.

This done, he again turned to his visitor.

"My good woman," he observed, "I am by no means convinced of the incontrovertibility of the proof you have described to me—in plain English, I think you have built a big edifice on a small foundation, and it is very likely to be overthrown. In the first place, the event you allude to occurred nearly a year and a half ago; so that the young

lady of the landlady's story may, probably, be no longer alive. If she were, why should she not have claimed her locket? In the second place, supposing the locket really did once on a time belong to my grand-daughter, it might easily have fallen into other hands. In the third place, you may just as easily have been mistaken in fancying that you recognized the ornament—"

"Oh, no, indeed, sir. I am quite positive on that point," interrupted Nancy, firmly. "I have too often fastened it around the dear child's neck with my own hands, not to know it, anywhere or at any time, even if it was on the top of one of the Egyptian pyramids, or in the desert of Sarah. And she had it on, sir, as she most generally did, on that special afternoon when she strayed away."

"When you lost her, you mean," said the Colonel. "Well, the case shall be investigated, at all events; and in the meantime, let me offer you a suitable reward for your information, whether it prove valuable or not."

But Nancy, with an air of offended dignity, declined the offer, and withdrew, somewhat dashed in her hopes.

The Colonel, though he pretended to be incredulous, was, in reality, greatly moved by what he had heard, and could not rest until steps were taken to follow up the clue which the story of the ex-nurse afforded him.

As I am not writing a detective's story, I shall not attempt to trace the intricate windings of the labyrinth through which the Chief of Detectives and his clever agents pursued their way towards the desired end.

Suffice it is to say that, at the end of six weeks, information was brought to the anxious Colonel, which satisfied him that Mabel was actually alive, and had been found. She was, however, no longer Mabel Forrester, as she was married. This was an unforeseen blow.

"Married," groaned the Colonel, "and to some detestable foreigner! It is worse than if she had not been found."

Oddly enough, it was not yet discovered whom she had married. It was the one point in the chain of evidence still lacking.

The old gentleman fumed with impatience. The detective assured him cheerfully that it would all come right in a day or two.

And twenty-four hours afterward he triumphantly returned with the information that the missing link was found.

"Well," said Colonel Lennox, "whom have I the honor to own as a grandson-in-law?"

"No foreigner," replied the officer, "but a respectable and talented American gentleman, in every way worthy of the connection. So, my dear sir, you may set your mind at rest."

"The name?" eagerly demanded his hearer.

"Henry Linwood Dacre."

"Dacre! *Harry Dacre!*"

The Colonel sank back breathless.

It was even so. Miss Valdarosa and Ma-

bel Forrester were one; and Harry would get the Colonel's money after all.

The lost child, transferred, by a curious succession of chances, from one hand to another, had been adopted, when about ten years old, by an eccentric Spaniard named Valdarosa, who was pleased with her musical talent, and resolved to turn it to account. With him she traveled about for some years, until his death at Rome, in the house of old Pietro Barucco, left her under the guardianship of the latter; and the rest of her story is known.

A few weeks later, and the young married pair, who were honestly earning their livelihood by their united labors, found themselves restored to their rightful possessions; and the three charitable institutions—Catholic, Protestant, and Hebrew—will never know what valuable bequests they have lost.

F. Deas.

SONG.

AH, who shall understand,
Where Death has set his hand?

O impotent all effort to express
The want, the full pain in the throat,
The shadow every day, nor ever less,
Upon all things!

As one afloat
On a sea dolorous, who looks no more
For help or pity to the hidden shore,—
So look we with sick eyes across all time,
Eternal twilight and the mist of rain,
Behind us far the sunshine of that clime
Whose careless ease we never see again!

And now, regret unto the last dim day;
Regret thro' twilight silence, and away
Into the boding blackness of the night;
Regret, regret, and unavailing tears,
Till wan the dawning struggles into light,
And onward sighs thro' all the empty years.

E. C. Atherton.

PARACELSUS.

It is related of a Chinese ambassador to this country that he desired to see some poets: accordingly, he and his interpreter were sent to call on Mr. Browning. The latter, knowing that his guest was himself a poet, enquired whether his writings were lyrical, dramatic, or pastoral, to which the interpreter replied that His Excellency's poetry was chiefly enigmatical. That two of a trade met on this occasion, must be allowed by the warmest of Mr. Browning's admirers; but where they join issue with the world at large, is in saying that that labor is well bestowed in searching for *le mot de l'enigme*. The denouncers of Mr. Browning's obscurity are mostly those who have never given him more than a cursory reading, and from that they cannot expect much result, seeing that Coleridge used to say of the plainest book ever written, "The Pilgrim's Progress," that he read it three times: 1st, as a theologian; 2nd, with devotional feelings; 3rd, as a poet. Surely, we should bestow at least *as much* study on a professedly¹ obscure style, before dismissing it as unfathomable. In saying this it is, of course, taken for granted that the subject matter is worthy of being studied, and few thoughtful persons who have fairly considered the question will refuse to grant so much to Browning. In this very poem of Paracelsus there are many beauties that he who runs may read, though a large number of people shrink from the mental labor involved in grappling with it as a whole, and say of the prophet of our day, as those of old did of Ezekiel—"Doth he not speak parables?" The following sketch of the poem is intended in a very slight degree to aid such as are unaccustomed to Browning's style, to read it for themselves.

Like almost all his works, it deals with "the incidents in the development of a soul";—he says himself that he considers

"little else worth study," and, by looking at all incidents in this light of soul-growth, he reads lofty spiritual life into the minutest trait of character; in his eyes man can "nothing common do or mean," because there is a deep significance in all his words and deeds, since "in the mental, as in the bodily organism, *the present is the resultant of the past*, so that whatever we learn, think, or do, will come again in later life as a Nemesis, or as an angel's visit."² He interweaves time and eternity, teaching us that it may be our life will be continuous, "forever old, yet new; changed not in kind, but in degree"—and that "Eternity is not to be railed off from time, as if *that* were the High Altar, and *this* the profane street."⁴

The poem opens A. D. 1512, in a garden near Würzburg, where Paracelsus, an ambitious lad of nineteen, is bidding farewell to his friend Festus, and to Michal, the latter's bride, telling them that their memories shall make his heart "quiet and fragrant as befits their home." He speaks with such yearning love of their common home—"This kingdom limited alone by one old populous green wall"—that his friends half believe he will not be able to tear himself away from it; but he goes on to speak of the success that shall be his with a look that breaks their dream—"That look," says Festus, "as if where'er you gazed there stood a star!" but yet "a solitary briar the bank puts forth to save our swan's nest floating out to sea," and he seeks to dissuade the boy from his scheme. Paracelsus protests that it was Festus himself who had first awakened his mind, and guided him through doubt and fear, though he is now trying to make him reject God's great commission, his acceptance of which is due to Festus's own teaching: "We agreed as to what was man's end and God's will, and yet

² Carpenter's "Mental Physiology."

³ "The last ride together."

⁴ Dr. Martineau.

¹ "To bring the invisible full into play,

Let the visible go to the dogs—what matter?"

now that I am about to put it all into practice, you seem to hold that the sovereign proof that we devote ourselves to God is seen in living just as though no God there were."

Festus, like many an elder since, accustomed to combine intellectual perception of truths with "respectable" inaction, is startled when enthusiastic youth thinks acting upon a truth the necessary consequence of perceiving it! But he goes on to recall Paracelsus's early life, and how he had come to stand apart from his compeers with a brooding purpose to gain

"The secret of the world,
Of man, and man's true purpose, path, and fate,
You, if a man may, dare aspire to know."

Paracelsus protests against his aim being stated thus, and declares that he aspires to nothing but to give a ready answer to the will of God, "who summons me to be his organ." Festus bids him search well into his heart, to see whether his ruling motive be not ambition rather than God's glory, warning him that God appoints no less the way of praise than the desire of praise:

"Presume not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channels as he wills shall gather
Imperfect tributes—for that sole obedience
Valued, perchance. He seeks not that his altars
Blaze, careless how, so that they do but blaze."

Paracelsus replies that he requires "no fairer seal" to his mission than the fierce energy, the irresistible force, that work within him, since God

"Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart. . . .

They sleep not whom God needs—"

—through him "new hopes shall animate the world." Festus asks why he should strike out new paths, instead of following up the work of those who had been before him. He answers that from his youth a secret influence has been about him to which he turned,

"Scarce consciously, as turns
A water snake where fairies cross his sleep,"

and this spirit has ever been calling upon him to separate himself from mankind, and to do the world some mighty service, seeking for no reward:

"Like some knight traversing a wilderness
Who on his way may chance to free a tribe
Of desert people from their dragon foe,
When all the swarthy tribes press round to kiss
His feet, and choose him for their king, and yield
Their poor tents, pitched among the sand-hills, for
His realm; and he points, smiling, to his scarf,
Heavy with riveled gold, his burgonet,
Gay set with twinkling stones—and to the East,
Where these must be displayed."

After a youth spent in feelings such as these, there came a period of conscious failure as he worked with the other students, until it dawned upon him that he seemed less successful than his fellows only because his aims were larger—a voice said to him: "Whence spring defeat and loss? Even from thy strength;" "and I smiled, as men never smile but once; then first discovering my own aim's extent, which sought to comprehend God and his works. From that time all things wore a different hue to me, and now I go to prove my soul! I see my way as birds their trackless way. In some good time I shall arrive. He guides me and the bird. In his good time!" Festus again urges upon him to accept the light of those who have gone before, but he refuses to sit beside their dry wells,

"While in the distance heaven is blue above,
Mountains, where sleep the unsunned tarns."

Festus yields to his ardor, and Michal exclaims: "Then Aureole is God's Commissary! He shall be great and grand!" "No, sweet," says he, "not great and grand; I never will be served by those I serve!"

With an insight justified by the end, Festus warns him against being "that monstrous spectacle upon the earth, a being knowing not what love is." Replying first to the old objection, Paracelsus denies that he is wrong in rejecting the wisdom gained by others, because truth is within ourselves, and to know consists in opening out a way for this imprisoned splendor to escape; some seemingly commonplace man may go mad, and

"By his wild talk alone,
You first collect how great a spirit he had."

Paracelsus says his aim is to discover the true laws by which "the flesh accloys the spirit." Is not this the aim that S. Paul proposes to us, when he exhorts us to "grow

in the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a *perfect man*, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ?"

"Let us not always say

'Spite of this flesh, to-day

I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole."

As the bird wings and sings,

Let us cry, 'All good things

Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul.'"¹

St. Thomas à Kempis and his school were wrong—they looked on the spirit as everything, and on the body as a mere opportunity of mortifying and disciplining that spirit; and still more wrong were those of the Renaissance, who thought only of beautifying and perfecting the body and the intellect. Paracelsus saw that man's true perfection must lie in perfecting body *and* spirit—that the body ought to be a help, and not a hindrance, in leading the higher life. He sought to find the laws by the observance of which would best be furthered man's development as a perfect whole. How to do this seems to be still the main problem of the day, the yet unanswered riddle of the sphynx. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, since to solve it would be to understand life and God's education of the human race?

But to return to the argument of Paracelsus: he says, with regard to the scorn of love and gratitude with which Festus taxes him, that when he has achieved his aim and knows, his affections, laid to sleep a while, will awaken purified.

"Till then, till then . . .

Ah, the time-whiling loitering of a page,

Thro' bower and over lawn, till eve shall bring

The stately lady's presence whom he loves;

The broken sleep of the fisher, whose rough coat

Enwraps the queenly pearl—these are faint types."

Then, with one only touch of human weakness, feeling with Novalis (who said, "My belief gains infinitely the moment it is shared by one other human soul"), he breaks off with—"Say, do you believe I shall accomplish this?" "I do believe," says Festus. "I ever did," says Michal.

Nine years later, Paracelsus sits in the house of a great conjurer at Constantinople,

¹ Rabbi ben Ezra.

while against the splendor of the setting sun "the city, black and crooked, runs like a Turk verse along a scimitar." The fortune-teller he has sought wills that his seekers should inscribe their previous life's attainment in his roll, before his promised secret shall make up the sum. Accordingly (slipped into the blank space between an idiot's gibber and a mad lover's ditty), a few blurred characters record how Paracelsus had wandered through many lands, and made a few discoveries, though too intent on gain to come, to stay and scrutinize the little gained. The Greek had promised that he should not quit the chamber till he should know what he desired; and, as he sits waiting, he muses on his past life, and how he had subdued it unceasingly to his one purpose; and then his thoughts wander back to Einsiedln, his earliest home, and to Festus, with "that sweet maiden long ago his bride," for the wanderer "bears a memory of a pleasant life, whose small events he treasures"; and then he recalls the early days of his search after truth, when all the wonder and beauty of life fell on either side of truth, as her mere robe: he sees the robe now, he saw the form then. He had never paused upon his way, had never glanced behind to see if he had kept his primal light from waning; and thus insensibly he had declined from his high level; and then he prays—"Crush not my mind, dear God, tho' I be crushed; give but one hour of my first energy, that I may mold the truths I have, and so completing them, possess."

He is interrupted by the lovely song ("I heard a voice, perchance I heard long ago, but all too low"), in which,

"All poets God ever meant

Should save the world, and therefore lent

Great gifts to, but who, proud, refused

To do his work, or lightly used

Those gifts, or failed, thro' weak endeavor,

Now mourn, cast off by him forever."

Then enters the sweet singer, Aprile, who proclaims that his life ambition had been "to love infinitely and be loved"; and as he tells of the world of love and loveliness which he had aspired to create, and how he had been distracted from his mission by the very sense

of beauty which had been intrusted to him in order that he might fulfil it,—Paracelsus, in the darkness, softens into tears, exclaiming: “Merciful God! forgive us both. I too have sought to KNOW, as thou to LOVE, excluding love as thou refusedst knowledge.” But even as he implores Aprile to live with him till both are saved, they being “two halves of one dissevered world whom this strange chance unites”—even as he speaks, Aprile dies upon his breast, surrounded by visions of “white brows, lit up with glory, poets all,” and exclaiming, “God is the perfect poet, who in his own person acts his own creations.” “Let me love,” says Paracelsus; “I have attained, and now I may depart.”

Five years later, Paracelsus, the wondrous life-dispenser, Fate’s commissary, idol of the schools and courts, sits in his own chamber at Basil, heaping on “logs to let the blaze laugh out,” as he listens to Festus’s account of the quiet life which has been going on at Einsiedeln during his own wild wanderings, and of Michal, whose face “still wears that quiet and peculiar light, like the dim circlet floating round a pearl,” although her children are wild with joy beside her; but Paracelsus cares not to hear of them, for they unsettle the old picture in his mind.

“Michal may become her motherhood,

But ’tis a change, and I detest all change,

And most, a change in aught I loved long since.”

And so the talk goes on, till Festus humbly says:

“But you are very kind to humor me

By showing interest in my quiet life.”

And Paracelsus answers that Death lets out strange secrets; that some few weeks ago he had helped a man to die—a courtier, who had “well-nigh wormed all traces of God’s finger out of him,” and yet an hour before his death,

“Having lain long with blank and soulless eyes,

He sat up suddenly, and with natural voice,

Said that, in spite of thick air and closed doors,

God told him it was June; and he knew well,

Without such telling, hare-bells grew in June;

And all that kings could ever give or take

Would not be precious as those blooms to him.

Just so . . . it seems to me much worthier argument,

Why pansies, eyes that laugh,¹ bear beauty’s prize
From violets, eyes that dream (your Michal’s
choice),

Than all fools find to wonder at in me
Or in my fortunes !”

And then he breaks out into sneers at his own popularity in the schools—accusing himself of quackery, confessing the utter failure of his aspirations, and his inner misery only hidden by his fame and seeming success. Festus, amazed, refuses to believe him, recounts the wonders told by all of his healing power, how he was

“One ordained

To free the flesh from fell disease, as frees

Our Luther’s burning tongue the fettered soul.”

Paracelsus persists in declaring that he has thrown his life away, and that, bought by a hollow popularity, based on ignorance, he has subsided into enjoying a lower range of pleasures than of old. He tells how Aprile had warned him that the only way to save himself was to serve his fellows; and how he had therefore come to be teacher and physician in Basil, where crowds were crying “Hosanna” before him to-day, who would be just as eager in crying “Crucify” to-morrow. He had found it impossible to live for love and beauty like Aprile—the old craving for knowledge had come upon him again, though now he lived on a lower level, and was haunted by the fear that he might sink still more, breathe falsehood as if it were truth, and deal in practices which once awoke his most indignant loathing. Festus assures him this mood will pass.

“Be brave, dear Aureole, since

The rabbit has his shade to frighten him,

The fawn a rustling bough, mortals their cares,

And higher natures yet would slight and laugh

At these entangling fantasies, as you

At trammels of a weaker intellect.

Measure your mind’s height by the shade it casts.”

He rejects Paracelsus’s suggestion that he is blinded by his love.

“Nought blinds you less than admiration, friend !

Whether it be that all love renders wise

In its degree : from heart which blends with love—

Heart answering heart—to love which spends itself

In silent, mad idolatry of some

Pre-eminent mortal, some great soul of souls,

Which ne’er will know how well it is adored:

I say, such love is never blind; but rather

Alive to every, the minutest spot

¹ Compare Poe’s “Puritan Pansies.”]

Which mars its object, which hate (supposed
So vigilant and searching) dreams not of:
Love broods on such—What then? When first
perceived

Is there no sweet strife to forget, to change,
To overflow these blemishes with all
The glow of general goodness they disturb?
To make these very defects an endless source
Of new affections grown from hopes and fears?"

Paracelsus exclaims at his being thus instructed by a quiet, mountain-cloistered priest, but goes on to point out where his sole merit lies—namely, in being in advance of his age, though he fears his clumsy pupils will fail to use aright the intellectual weapons with which he has furnished them. Then the melancholy wind disturbs the talk, and Festus, opening the casement, looks out into the night, where "peaceful sleep the tree-tops all together!" "Like an asp the wind slips whispering from bough to bough, 'Morn is near,'"

"The shrubs bestir and rouse themselves as if
Some snake that weighed them down all night, let
go
His hold, and from the East, fuller and fuller,
Day, like a mighty river is flowing in,
But clouded, wintry, desolate and cold!"—

a fit surrounding for the wounded heart which cries out that knowledge belongs to God and his spirits, while

"Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity,
These are its signs, its note, its character,
And these I've lost!—gone, shut from me forever,
Like a dead friend, safe from unkindness more!"

The friends next meet two years later at an inn in Alsatia. Paracelsus is on his way to Nuremberg because of his unpopularity in Basil, where he had received "hate, scorn, obloquy, and all the higher, rarer,¹ and more gratifying forms of popular applause." As long as he merely satisfied their love of the marvelous, they worshiped him; but when he strove to teach them real truth, he reaped truth's usual reward—a crown of thorns. He announces his intention of seeking anew his former goal, but by better means than the old ones, over which he sings the lovely dirge, "Heap cassia, sandal buds"; he will accept all help, he says, instead of spurning it as before—he will not only *know*, but will also

enjoy every delight that comes in his path and his future shall be glorious with visions of a full success. But Festus is not blinded by this feverish eagerness, and he says he is glad of it—glad that Festus is not "gulled by all this swaggering," and attempt to put a good face upon his overthrow, but can see how full he is of mean motives and low desires. In vain does Festus strive to assure him that these feelings are no part of his real nature; he refuses comfort, and declares he has nothing left but that "this life of mine must be lived out and a grave thoroughly earned." Festus urges him to make a mighty effort to redeem the past, and still to arrive at his destination; but he declares it is too late, and sings the tale of those who sailed in a gallant armament, bearing on each ship a fair statue, for which they were to build shrines on certain islands. But weary of their voyage, they landed on the first rock they came to—

"All day we built its shrine for each, . . .
Nor paused, till, in the westering sun,
We sat together on the beach
To sing because our work was done."

When, as they rested, came a raft with gentle islanders.

"Our isles are just at hand," they cried, . . .
'Our olive groves thick shades are keeping
For these majestic forms,' they cried;
Oh, then we woke with sudden start
From our deep dream, and knew too late
How bare the rock, how desolate,
Which had received our precious freight;
Yet, we called out, 'Depart!
Our gifts, once given, must here abide.
We have no heart to mar our work!' we cried."

And so, with Paracelsus, he now knew the barrenness of the rock whereon he had built; but he had no heart to rear a fresh shrine for his soul; his nature was no longer even pure enough to return, as Festus wished, to his quiet home at Einsiedeln. His life was broken, his trust in God had proved a broken reed. But here Festus interrupted him, declaring what he had called "trust" was nothing but self-delusion and selfishness.

"None
Could trace God's will so plain as you, while yours
Remained implied in it. But now you fail,
And we, who prate about that will, are fools!"

¹ Prof. Seeley.

Paracelsus retorts that Man is the glory of God, and that he had promoted God's glory in striving to be glorious himself. He says again, that the old life is not for him; that he must dree his weird, however Festus may scorn him; that he departs secure against all further insult. "My one friend's scorn shall brand me; no fear of sinking deeper! Only never let Michal know this last dull winding up of all; grieve her not." "Your ill-success can little grieve her now"; whereat, Paracelsus, in a craze of sorrow, knowing well that, with her, indifference to his fate means death, assures Festus, as if it were some strange discovery of his own, that she yet lives in spirit.

"Know, then, you did not ill to trust your love
To the cold earth: I have thought much of it,
For I believe we do not wholly die."

And so we leave him musing on how Michal sleeps amidst the roots and dewes, and on what an empty farce are his schemes and struggles compared to the reality of the loss he has just learned.

Thirteen years later Festus sits by his friend's death-bed, in the Hospital of Sebastian, at Salzburg, listening in unavailing sorrow to his delirium, crying vainly to God for him: "Save him, dear God! Thou art not made like us; we should be wroth in such a case, but thou forgivest!" But the sick man ceases not to rave, and to rail at the fiends who have marred his work, and who are now triumphing over his failure. He wails over his loss of both power and love.

"Sweet human love is gone!
'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you: they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence—muse or sleep—
And all at once, they leave you, and you know
them.
We are so fooled, so cheated!"

At last he awakens to his friend's presence, and fancies himself once more at Einsiedln, watching S. Saviour's spire flame in the sun-set;

"All its figures quaint
Gay in the glancing light. You might conceive them
A troop of yellow-vested, white-haired Jews,
Bound for their own land, where redemption dawns."

And then he yields the fight, accuses himself of quackery and deceit, and prays to be "forgotten even by God." Festus refuses to believe his failure, and bids him enter gloriously his rest.

"I am for noble Aureole, God!" cries he.
"I am upon his side, come weal or woe.
His portion shall be mine: he has done well.
I would have sinned, had I been strong enough,
As he has sinned; reward him, or I waive
Reward! If thou canst find no place for him,
He shall be king elsewhere, and I will be
His slave forever. There are two of us."

"Speak on," says Paracelsus, "or I dream";
and Festus soothes him with the song,

"There the Mayne glideth,
Where my love abideth,"

till its simple words loose the sick man's heart, and drive out the darkness which naught else could touch.

"Like some dark snake that force may not expel,
He glideth out to music sweet and low."

And then his mind awakens wholly, and he arises, with a last effort of strength, to tell God's message. He bids Festus not deem his aims wrong because he goes joyous back to God, although he brings no offering. "Higher prizes may await the mortal persevering to the end"; but yet he is not all so valueless, though he too soon left following the instincts of that happy time when he had vowed himself to man; yet he had been something; he was born for it—was born with all the high ambitions of which others only attain the perception by many struggles and mistakes; he had felt and known what God was; how he dwelt in the whole of life, and most of all, in man, in whom were united, in a wondrous whole, the dim fragments of glory found in the rest of creation. And in man, Paracelsus now saw, "*Power*, neither blind nor all knowing, but checked by hope and fear; *knowledge*, not intuition, as he had once thought, but the slow fruit of toil; *love*, not serenely pure, but strong through weakness—a blind, oft-failing, yet believing love—a half-enlightened, often chequered trust." And in man thus formed, all nature receives a soul. When he once appears in the world,

"The winds are henceforth voices, wailing, or a shout,
A querulous mutter, or a quick, gay laugh;
Never a senseless gust now man is born."

Yet all this is only to teach us man's proper place, to which he has not yet attained, and never will, till "all mankind alike is perfected, equal in full-blown powers"; when this is consummated, then will "his long, triumphant march begin." Even as all that was highest in Nature, before man's advent, was but a symbol and foreshadowing of him, so, when he is perfected, shall he feel in himself,

"August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor, ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues."

His enlarged horizon shall fill him with new hopes and fears, unmeasured thirst for good.

"Such men are even now upon the earth,
Serené amid the half-formed creatures round
Who should be saved by them, and joined with them.

Such was my task, and I was born for it."

"I, from the first, was never cheated by a delusive and divided aim, as has been the fate of many a high-dowered spirit! I clearly saw that God was glorified in man, and to man's glory vowed I soul and limb, and never fashioned out a fancied good distinct from man's, and never dreamed that his successes could be over-great. Yet, clear-sighted, gifted, still I failed. I thought power the sign and note and character of man, and saw no reason why he should not rise to it by one bold leap. I sought for power alone, and instantly, without the discipline of tears and labor by which man, in the future, shall attain to it—for he shall painfully attain to joy, while love and hope shall keep him man—and as my dreams grew dim, my wide aims circumscribed by petty obstacles, what wonder if I saw no way to shun despair? The power I sought for man seemed God's; then, from Aprile I learned my error, and saw how one sin had spotted my career from its uprise.

"Love's undoing

Taught me the worth of love in man's estate,
And what proportion love should hold with power

In his right constitution; love preceding
Power, and with much power, always much more
love:

And then I thought the whole was learned.

"I devoted all my knowledge to man's service, but scorned their stupid wonder, loathed their praise, and when they turned upon me, it was not strange I hated them, for

"In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love's first beginnings in mankind."

"It is fitting that men should, at this present, only see the weak and false in me, but in after times they yet shall know me.

"If I stoop

Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time. I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor soon or late
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day."

And so, with brave words upon his lips, and clasping the hand of his earliest friend, the great, sin-stained, storm-tossed spirit passes to that "world of larger scope," where "what here is faithfully begun will be completed, not undone."

Those words of Clough seem to me an epitome of the gospel of Browning, and they are "a gospel for the nineteenth century." With the questioning spirit abroad on all sides, meeting you in every magazine; when it is a moot point whether life be worth living; it is a grand thing to be able to say, with Clough, to all the doubts which seek to paralyze our souls, "I know not; I will do my duty"; but it is grander still to hold with Browning that there *is* an answer to the thoughts which trouble us, another side to the pain and grief and failure and littleness which crush us as we look upon life, and that we are justified in saying with Paracelsus, "One day I shall emerge." Beside the nettle grows the dock, and in this age of unbelief, which would fain believe, we have a prophet sent us, who brings a word of the Lord, translated into the thoughts and feelings of our own day, though it is, in truth, an old message, which many prophets and kings have desired to see, and could only see dimly afar off; a message which has strengthened the hearts of heroes in all ages,

and inspired all "the communion of saints whose heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to heaven, out of all lands, out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere*; their heroic actions also as a boundless, everlasting psalm of triumph."¹

Browning's "Men and Women" learn this truth, this faith in immortality, in many ways, even as the Easterns say in their proverb, "Jesus went many ways unto Jerusalem." Pompilia seizes it through her feeling of the necessity of another world, wherein can be manifested that wealth of undying love which finds no utterance here.

"O, lover of my life, O, soldier-saint !
No work begun shall ever pause for death,
Love will be helpful to me more and more
I' the coming course."

It is taught to Rabbi ben Ezra by the very imperfection of man's nature.

"Life shall succeed in that it seems to fail.
What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me,
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
i' the scale.
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me ;
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
shaped."

This life is but machinery just meant to give the soul its bent, to shape the pitcher; the uses of the cup, the *raison d'être* of the soul, wait for the fuller life beyond, where will be the festal board,

"The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow."

It is his failure here which teaches Paracelsus the true greatness of his mission. Over and over again does Browning impress upon us that man's imperfections only show his real superiority.

"What's whole can increase no more ;
Is dwarfed and dies, since here's its sphere."²

In "Old Pictures at Florence," he argues that Christian artists are inferior to Greek ones, just because they strive to express a deeper meaning. Greek perfection of form was a sign of limitation, of inferiority in

depth. Christian artists were more faulty, precisely because of their wider nature.

"For time theirs—ours for eternity.

They are perfect—how else? They shall never change.

We are faulty—why not? We have time in store."

This feeling, that we have time in store, is the key-note of the chord that closes Paracelsus. He was one who learned to

"Throw on God
(He loves the burthen)

God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen."³

What faith but this could support us in a world where many a noble heart sinks under failure and defeat, like him who breathed away his soul in the cry: "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile"?

But Browning says, as the angel did to Esdras, "Lovest thou this people more than he that made them?"

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,

That I doubt his own love can compete with it,
here the parts shift?

Would I fain, in my impotent yearnings, do all
for this man,

And dare doubt he alone shall not help him, who
yet alone can?"⁴

Unlike Paracelsus, Browning's own

"Heart *has* been made wise by love,
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice, and fears and cares and doubts,
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all, tho' weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get at him."

He faces man's littleness because he believes in his greatness. He can bear to confront the unsuccess of life, "contrast the petty done, the undone vast," for in that very unsuccess he sees a fairer promise for the end than if man were allowed in this world, "to plant his foot upon the goal—twine glory-

¹ Carlyle.

² Dis Alitur Visum.

³ The Grammarian's Funeral.

⁴ Saul.

garlands round his soul." Browning raises our conception of the race, not so much by dwelling on those who, like Paracelsus, stand out spiritually above their fellows, as Saul did physically, "from the shoulders upward higher than any of the people"; he rather dwells on "Saul the mistake, Saul

the failure," and on that infinite love which shall

"Bid him awake

From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set,

Clear and safe, in new light and new life—a new harmony, yet

To be run, and continued, and ended. Who knows?"

L. H. M. Soulsby.

GRAPES OF THORNS.

THE Dover Square car was filled with a misty atmosphere of straw and "gossamer" waterproofs. Mrs. Varney sat in the corner under the lamp, and a young girl opposite studied her silent face with furtive interest. It was a tired face, not quite beautiful, though it might have been very pretty not long ago: the cheeks were now a little too thin, the curves of the mouth too gravely set. Mrs. Varney had worn simple black for four years, and she sat erect with the ease of a lady whose hands are never in the way. Kitty Bond was eighteen, and given to romance, and she straightway built up in her girlish fancy a story to match her heroine—a hospital ward, a charity-kindergarten, Mrs. Browning, Wagner, and a shadowy lover lost at sea. She tried that night to make a sketch from memory of the oval face in the little black bonnet, but it was only a commonplace failure, so she used it for curl-papers.

The conductor came through with his gleaming punch and flapping strips of cardboard; the car jingled and stopped, and rumbled along once more down the wide suburban streets; the passengers came and went, and in the pauses bits of conversation stood out in *bas-relief*.

"Sixty-seven Edwards Street. I don't pretend to say what it was—spirits, or what—but it was true, every word, about her mother's dying in just that way, and she got that very letter the next week, and then she went out to Buffalo. It was awfully queer, anyway."

"What'd you say her name was?"

"Lenore—Mrs. Lenore. She doesn't ad-

vertise, but she's engaged all the time. Well, I don't know. If it isn't spirits, how can you explain it all?"

Mrs. Varney's lip curled ever so slightly: she had little taste for the pseudo-sciences of another world.

They reached her own number at last. She crossed the wet sidewalk, climbed the long flight of stone steps, and let herself in with a latch-key. Hall and parlor were light, but empty, and she had turned to go up stairs, when the dining-room door burst open with a cry of—

"Mamma! Mamma! Where you been? What you get for me?"

Van was a pretty baby, with his great dark eyes and his fair hair curling over the velvet collar. Dora Varney caught him up, and kissed him, and let him cling with both chubby arms about her neck, as she went up to her own room. "Dear Little! Does he really love his mamma?"

"Free hunerd bush'!!" declared Van, nearly choking the beloved object as proof of his devotion. "What you bringed me? Candy in you potick?"

"Not to-night, dear. Candy isn't good for mamma's little boy *all* the time; but if it doesn't rain to-morrow, he shall go out to walk and see the flowers again in the pretty glass house, and that will be nicer—won't it?"

Van was a trifle skeptical on that point, but allowed himself to be consoled, and trotted down to the dining-room, where heavy curtains shut out the February rain and darkness. Dora's brother was reading by the open fire, but he laid the sheet aside and

drew out her chair at the table with ceremonious courtesy. It was a rather silent meal, for Joseph gave his mind to the roast, which he carved with mathematical nicety; his sister was too preoccupied to urge any conversation; and Van had been taught that children were to be seen and not heard. It was only in the parlor after dinner that Mrs. Varney spoke of the matter on her mind. She was sitting in a low rocker, with Van half asleep in her lap.

"I called to see Mr. Bird at the office this afternoon."

"Yes?" said Mr. Ferris. "I am glad to hear it."

"He said there was no doubt I could—he could—make arrangements for the—the matter, and have it all settled as I choose."

"Of course. There's no question about it. I am glad you have taken some steps in the matter at last."

Dora twisted one of Van's curly locks around her finger, and her lip quivered. "I did not urge the matter for the present—I only wanted to be sure what I could do. I shall have to see him again soon."

"Don't begin putting it off again," urged her brother, evidently with kind intention. "You are young now, and you ought not to carry on your shoulders all your life the weight of that fellow's disgrace. The sooner the wretched mistake is undone, the better for all concerned."

Van uncurled himself like a sleepy kitten, and his mother took him upstairs to bed. He wanted to sit up longer—he wanted a drink of cold water (ice-cream preferred), and he strenuously insisted on wearing his mamma's embroidered dressing-sacque to bed, instead of his own flannel nightgown. Once fairly in bed, however, and kissed good night, the long lashes drooped again, and the dimples were still.

Mrs. Varney went to a bureau drawer, and took out an old writing-desk which opened with a key on her chatelaine ring; a box of papers, manuscripts and newspaper cuttings, which she turned over slowly till they disclosed three or four photographs under all the rest. They were George's pic-

tures—George at nineteen, with boyish importance in his bright face and upright carriage; George and herself in atrocious tintype, taken for fun upon their wedding journey, her face made shapeless by a blur over one cheek, his boots huge and prominent in the immediate foreground; last of all, his latest picture, with the card of a Memphis photographer on the back. She sat for a long time studying it in silence. It was a fair, open face, with an anxious frown about the eyes; he had worn that little frown a good many weeks before it happened; the shadow of a trust betrayed had been hanging over him all the while. He used to come home late from the office, a little cross and irritable, for George had a temper that often led him into hasty speech, fluently repented after all was over. She remembered what her brother had said when they were first engaged. "He's a bright enough fellow, Dora, but he isn't the man for you. He's too quick, and clever, and superficial. I'm sorry you promised until you knew him better."

Joseph was right; somehow his cool, dispassionate judgment had usually been right. She, too, had now had time to grow cool and dispassionate; so, though she cried bitterly over her husband's picture, it was more in helpless resentment of the misery he had brought upon her, than in any sentimental sorrow of retrospect. That all this shame and disgrace and loneliness should have come upon herself was still a surprise to her young self-confidence. She supposed other men who robbed their employers and met the ignominious penalty of law might have wives and mothers, too; but such women had always been outside her narrow horizon—she had never thought of *them* when she read of such things in the daily papers; least of all had she ever imagined that five years after her wedding would find her returned to her brother's house, a woman with blighted prospects—and George working out his sentence. "His sentence!" Mrs. Varney's delicate nostrils dilated with pride and shame, as they had done so many times before. It sounded like any vulgar, common criminal, from whose contact she would hold away the hem of her

gown. It was not just that an innocent woman and child should bear the stigma forever; a legal sundering of mistaken bonds was the best thing, the only thing, and the sooner it was secured the better.

The rain turned to icicles the next day, and then to snow, and Van laid great plans for sleds and snowballs as he pranced about the house. Dora watched him with a jealous hunger in her eyes, and the little silk stocking meant to sometime cover a dimpled knee grew but slowly amid frequent interruptions of story and caress.

She took him out on the first sunny day to play in the snow-covered park. All the summer shrubbery was laden down, and the bridge over the little lake was hung with white-wreathed stalactites. Troops of children held high carnival on the ice and coasted down every mild incline that invited sleds. Van had brought a little wooden shovel, and he set to work to dig a path from one of the avenues down to the edge of the pond. "Den I can wun wite down an' dump on 'e ice—can't I, mamma?"

A little girl presently drew near; she, too, had a shovel, and she held a whispered consultation with the nurse who loitered after.

There were some baby coquetries of glance and smile, then, after a while, the damsel began a second path a few feet away, and shyly steered her course toward his own. Van somehow forgot the lake and veered off nearer his new neighbor; the knight could shovel faster than the lady, and he had done most toward the meeting when their two paths came in one; with a triumphant toss of snow they laughed aloud, and were instantly the best of friends. Dora watched them idly from her seat on a neighboring bench, while they tramped up and down the tiny, uneven trenches, playing that all outside territory was "poison"; and she fell to planning Van's summer dresses and his college course, and to wondering if he would like to go into business with Joseph, and whether he would ever have a touch for the violin. The girl playmate was a pretty child, with a mane of auburn hair—a wilful little witch as well—and the nurse had much ado to make her

leave the enchanted spot when Van and Mrs. Varney were ready to go.

They met the auburn-haired mite several times in the weeks that followed. The weather was bright, and the ice and snow remained long to delight the hearts of the children; so almost every sunny morning found them somewhere about the park, where Van made his snow-balls and slipped about on the ice, and thought he steered his sled down the sloping paths. The daily walk did Mrs. Varney equal good, for much brooding over old matters at home had made her tired and sick at heart. She knew all Joseph's opinions and advice already; she wished there were some one else, even some kind old priest, who could hear a heretic's story, and pass calm, untroubled judgment on it. She thought of her grandmother, a sweet-voiced Quaker, who died years before; she might have helped her. And then, by some trick of memory, the name of the *clairvoyante* floated into her mind—the name she heard that rainy night in the horse-car: "Mrs. Lenore, 67 Edwards Street." What if she, too, should seek ghostly counsel through the mediumship of Mrs. Lenore? "What nonsense!" she said to herself; and straightway forgot the whole matter, as she hurried to take Van away from a path too steep for his erratic sled.

Yet, somehow, with unreasonable persistence, the same idea came once and again, presenting itself more and more in the guise of scientific investigation. She had never yet seen for herself anything of the mysteries of spiritualism, but always passed them aside with a mental shrug of the shoulders; and she would not now, for untold gold, have confided to her brother any hint of so visionary a purpose.

She paid her lawyer a second uncertain, feminine call, and once more left him and herself in real doubt as to her final desire in the matter of legal separation from her husband. Mr. Bird was patient, and only smiled regretfully, with uplifted eyebrows, when her departure left him to other business. He had known his client years before she ever saw George Varney.

At last, one day, tired of quarrelling with harmless curiosity, Mrs. Varney set out for Edwards Street, where stood the gates of the undiscovered country. She had searched the city directory, and, finding that Mrs. Lenore did not advertise her profession, felt much relieved; consultation could not be so public. The street was quiet, the neighborhood thoroughly respectable, number 67 being distinguished only by a modest door-plate bearing the familiar name. The servant who answered the bell asked if she had an appointment, and then ushered her into a tiny reception room, where she waited, her heart beating high with indefinite expectation. At last the hostess entered, and greeted her simply, as one lady meets another in her own house.

"You have never called upon me before, I think," said Mrs. Lenore, seating herself near the visitor. She was a slender little woman, with fair brown hair, a trifle gray, plain features, and clear hazel eyes, with a quiet directness and strength in their light. Dora observed, with increasing relief, that her dress was in good taste, without any theatrical affectation, and that she had a mellow English voice. She said, in the most matter-of-fact fashion, that she had made it a rule to receive no new callers, except by special introduction, but that her controlling spirit or "guide," an elderly man, who had been her adopted father, had told her of Mrs. Varney's proposed visit, and bespoken that lady's reception.

"I can give you but half an hour, however," she added brightly, "for I have promised all the rest of the day."

She led the way to an inner room, dimly lighted through one curtained window and panes of stained glass near the ceiling of a partition wall. Two easy-chairs were placed near together in the middle of the room, and the two women seated themselves, Mrs. Lenore clasping one of Dora's hands with her own slender fingers. The medium leaned back in her chair, and after a little silence fell into a fine nervous tremor, gasped once or twice for breath, till unaccustomed Dora was quite alarmed, and then, with some

twitching and starting, sat slowly erect, and, with a strange, new expression about her face, as it was dimly visible in the shadows, began to talk with a wholly different voice, in the precise fashion of an elderly man.

"I am glad you came, my dear. I knew you were coming, and I told the medium so this morning. . . . There are many of your friends passed over who have been with you lately, and they send you words of all kindness. . . . What they most wish to urge upon you is, that you hold yourself in readiness to follow your convictions. As a matter of fact, you do distrust your own judgment. Is it not so?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dora, speaking with an effort, as her queer interlocutor paused, apparently for reply.

"But, my dear child, you should trust more to your first impulses. In them is the purest spiritual force of nature. . . . You are fond of flowers . . . that is well, for we who have passed over are guided in some measure by the atmosphere of fresh blossoms—they make the approach much easier. . . . I see the form of a child with yellow hair, but I cannot be sure whether he is come over, or is yet in the lower life. Is this child dear to you? Is it any one you know? . . . A lady, too, comes and lays her hand upon your head. . . . She has blue eyes and soft white hair. . . . She says, 'Thee is in trouble, dear.' . . . What can she do for you?"

"Ask her to help me: to show me what I ought to do."

"Ah—she is gone, but she will come again. She says it is something about the one most near to you—about your husband; but that he has not come into spirit life . . . that he is still on earth, and barriers between."

"But what can I do?" pleaded Mrs. Varney with wide, startled eyes, forgetting all but the strange, unreal reality of an unseen monitor.

"Wait patiently, and fear nothing. . . . The white-haired lady has come again: she says, 'Tell my dear child to build the bridge herself across the river. The simple fulfill-

ment of an honest promise is worth more than title-deeds; but pride will blind her eyes worse than ever did the smoke of my fireplace years ago.' . . . Ah, wait! No—it is a tall, thin man, with bright black eyes, and a young girl with him; do you not remember Helen? She had severe headaches and then a spinal disease, before she came over to meet us." . . .

The medium suddenly fell again into a fine, shuddering tremor, heaved a deep sigh, and, loosing Mrs. Varney's hand, sank back in her chair; then, slowly rubbing her forehead and temples, she rose and spoke once more in her natural, low, round voice.

"Have you heard from your friends, madam? I am obliged to ask you about it, for, as you understand, no doubt, I myself am entirely unconscious during the trance."

Mrs. Varney listened in preoccupied fashion, while the other recounted some early reminiscences of her "guide"; she paid the rather substantial fee suggested, and, receiving a graceful and not too business-like invitation to call again, walked slowly home in the keen March wind, somewhat impatient of the vague generalities of her interview, not a little startled by the few talismanic words she had really heard, but most of all puzzled by the whole affair.

Mr. Ferris, too, had had George Varney on his mind that week, and he had a long talk with, or rather at, his sister one evening after dinner. Mr. Ferris was a business man. He made up his mind with reasonable promptness on each problem as it came to hand, and then carried out his decisions with mathematical accuracy. What he had now especially to put forth was the proffer of substantial independence. If she would formally and finally sever all legal connection with the clever, superficial, unreliable man whose name had brought her little but humiliation and shame, he himself would deed over directly enough to her of his property to support herself and her child.

All this came in an hour when certain chance circumstances of the day had stung her more keenly than ever with the thought of her husband's defection; she longed

to stand on some independent ground with regard to Van's education and prospects; and so, though she promised nothing, she slept that night in the silent resolve to end the matter according to her brother's judgment. But when Van awoke in the morning, and was being inveigled with difficulty into his buttoned boots and dainty boy-millinery, some roguish attitude of the curly head struck lightning remembrance into her breast with its cruel resemblance to an absent face, and she burst into tears, dried only to comfort Van himself.

She visited Mrs. Lenore often through the early spring. Sometimes the "guide" had nothing to give her; sometimes again a few words in the faintly perfumed darkness of the inner room burned like coals of fire in her bosom when she went away. She began to feel an unaccountable, helpless dependence on the plain little woman in modest gray who shared the interviews with—she knew not what or whom. It was a strange experience for her, this unreasoning trust in one of whom she knew so little; she never quite formulated it in her own mind, and could not have defined her own position with regard to the theory of spiritualism—she did not know whether she believed anything of it or not; but she did somehow believe in Mrs. Lenore, with the still, plain face and the wonderful, clear eyes. Not to put it profanely, she had often after her interviews a sense of almost religious uplifting, as if she had, indeed, though not all intelligibly, been breathing the breath of a life higher than her own or the world's.

Sometimes it was the Quaker grandmother who talked to her about Van as a motherly old lady might truly have aided her proud inexperience. Sometimes the same tender monitor, sometimes the controlling spirit, whom Mrs. Lenore called "Father," roused her nerves to quivering tenseness by words about her husband, and it was for these that she hungered and thirsted. She learned to think of him without the first involuntary cry of reproach and resentment that had used to rise even in dreams; and gradually, little by little, a tender forgiveness began to dawn

upon her—the forgiveness, not of one who stoops, but of one who sees more clearly the uneven pathway, and in humility stretches out her hand, saying: “We will walk together.”

Mrs. Varney went out one day while Van was cosily settled in an after-dinner nap, intending to see the attorney once more, and learn in definite detail just how far proceedings had been carried on the strength of her last instructions. It was a warm spring day, with cloudless blue overhead, and multitudes of English sparrows twittered and chattered about the budding shrubbery of the park. She took the path across the bridge where Van had used to watch the skaters in Winter, and midway of the arch met the maiden of the auburn locks, Van’s little playmate. The child was all alone—no nurse in sight—nobody near at hand but a couple of twelve-year-old boys teasing a Newfoundland puppy to go in swimming. The white dress that had once been dainty and fine was soiled with spring mud, and the chubby fists were muddy, too: my lady had evidently been baking pies.

“Why, Gertie!” said Dora—that was all she knew of the child’s name. “Why are you here alone? Where is your nurse?”

Miss Gertrude didn’t know. Did her mamma allow her to go out alone? She didn’t know. Would the nurse know where to find her? She didn’t know. Could she find the way home by herself. She didn’t know; and finally the dingy little fists went up to her eyes, and she began to cry.

Mrs. Varney was perplexed and alarmed. She took the child up and down and all about the park, but found no sign of nurse or guardian; policemen were all vanished from the face of the earth, and the boys and the dog were equally ill-informed as to the child’s name and home. Then personal search suggested itself, and my lady’s embroidered apron was found to bear the laundry mark of “G. Lenore,” in faint, but unmistakable script. Could it be anything more than a mere coincidence of name? Was there, indeed, or did she only fancy in the vivid tints and baby outlines of the naughty little gypsy in her arms some shadowy trace of her friend in

Edwards Street? She laughed at herself for believing it, yet had faith sufficient to hire one boy to remain on the watch till her return, and to send the other for a carriage.

Once more she rang the bell; once more the non-committal serving maid opened the door, but only to cry out in surprise—a cry which summoned to the hall Mrs. Lenore herself, the great eyes wide with fright, to catch the child eagerly from her arms.

“I am so glad I knew!” cried Dora tremulously. Mrs. Lenore motioned her in without speaking, and the maid left them gazing wonderingly at each other in the hall.

“How did you know?” asked one abruptly.

“I did not really know—I had only the name; I felt it. I suppose I followed my ‘guide,’” she added in smiling quotation, “as ‘Father’ told—”

“Don’t! don’t!” cried Mrs. Lenore. “I must not any longer! You cannot know what you have done for me; I do not often give way so, but I was in an agony of anxiety—the nurse had just come in after searching for an hour without asking help, lest she should expose her carelessness. I can at least repay you with the first word of truth I ever gave you. Don’t believe in me any more. Don’t believe in me at all. All I know of you and your story is what you yourself have unwittingly told me by word or look, or what I could easily guess. You would find it out sometime, perhaps, and despise me for a hypocrite. Do it now!”

Was the woman going mad?

“Come with me,” she said slowly. “I will show you all; you shall hear the whole story, and then judge me as you please. No, do not be afraid; I am not crazy. The house at least is honest if I am not, and nothing shall harm you. Come.”

What she saw was an upper chamber, a great, sunny room full of pictures, flowers and books, and a large, reclining chair, proclaiming all too sadly the most hopeless sort of helplessness, and a man with patient, smiling eyes and a white face worn with suffering. Then the door was shut.

What she heard was the story of a woman

whom sudden reverses had brought face to face with absolute want, while he who once had planned and prospered lay helpless as a child. How she tried every available sort of labor with the growing desperation of a woman trained to nothing. How one poor pittance after another failed her in time of need, till chance brought knocking at her very door the miserable pretence which had since kept the household fire alight, and warmed one rose after another to bloom beside the sick man's bed. How the only son of his mother went wrong in the midst of all—the boy whom she could never quite cast off. How the girl-wife in whom she had hoped everything chose her own path and left him, married again, and gave little Gertrude into her own care. "She is like her father," said Mrs. Lenore, stroking the auburn tangle tenderly. "My wilful, bonny boy—how *could* it come to such ends! But he died at last in prison."

Dazed and trembling, Dora rose to go.

"It was a cruelly hard thing—what can I say? Why did you tell me? Why did I ever come here?"

"You will not come again—but I have paid my debt. I make no protestations for the life I lead, though Heaven knows how I hate it. I could do no other thing—I can do no other thing now, unless you make it necessary. Even he upstairs knows not a word—he thinks I have German pupils; I, who barely know the alphabet!" and she laughed with hysterical sarcasm.

"But you cannot live this life."

"But I must."

Mrs. Varney went home in the long-delayed carriage, forgetting all about the legal errand of the day, and spent several weeks in what the physician called a low fever, although she would not keep her chamber, but dragged herself languidly about the house. Once she rode out to Edwards Street, but Mrs. Lenore was "not at home," and she gave up the intent of her call as she had previously given up the idea that she knew anything whatever for or against the theory of spiritual mediumship.

Mr. Ferris took a seashore cottage for the summer, and established her in early possession, with Van and a housemaid, while he himself went down from the city each day by the evening train. It was a delightful place for Van: he paddled, and climbed, and fished, and shoveled to his heart's content, and kept his mother wholesomely busy over the daily restoration of his wardrobe. There were many pleasant neighbors, too, among the summer residents. Kitty Bond was one of the nearest and best. She made Mrs. Varney's acquaintance at the very first, and spent a great amount of time with her new friend. She told Dora one day how she remembered seeing her one rainy night in a horse-car months before.

Kitty came over one evening when the moon was full, and they sat together on the piazza after Van had gone to bed, and Mr. Ferris was indoors. They talked about Middlemarch, and Van, and Unitarianism, and boarding-schools—Kitty delighted to talk with Mrs. Varney; she held her neighbor in that sort of worshipful adoration which a young girl often devotes to a woman a little older, wiser, handsomer, and more accomplished than herself. They stood for some minutes lingering at the gate, when the visitor finally started homewards. The Bonds' cottage was close by, and the unceremonious etiquette of the Point allowed a maiden to be her own escort under the circumstances.

"Dear Mrs. Varney, you are very tired, I know," said Kitty at last. "I must not keep you standing here any longer. Good night."

"Good night," said Dora, answering the shy pressure of the girl's hand with an unusual kiss. Kitty flushed with pleasure; her divinity had never so far unbent before, and it was with shining eyes that she tripped homeward down the sandy path. A man turned the corner by the tennis-ground just as she reached it, and she hurried by; but he did not look back after her—only strolled along with his head bent, and his hands clasped in meditative fashion behind him. Mrs. Varney still stood with one elbow on the gate-post, her cheek resting on one hand;

and it was only as the stranger drew so near he might have touched her, that either was aware of the other's proximity. Mrs. Varney saw him first, and for an instant her heart stood still.

She saw a face too thin and worn for her husband's years—the face of a man who had almost lost the “knack of hoping.” The little perpendicular frown still sat between his eyebrows, but the sparkle was gone out from the eyes beneath. They stood there for an instant in perfect silence. The moonlight lay calm and cool between them; the waves broke slowly all along the beach, and a distant breath of music floated down from the hotel parlors. He saw a garden-gate, and a woman in soft, black draperies standing tall and slender in the path. He wondered suddenly how he ever dared to make love to so tall a woman, with such a fine-cut face, and such grave eyes. It must have been in some other existence.

“George,” she said gently, “aren't you going to speak to me?”

“I didn't know as you'd care. I meant to see you tomorrow, though, before I went off.”

“Where is it you are going? Will you please come in and tell me about it?”

He hesitated an instant, then, as she opened the gate, followed her up the piazza steps to where Kitty's little red rocker stood waiting. He took it silently, and again she asked him:

“I wish, if you are willing, you would tell me about your plans. I did not know—I thought it was not time—”

“No,” he said, “it wasn't; but ten years doesn't really mean ten years if a fellow keeps all the rules; and then, besides, they let me off a little easier. As for plans, I'm going west next week—to San Francisco. I can't very well stay here.”

Dora sat looking at her hands clasped in her lap, and again there was a moment's silence.

“There's one thing, though,” he said abruptly. “They told me it was a boy that came. I'd like to know if the child is alive or—or not.”

“Yes, he is alive and well. He is asleep now. Would you like to see him?”

George nodded assent, and she went up stairs to where Van lay, his fair hair in a tangle over the pillow. She wrapped him in a white shawl that lay near by, and carried him, still sleeping, down to the silent piazza where his father waited—the father who had never seen his own child's face. George Varney stooped with a strange blur over his eyes, and kissed the baby's dimple, but no one spoke. She sat in the rocker again, and still Van slept.

“I wanted to see you once—you and the boy—before I went away. I know about the divorce. I suppose it's all right—a fellow couldn't really expect anything else. I don't see how it was. I must have been crazy to throw away a home and a good name, but—well, it is as it is now, and it can't be rubbed out.”

Dora and Van swayed slowly back and forth under the flickering shadows of the woodbines. The shawl slipped away from one chubby, bare foot, and the shadows swept over the little pink dimples. A man's strong instinct of possession suddenly seized George Varney, and for an instant he resented all this moonlight peace and quiet, and calm, cool distance. Were not these his own? But the impulse passed away as he sat in moody silence, and it was Dora who spoke.

“What is it you will do when you go west? Have you special plans for that?”

“I've been working in the machine-shop—up there, and I've thought up one or two little things—mere ideas—improvements, I think, if I get a chance to try them. You have plenty of time to think in a place like that!” He laughed a little recklessly, and her cheeks grew a shade paler.

“I wish,” she said, “you would let me tell you that I do not blame you so much for all that happened. You must not think of me in that way. I do not pretend to be very good myself—I am so little of what I want Van to be! And I am quite sure a man *can* begin all over again—that you can do it too. I know you better than Joseph does. I wish you would believe it.”

He rose by his chair, and she lifted the sleeping child and stood before him.

"Yes, I know," he said soberly, very gravely, for the old George whom she knew; "I've thought it all over, but it's harder than you think. Mind, I'm not complaining like a punished school-boy—you're probably doing the wisest thing, and I couldn't expect to keep my all, for I haven't the record a man wants to leave his family. But I did think at first—if ever I lived to get out—never mind; your brother's right. He didn't want you to marry me in the first place. No—I'll believe you don't think worse of me than I deserve, and I *will* try to keep straight without you. I hope—well, I hope the little fellow will turn out better than his father. He looks like me?"

"Yes," said Dora faintly, and he stooped a little nearer the child.

"Well, I'll go back to town tomorrow, and get off the first of the week. I—I'm sorry for everything, Dora; you must know that—but I'm glad Joseph can take good care of you. Good-bye, baby," he said again, with a mighty effort, taking one plump little fist in his own broad palm—"I wonder—"

They were both bending over the child; the white shawl slipped down and trailed along the piazza-floor. They bent nearer and nearer—somehow his cheek touched hers, and the ice melted. "George!" she cried appealingly, "Don't you see? Don't you know? You shall go to the ends of the earth if you choose—but take me with you!"

"Dora—dear child—you don't know what you're saying!"

"I am not a child," she cried, with overflowing eyes. "I was a child when I married you, and I did not know all it meant; but I know now—I know our lives belong together. I am afraid I never helped you much—I was only proud of being good and ashamed of being disgraced, and I was desperately wretched and miserable. But now—if you will believe I want you still—you *must* let me—we will work it all out—together."

And so they did. Several people were

amazed, no one more than Joseph Ferris, though he said less than anybody else. He wrote to his sister at decorous intervals after she went west with her husband, and lived in secret anticipation of her sometime returning to his own protection, but that day never came. Kitty Bond was never quite able to believe that Mrs. Varney ought to have gone with her husband. She saw George only once, and, in her jealous love for Dora, decided that he was in no wise his wife's equal. Perhaps it was so—there were many to agree with Kitty on that point; but, be that as it might, Dora Varney never repented her choice.

"I am not very wise," she said one day, years afterwards, to an acquaintance, who thought to entertain her with a bit of ancient scandal about her neighbor: "I do not pretend to understand the metaphysical part of it, but I do believe in the possibility that a man's honestly repented sin may be the very means of his salvation. It is a dreadful risk but it might sometimes be the only chance. I mean—why, take some selfish, good-natured, easy-going man, who isn't given to thinking much about consequences anyway—do you not believe that if one definite wrong should bring him up squarely face to face with himself, so that he saw the whole thing *as* a whole, it might be the only mortal way of his ever living to any good? And in my mind a man who has known what it is to do wrong, and be honestly sorry for it, (not merely for the inconvenience it may have caused him) is really more of a man than one of your born saints. It gives him a sort of moral muscle."

Her companion laughed indifferently and shrugged her shoulders. "That's all very well, but most of us don't repent so thoroughly, you know. We don't care to—or else we can't afford it."

Dora thought of Mrs. Lenore, and after a few days she wrote on a venture to 67 Edwards Street. But the letter came back through the post office; the family were gone—and, though she often thought of them, no word ever came in echo from her last seance.

Mabel S. Emery.

FLOOD AND QUARANTINE.

WE had been spending ten days of grateful rest, after a nine days' toilsome journey from the interior of Mexico, in that most memorable of Mexican towns, Monterey—memorable at least to Americans, for there were plucked almost the first laurels of the young republic. We had been made familiar with the names of battlefields, and we had lunched peacefully at Buena Vista, and loitered idly at the old bishop's palace, and the black fort that had defended the narrow streets of the valorous little city. We had paced the grand square, listening to music, at nightfall; we had seen the ugliness of the old cathedral, and the doubtful beauties of the new theater. We had spent delightful afternoons wandering in the lovely garden at the *Quinta* of our host; and upon others had driven to the *Pueblo*, to the *Alameda*, to lovely *cañones* leading towards the stately Saddle Mountains, which, with its neighbor the Bishop's Mitre, forms the pride of the picturesque surroundings of Monterey. We had gazed at sunset from the housetop at an enchanting panorama of the luxuriant valley and its wonderful framework of mountains—and upon the morrow we were to leave the ever deepening beauty of the scene and the frank hospitality which had made our rest so agreeable, and begin again our nomadic life.

We were dissuaded from taking the diligence, which usually performs the journey to Matamoras in three days, because at that season the rains were so heavy that the length of time was uncertain, and the journeys were carried far into the night, instead of beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset. Then again, neither the children nor our invalid could bear the wear and tear, the tossing and jolting, the hunger and thirst, which were the invariable evils of that mode of travel. So the renowned Cristobal and his ambulance and mules were called into requisition, and all arranged for an early start.

Upon our last evening at Monterey, we were sitting until quite late upon the balcony, chatting with our friends, and gazing upon the picturesque mountain scenery which forms so fine a setting for the quaint city, when suddenly a cloud passed over the moon. The flood of silver lighting up the white-walled houses, the groves and vineyards, and contrasting sharply with the heavy shadows of monastic churches and rugged mountains, was blotted out. A flurry of wind and rain dashed into our faces, and caused a hasty retreat into the inner windows, where the plants were wrestling with the whirling blast and the leaves were falling in showers, to be caught up and tossed idly away over roof and spire. A puff of the equinoctial gale which was probably ruffling the Gulf, some one remarked; and we who were shortly to brave the dangers of the sea suddenly became less enthusiastic respecting the refreshing coolness of the sea breeze and rain, which must be the greatest blessing, and the most agreeable, which the over-heated inhabitants of the hot mountain town can enjoy.

Upon the following morning, as we drove through the beautiful green lanes leading from the city, we thought that except in England we had never seen anything so charming. Indeed, on the mere point of beauty, the advantage was certainly with the vine-hung lanes of Monterey. The roads were none of the best, but we forgot that as we passed between rows of flowering walnut, feathery *huisatche* and *mesquite*, the weird, intrusive cactus, and that giant artichoke, the Mexican aloe, all entwisted and embellished by myriads of vines, some bearing curious, bright-colored flowers which were unfamiliar to us, and many flaunting forth the peacock beauties of the wild convolvulus.

Through this tangle of verdure and bloom we caught glimpses of farmsteads—not the

pretty white cottages the name suggests, but at best moderately tidy huts of adobe, with cattle around them, and fields of corn and vegetables suggesting their prosperity. After an hour's drive we emerged into the more open country, just where the great mound of earthworks called the Black Fort frowns over the green cornfields. Through these we drove but slowly, for we were surprised to find that the rain, which had been a mere shower in Monterey, had fallen heavily upon these clayey roads. Early in the afternoon Cadereta was reached, but so much later than we had anticipated that we at once relinquished all idea of proceeding further, and drove slowly through the rocky and narrow streets to the *meson*. On our way we were surprised to find an evidence of our approach to the frontier in the shape of two or three small frame houses, with narrow, fenced gardens lying between them and the sidewalks. These contrasted strangely with their solid adobe neighbors. In the midst of the town we passed a large open square, with well-carved seats beneath the luxuriant orange trees with which it was shaded, and which gave a probability to a legend that Cadereta had once been a flourishing town, though its streets are now almost deserted. The *meson*, too, which lay quite on the other side of the town, was suggestive of a deserted village in itself, with its suites of empty rooms, moss-grown *patios*, and silent *corrales*. It was kept by an American doctor and his wife, who not only bewailed the total failure of the mining interests in the vicinity, which had ruined the business of the inn, but also the general healthiness of the place, which kept the doctor's drug phials constantly and unprofitably full.

With regret we arose early next morning from our cleanly sheeted beds, and proceeded over heavy roads to the sugar plantation of Santa Isabel, where we rested for the morning in a miserable mud-floored cabin, the dwelling of the overseer, and where we were entertained by most discouraging accounts of the state of the roads, as much rain had fallen coastward. We were wearied by the seven leagues passed slowly and tiresomely

in the morning, and were glad to rest upon the dry ox hides stretched tightly over wooden frames, which formed the bed of the *rancheros*. But when our hastily prepared meal had been taken we were delighted to leave such evil-boders as their sympathy made them, and turned our faces towards Los Ebanitos, which we had made our destination for the night.

At first our road lay over a gently rising slope of sandy soil, crowned with various specimens of the mimosa, and bright with the scarlet fruit of the cactus, and the softer colors of the wild verbena. Here we found that our *cochero* was inclined to revenge himself upon us for disregarding his suggestion to remain at Santa Isabel for the night, by allowing his mules to take their own time and pace toward Los Ebanitos. As we had been inclined to suspect ever since leaving Monterey, these fat and well-conditioned quadrupeds were not the fiery coursers which they had been represented; and a foggy night began to close around us in a broken country of heavy clay, interspersed with frequent ravines and covered by large *mesquites*, which formed a forest sufficiently dense to prevent any extended view of the country. The *cochero's* frequent complaints of this, and the fact of his frequently sending the *moso*, his assistant, forward to discover some more passable road, led us strongly to suspect that he had lost his way. He persisted, however, that he had not done so, and that the almost unrecognizable trail, over rocks and bushes and gaping ravines, over which he pitilessly drove us, was the ordinary wagon road. At last, at about eight o'clock, with heavy clouds driving across the star-gemmed sky, and a southern breeze threatening rain, we found ourselves, after passing a wide ravine with water flowing through it, upon a bank of miry clay, with the sound of water all around us.

Such an examination as the servants could make in the obscurity revealed the fact that we were indeed upon an island, without a sign of road, or ford—so nothing was to be done but to camp out for the night. The mules were soon unhitched, and turned to

graze upon such scanty herbage as the place afforded—a fire lighted, and a supper of coffee (without milk) and dried beef and sweet biscuits quickly prepared. Then the seats of the ambulance were turned down, a mattress spread over them, and the ladies and children retired to such rest as the mosquitoes would allow them. As for the sterner sex, Mother Earth stretched a hospitable couch for them, though such neighbors as an *alacran*, or scorpion, and a large rattlesnake caused some slight excitement among them.

At daybreak we had the satisfaction of beholding from our ravine-encircled island the high road upon the main land, and without waiting to break our fast (indeed, I believe we made a virtue of necessity in that) we passed on foot the ravine we had crossed on the previous night, where only the Fate which guides the blind and the drunken would have prevented the carriage from being upset, and after examining the freshly picked skeleton of a rattlesnake, and supplying the children with handfuls of snail-shells, with which the *mesquites* and the ground were covered, we entered the carriage and proceeded towards Los Ebanitos. This lay at the distance of a league, but that league of such frightful road that we were prepared to believe the statement which met us there, that a flood had passed over the entire coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

We found there a gentleman and his three sons waiting for their baggage wagon, which had, like us, been belated upon the previous night. He told us that there were most discouraging accounts of the state of the roads coastward, and advised us not to go by the stage road to the river Chino, but to take a new and better route which had lately been opened, and strike it at a point some miles lower—a point that in any event we were obliged to touch. He assured us that, both from recent information he had received, and from his own intimate knowledge of the roads, he knew the lower one to be both the shortest and the best, and that he himself intended to return to his home by that route.

Here I will remark that we afterwards met him at El Chino, and discovered that a pass-

ing traveler disabused his mind of the error into which he had fallen, and saved him from the fate which he innocently brought on us.

After seeing him depart, we entered the *jacal* of sugar-cane, one of the cleanest huts it was our fortune to meet on the journey; and getting a supply of milk, eggs, and dried beef, partook of a hearty and welcome breakfast while the mules were being fed. About ten o'clock we recommenced our journey over one of the sandy ridges which separated the low-lying tracts of ravine-broken clay. Even this was bad enough, and when we reached the watering place, at about twelve o'clock, we found the carriage of Don Mariano, our fellow-traveler, broken down. Here an hour was consumed beneath a burning sun, and then leaving Don Mariano and his company somewhat comforted by our assistance, we entered the narrow cañon which he still advised us to pass, on our way to the river.

What an afternoon of terrors! There was scarce a sign of a road through the cañon—scarce even a wagon track—so utterly had it been deserted since the rains had begun. An hour's travel through the narrow, water-riven chasm persuaded us that while it was madness to proceed, to turn back would be death. How could we risk a second crossing of the precipitous banks of rushing mountain torrents? Perhaps the worst was over! Hoping this, while each moment's experience confuted the idea, we passed wearily onward, frequently descending from the carriage, where the mud was of a density and depth which precluded the possibility of walking, and crossing the ravines upon the horses of the servants, who, meanwhile, were busily engaged in preventing the upsetting of the carriage.

Under other circumstances we might have found something to admire in the scenery through which we passed. It was lonely and wild, though not grand, and in that dreary cañon we plucked bouquets of wild tuberoses and beautiful grass flowers looking like white daffodillys, and quantities of a purple, feathery plant, which we had seen in hot houses and gardens at home. But even in this pleas-

ure we were restricted, for we were in the dominion and very home of the rattlesnake, tarantula, and scorpion, and therefore guided our movements with extreme caution.

Just as night closed in, we emerged from the cañon, upon one of those sandy ridges, which were to us like oases in a desert of mud; and as there was not the slightest hope of our reaching the river that night, we decided to camp out. Fortunately, we had all necessary provision with us, and, to our still greater good fortune, the rain which had all night threatened us did not fall until about five o'clock in the morning, when we were already in the carriage and prepared to start.

But what a rain was that! Shall I ever forget sitting there, with a cold stream running down my back, watching the patient mules, bending their heads before the storm, while the men, some in waterproofs, some in wide sombreros, crouched beneath their horses, seeking ineffectually some slight shelter?

At last the rain ceased, and the sun shone forth gloriously; the grass flowers, which had been utterly prostrated, lifted their pretty heads. Once more we pressed onward, and after passing over a road almost equal to that of the cañon, reached the banks of the Rio Chino, the first large stream of water we had seen in a journey of more than five hundred miles. This—at some risk, for the waters were unusually high and rapid—we crossed in a flat boat, and proceeded on foot up the steep bank, to a village where we hoped to find shelter for ourselves, and food for our mules.

Fortunately all this we obtained in the house of Juan Cantu—a lineal descendant, he informed us, of that Cantu, who, after assisting Cortez in his conquest of Mexico, had received the rich lands lying upon the Chino as his reward. We found, however, none of his ancestor's doubtful qualities in this Cantu, who, during our stay beneath his roof, treated us with great and sincere kindness.

The view of the river, and its precipitous and well-wooded banks, was exceedingly picturesque; but we would have left them sooner had not one of those terrible rain-

storms, common in tropical countries, made traveling impossible, and led us to bless the roof of bamboo and sword-grass which, however rude, at least protected us.

Here such frightful accounts of the road to Matamoras were given us, that we hesitated about continuing upon it, but were inclined to turn aside and go to Camargo, trusting to our chances of finding a steamer down the Rio Grande to Brownsville. However, we preferred to meet dangers of which we had heard, rather than to chance meeting worse yet unknown; and late upon Monday morning set off, with the faithful Juan Cantu as guide, towards the great cattle *hacienda* of Mojaras.

Upon leaving el Toro we encountered a *derramadera*, or overflow of water, of at least a mile in width, which we preferred to cross on horseback rather than to risk the upsetting of the carriage in some hidden hole. Then came the crossing of a frightful ravine, in which the horses sank to their flanks in mud, and which we could pass only in the carriage. Here, fortunately, we met a band of wagoners, who for nearly a week had been employed in crossing their teams—sometimes attaching as many as sixty mules to a wagon, and then being unable, without unloading it, to get the vehicle through the apparently bottomless mire. Fortunately, I say, we met them, and they helped us over; though most of us were faint with terror when we reached the other side, and a few hours later were glad to find that the water of *el lobo* had sunk sufficiently to allow us to pass that ravine on horseback.

Other *derramaderas*, other ravines, and we at last arrived at Mojaras, and in a shepherd's hut passed a tolerably comfortable night, albeit a rattlesnake nestled defiantly in the high roof of sword-grass. But our next night's lodgings (reached after a rainy day passed in crossing the last ravine—a frightful place—and then entering upon a succession of *derramaderas*, formed by shallow dippings of the land, which, as we were then at the sea's level, had no outlet, and formed lakes from a mile to a league in width) were of the most wretched descrip-

tion—a miserable little hut some six feet square. This we took in preference to a more pretentious building, where a large hog was fattening in one corner, while a woman with a swarm of children held possession of another; and, except for the intrusions of a beautiful young deer and its half-naked and wholly curious young owner, were left at peace to enjoy the sorry shelter it afforded.

This had been so far our worst resting place, but after traveling the next day through lakes of water and higher ground cut out into almost impassable roads, and battling swarms of enormous and ferocious mosquitoes, we reached at nightfall a miserable little cattle station, a solitary hut, which, though larger than that of the night before, was even more filthy. What weariness, what desolation, fell upon our souls as we looked around us! What horror at seeing an enormous *ceintopies* ascending the walls, and hearing the shrill *che-e-e* of the scorpions! What trepidation, too, when a little girl who had been exchanging confidence with our little traveler suddenly burst into a long fit of whooping cough! What misery, what wretchedness! and nothing to be heard but that the road farther on was actually impassable!

Before daylight next morning we left this wretched place—where the woman was bright enough to collect an unreasonable sum from two of our party—and braved again the dangers of the waters, which, after all, we preferred to the concentrated terrors of the ravines. Here there were no ravines. This enormous accumulation of water would sink slowly into the earth, and it is to be hoped will next year show its beneficial influence in verdure, making to smile the desert where for years and years there is usually scarce a blade of grass to be seen.

Fortunately the country was more thickly inhabited than any we had hitherto passed; that is to say, we found huts at a distance of every three or four miles, and could, for a dollar or two, procure a guide, who would mount a bare-backed, sorry steed, and ride before us through the lakes. At the largest one, however, we had no such fortune; but

the water, though far above the hubs of the wheels, was so clear that we could follow the track of wagons. We shall not soon forget that day, when the abilities of our mules so gloriously declared themselves. To be sure, they needed all encouragement that the whip and the wild shouts of the driver and his assistants could give them; but they bent nobly to their work, and after passing through four leagues of water, we arrived for our nooning at a very wet piece of grass-land, which was slightly lifted above the surrounding waters.

However, we hoped, and soon found, that the worst of our day's journey was passed; the supreme effort of crossing the lake into Matamoras was to be reserved until the following day. We even had hopes that, being so near the city, we should that night find a decent shelter. In this, however, we were disappointed; for after more wading, more straining upon the part of the mules, more shouting on that of the drenched and wearied men, we entered upon high ground covered with most luxuriant grass, where thousands of cattle and horses were feeding, and found the *vaqueros* and herders in charge of them congregated in a few miserable little huts, destitute, of course, of all accommodation for travelers.

That night, though a chill breeze blew in from the sea, though the dew fell heavily and the mosquitoes swarmed in myriads around us, we were forced to camp out; and, almost exhausted, arose early upon the following morning to ford the lake formed by the overflow of the Rio Grande. This lake, appalling in depth and width, lay between us and Matamoras, where we hoped our trials were to end.

We were fortunate in obtaining an excellent guide, and our passage was made in safety, though with great difficulty. Our ambulance was extremely well built, and although the water almost floated it, but little penetrated. So low lies the city, that all we could see of it as we crossed were the two noble towers of the cathedrals. But oh! how joyous we felt when we had fairly entered upon its suburbs, shabby as they were; how especially happy we were to see evidence of our nearness to the United States in sun

dry small frame buildings, most of them restaurants or drinking-shops, perhaps. Then what shame upon the part of the ladies to be obliged to descend from the carriage and exhibit the traveling dresses worn during ten days of such journeying! Then what delight to find ourselves hospitably welcomed to lofty and shaded rooms, with delightful rocking-chairs and sofas inviting us to rest, while a bath and a delicious cup of chocolate restored us.

But alas! a great cloud fell upon all these delights. The steamer to New Orleans had made her last trip for the season—we were quarantined!

After a month of journeying, after passing over roads infested with robbers, rendered almost impassable by mountain and gorge, and later by flood, this was the result—we were quarantined! The Texan roads were reported to be even worse than those we had passed. To attempt them was madness. What should we do? Return? That could not be thought of; and to remain, perhaps two months, in that hot, low-lying, fever-infected city was a distressing alternative! What should we do?

The question was answered by one of the gentlemen, who casually mentioned at the dinner-table that the schooner "*Clara Woodhouse*" was lying at Brazos, Santiago, taking in freight, and would within a few days leave for New York.

How large was she? Was she a staunch vessel? Was there any accommodation for passengers? Had ladies ever traveled in her?

She was a schooner of three hundred tons. Yes—and yes—and yes, to the other inquiries. But she was extremely small; the fare would be wretched; the passage of at least twenty days; the attendance of the worst description; the whole frightfully monotonous.

Not a doubt of all this. Yet she offered—according to testimony carefully collected and considered—an escape from our predicament which was, at least, ordinarily safe. The equinoctial storm had passed; and though the Gulf of Mexico bears an ill name in the months of September and October, it was universally conceded that the "*Clara*

Woodhouse" was fitted to brave far more than the usual buffeting that fell to her share.

She was to sail within three days; so, in the midst of preparation, we found but little time to visit any places of interest. Indeed, the city itself offered but few attractions, though the people are sociable even to gaiety, and the places of resort in the vicinity were either covered by the water, or rendered unapproachable by it. We, however, one evening crossed the Rio Grande—even with the unusually large quantity of water then within its banks, at that point far from a wild or grand stream—and wandered for an hour through Brownsville, finding it a happiness, after years of absence, to tread even that by-corner of the United States. The town is pretty and well-built. The trim frame houses stand in ever verdant gardens, bright with flowers; and a goodly number of slender-spired churches spoke eloquently of the religious zeal of a great portion of the fair inhabitants of Brownsville. Of these we saw many of mixed Mexican and American type, sitting upon the piazzas in the coolest and snowiest muslins, luxuriously swaying their palm-leaves, and chatting and laughing gaily. At a hasty glance, one would conceive Brownsville to be a pleasant place to live in.

Early on Monday morning, after a tiresome survey of baggage at the custom house, we left Brownsville to drive to Point Isabel—the railroad having been entirely buried by the storm. We found the road a repetition of what we had already passed, and were, indeed, rejoiced when our land traveling was ended, and the broad sea lay smilingly before us. Smiling, yet terrible it seemed to us, for we knew its treachery; and there was an awful sadness in the thought that it would soon stretch its vast extent between us and our closest and dearest friends.

Point Isabel is a collection of frame houses, most of them hotels, gathered around a handsome white light-house. At one of the hotels we dined, and then walked to the end of a long pier, and beheld the little town of Brazos de Santiago upon an opposite point, and our vessel lying in company with two others just abreast of it.

The next morning we set sail in a little boat for Brazos, Santiago, whence a small tug was to convey us to the ship. It was a lovely morning, and the sea and sky were of one sunny blue flecked with white—when suddenly a cap full of wind was blown from some unknown quarter; the little boat was in imminent peril of capsizing, and a drenching rain added no little to our discomfort. All this passed in a few minutes, and the sea was as treacherously smiling as ever when we reached the Brazos—a collection of shabby frame dwellings which had been lately almost submerged by the flood. We spent an hour in this dreary waste of sand, which even the houses and people whom we saw could scarcely make us believe to be habitable; and after changing our wet clothing went on board the “Clara Woodhouse,” bade farewell to the friends who were to remain behind, and were tugged out over the bar, and then left alone to the mercy of the winds and sea.

Thank God! there was mercy tempering trial. Who can doubt that, when I say our staunch little vessel ran the gauntlet of that frightful cyclone, which, in September and October of 1873, passed across the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, increasing in fury as it went? What days and nights of terror we passed! And afterward when the sky

was smiling, but the sea still ran high, we met dismayed vessels and portions of wreck cast upon the waters like straws; and more harrowing still, found one large schooner capsized, keel uppermost—beside her, her masts with sails still spread, and her boats in place, showing that not one soul aboard of her could have escaped, that they had had not even time to shorten sail. What a sight that was! that great hulk lying helplessly there, with the sea rushing upon her in foaming anger and dashing her to pieces, after it had robbed her of her precious freight of human lives.

What need to speak of the discomfort we suffered, the privations, the dreary monotony of terror as we looked at the foaming sky and the angry sea? What watchings for the wind to change, while it never turned from “dead ahead!” What irksomeness in the constant flap, flap, flap of the half-filled sails! and what joy at the end of thirty days, when we awoke one morning and found ourselves anchored at Staten Island, with the magnificent panorama of New York harbor spread before us! It was enchantment! it was the realization of the dream of years! Home again! home again! After weariness, and terror, and almost despair, there lay before us all the rest and happiness contained in those two simple words—Home and Friends!

THE HIDDEN LOVE.

My friend was changed. Upon his face there fell
A shadow deep and constant. Nevermore
With open arms he met me as of yore,
In friendly haste his hopes and plans to tell.
I marveled much what grief had come to dwell
With him. But as this man, so good before,
In tender grace grew daily, I gave o'er,
And thought, “God’s hand hath touched him. All is well.”

One day I came upon him in a wood.
With writhing face upraised to heaven he stood,
And cried aloud as if from furnace fire:
“O Father, pardon my poor rebel will!
Forgive, forgive this desperate desire,
This dear, vain love, which Time can never kill!”

Albert H. Tolman.

PIONEER SKETCHES.—V. GOLD LAKE: THE FIRST STAMPEDE IN THE CALIFORNIA MINES.

MANY and wild have been the mining excitements of the Pacific Coast, and the infection still taints the air. There is to be met with from Arizona to British Columbia many a quiet, gray-bearded man, who needs but the proper prompting to draw out a tale of adventure more exciting than Sinbad's. Now, it may be, he is performing the dull routine of farm work; or, perhaps, with his sleeves to his elbows, works the huge bellows at the forge, or rings the steel sledge upon the anvil; perhaps he stands modestly behind the counter to measure calico for some airy maid who has never been beyond the limits of the county in which she was born; or, resuming the profession he discarded when he joined the Argonautic throng, he wields the birch in the school-room, visits the bed of the sick, or raises his voice to plead in the halls of justice. Whenever and wherever you find him, you have but to speak of old times, and his eye will kindle, his reserve relax, and you will soon be lost in astonishment at the tale of adventure poured into your ear. He will tell you how he abandoned a claim paying ten ounces a day to find one that would yield twenty, and never found it; how he sought Gold Lake in the Sierra summits, was led into the rugged cañons of the Trinity Mountains, or wrecked with his fellow "Gold Bluffers" at Trinidad; how the *ignis fatuus* of the "Lost Cabin," or "Emigrant Ledge" allured him into the depths of the trailless forest, or upon the fatal alkali wastes of Death Valley; how, after a journey of a thousand miles across sage-brush plains and mountain wilds, sleeping by day and traveling by night to avoid the hostile Indians, he descended the rugged cañon of Frazer River, only to find ten thousand men there, and not claims enough for a thousand; how he rushed to Washoe the next year, and soon afterwards joined the eager throng which poured into the mines of Idaho; how he was blown about by every breath of excitement,

until, at last, he abandoned the mines with their oft-recurring mirage of shimmering gold, and settled down into a life so quiet and uneventful, that the thousands with whom he comes in daily contact have no other thought than that to hold the plow, or feel the pulse of the sick, has been his life-long occupation. Whenever you meet such a man, speak to him of the past, and by all means of Gold Lake, for that was the initial excitement of the mines.

The story of Gold Lake has appeared in print from time to time—or, rather, fragments of it; but nothing that could be called a complete narrative has yet been written. A few years ago I became intensely interested in the subject, and began a thorough investigation, with results which intensified my interest, as I penetrated deeper and deeper into the maze of contradictory and apparently irreconcilable statements. I have read every published narrative, and at least fifty participants have told me "all about it," each one differing in his version from all the others. Nor is this at all wonderful; the excitement was widespread, and was shared in by hundreds who could never give, even to themselves, a satisfactory reason for it; and their differences arose like the dispute of the two valiant knights, from looking upon opposite sides of the shield. Having classified and reconciled as much as possible these diverse stories, speculations, and opinions, I present a narrative of Gold Lake as complete and comprehensive as it will ever be possible to give.

The great majority of those who came to California in '49 were utterly ignorant of the nature of gold deposits, and the proper method of washing out the metal. All this they had to learn. Many peculiar geological theories were evolved; one of the most universally accepted being that somewhere, high up in the mountains, was the "source of gold," and there was a general eagerness to

find it. Arriving, most of them, after the summer months had passed, and finding the miners chiefly at work on the lower portion of the streams, but few penetrated far into the mountains toward the head waters. One reason for this was the well known fate of the Donner party three years before, which deterred them from attempting to spend the winter in the mountains, with the source of supplies so distant and uncertain. Yet they were all eager to reach the "source of gold"; for they had quickly noticed that the further up they ascended, the coarser became the gold, and the man who could conduct them to the place where it could be picked up in chunks was the man they were all looking for—and they found him.

One region that had never yet been visited was that about the headwaters of the Feather and Yuba Rivers, now embraced in the counties of Plumas and Sierra; and of course miners on the rich bars in the foothills along those streams were ready to believe almost any fabulous tale of the richness of their fountain heads, even to a lake whose dancing ripples reflected the shining nuggets on its banks. With this tinder already in men's minds, it is easy to understand how an excitement could be created which would sweep through the mines like wildfire.

Gold Lake, of which Plumas and Sierra Counties each has one, is none the less a creation of fiction. If it ever had an existence other than in the brain of the man who claimed to have found it, some other name has been applied to it, and its identity has never been established. We are confronted in the outset by two stories of the way in which the author of the excitement claimed that the lake had been discovered. The most probable of these is as follows:

Among the emigrants by the "Lassen Horn Route," in 1849, was a man named Stoddard, the cause of all the subsequent excitement. When the train with which he was traveling arrived in the Sierras, probably in the neighborhood of Big Meadows, in the northern end of Plumas County, Stoddard, with one companion, went out upon a hunting expedition, for the purpose of replenishing the

depleted larder of his company. Unversed in mountain life and unskilled in woodcraft, the two Nimrods lost their way, and wandered about for several days in search of the camp they had left, but in vain. They then undertook to get out of the mountains by following the course of the streams, and in doing this came upon a small lake, with an area of from ten to fifteen acres, inclosed by high and rocky mountains. In a ravine on the lake shore, where the water from the melted snows of the previous spring had washed the bed-rock bare, they found some large chunks of gold. Frightened by their precarious condition, in an unknown mountain wilderness, exposed to dangers which their very ignorance magnified, and feeling that no time must be lost if they would extricate themselves, they did not stop to minutely examine the locality, nor even to make such observations as would enable them to return to the spot; they simply thrust a few of the golden pieces in their pockets, and hastened on.

The next day they were suddenly treated to a shower of arrows from a party of Indians secreted in a clump of brush, and Stoddard, by taking promptly to his heels, succeeded in making his escape alone, unaware of the fate of his companion. For several days he toiled over high mountains and through dark and rocky cañons, scarcely stopping to rest, and having nothing to eat but a few wild berries, until he at last reached the north fork of Yuba River. Following down the stream, he soon came upon the advance guard of miners, who had pushed far beyond the main body working on the bars below. He obtained food and shelter, and related his adventure, which was by no means too wonderful for belief at that time, since it had occurred in a region of which all were ignorant. The story spread through the mines of Yuba and Feather Rivers, and hundreds decided to venture into the mountains in the spring; the prevailing fear of a Sierra winter was too great for an immediate start. Some had hopes of finding the golden lake; others doubted the existence of such a body of water, but expected to find wonderfully rich

diggings; while others, at the more remote wilds, to whom the story of Stoddard had come so filtered by travel that it had been resolved into a simple rumor—and rumors passed current at that time—that rich diggings existed on the headwaters of the Yuba, decided to abandon their claims and seek the new mines on general principles.

Meanwhile Stoddard went to San Francisco, where he knew were friends of his unfortunate companion, to learn if by lucky chance he, also, had escaped; but nothing had been heard of the missing man, and, after waiting for tidings of him for several weeks, he came to the conclusion that his body lay far up amid the mountain summits.

It is best, perhaps, to turn here to the other story—differing slightly, according to the narrator—of the discovery of the wonderful lake.

This version says that in the Spring of 1850, as early as February, Stoddard and four others went upon a prospecting tour into the mountains some fifty miles northeast of Downieville, where they got lost and wandered about for several days. One morning they came upon a lake, while climbing a mountain to take observations, and knelt down upon the bank to slake their thirst. While stooping over they observed something shining amid the moss at the bottom; it proved, upon investigation, to be lumps of pure gold. They began eagerly to dredge the bottom for the yellow treasure, when they were suddenly attacked by Indians, who had been watching their proceedings from a hiding place among the chaparral. Two of them fell, pierced with arrows, while Stoddard and the other two fled, but in opposite directions; and when Stoddard finally made his way out of the mountains, he was unable to learn any tidings of his companions, and concluded that they had perished.

The improbable part of this story, and one which refutes it, is that it was impossible for anyone to have gone so far into the mountains so early in the Spring. The Winter of 1849 was a stormy one, and snow lay upon the mountains thirty feet deep. Snow-shoes had not been introduced. Miners were

unused to winter travel in the mountain wilds; and that a party of prospectors had been able to penetrate into that region at that early period was highly improbable. Besides that, the writer has met several who had heard of the Gold Lake adventure, somewhat as at first outlined, early in the winter.

Doubtful as all this may be, one thing is certain: Stoddard appeared on the Yuba in April from San Francisco, as he asserted, and told a wonderful tale of heaps of gold to be found in or near some mysterious lake high up amid the summit peaks of the Sierras, and exhibited some large specimens of pure gold, varying in weight from eight to twenty-five dollars, to prove his tale to be true. So strange was his story that many believed him to be crazy, and would have nothing to do with him. Even those who had been affected by the rumors of the previous winter did not recognize in him the originator of them. But his specimens were a convincing argument, and hundreds who had no faith in a gold-bottomed lake, and placed no reliance upon his account of how they came into his possession, were none the less anxious to be led to the place where such chunks of gold could be found, be it lake, river, ravine, or gulch. In many places they had seen little pockets of gold stuck in crevices, where several hundred dollars had been taken out in a few minutes, and it was not a violent assumption to think that "further up," nearer the "source of gold," they could find such chunks as Stoddard exhibited, and could gather in twenty-four hours as much of the precious metal as they could carry away. They, therefore, while not willing to come to Stoddard's terms, kept an eye upon him and his movements.

It was about the last of May when Stoddard appeared with his story at Nevada city and exhibited his specimens. He seemed here to meet with a better reception and found more believers. This may be due to the exhibition of a scar upon his leg, which he said was the result of an arrow wound received at the lake; though the fact that the wound was completely healed, and the scar evidently several years old, could hardly be

considered confirmatory evidence. Yet such trifles as that were beneath the notice of men whose eyes were blinded by the sight of gold-en nuggets. He organized a party of twenty-five to go in search of the lake, selecting them from among five hundred who were eager to go, and to pay liberally for the chance. The only member of this original party the writer has ever met is Mr. George E. Brittan, who now lives in Sutter County.

About the first of June this company started for the upper country, followed by from five hundred to one thousand men, who had kept a close watch upon their preparations, and were ready to follow them to the end of the world if necessary. They struck right north from Nevada City to the divide between the North Yuba and the Middle Feather, and followed the ridge to the headwaters of those streams. Having now reached the region where he supposed the lake to be, Stoddard appeared to know as little about its actual location as any of his companions. He wandered about from place to place with his party, the crowd of followers clinging to them like a shadow, supposing the apparently aimless movements to be made for the purpose of tiring them out and throwing them off the scent. They entered Sierra Valley, crossed north to Red Clover Valley, and then to Last Chance Valley (so named from what happened there at that time), where the party became satisfied their leader was incapable of conducting them to the wonderful lake, to reach which they had endured so many hardships. There were three opinions held by the deluded men, who then gathered in consultation in Last Chance Valley. Some considered Stoddard crazy, and the lake simply a figment of his diseased brain; others that he had never visited the supposed lake, but, having heard the story he related from some one else, had told the adventure as his own for the purpose of forming a party to search for it, hoping to discover it from the faint idea he possessed of its general location; others still believed his story true, but that his sense of location was imperfect, and he had again become lost, as he was when he first saw the lake.

The party was badly demoralized, and so disappointed and angry as to be unreasonable. Many of their animals had perished—some of them in the deep snow, and others by being dashed to pieces upon the rocks at the bottom of some precipitous cañon. Their anger and disappointment overflowed, and a meeting was called to discuss the situation, at which it was decided to hang the author of their woes at once. The sentence was suspended for one day, at the earnest solicitation of the few who still believed in him; but he was told that if at sundown the lake had not been discovered, the following day his neck would be summarily stretched. This was his "last chance."

If Stoddard was lost as regards the locality of the lake, he was not so as far as other places were concerned, for that night he gave them the slip and made his way out of the mountains alone. This incident, of which there is no doubt, is said by some to have occurred in Humbug Valley, Plumas County, and not in Last Chance; but it is immaterial.

So far, we have seen but a small portion of the excitement; for these men were but the advance guard of the "Gold Lakers," who rushed into the mountains of Plumas and Sierra counties that spring. The news that Stoddard and his party, followed by a crowd of miners, had left Deer Creek to search for the lake of gold, spread like wildfire through the mines of Yuba and Feather Rivers. Many who had before heard of the mysterious lake, and many more who now learned of it for the first time, rushed off in the direction the searchers had gone. All the floating population of the mines took the fever, and many, also, who owned good claims abandoned them to go where one day's work was worth a thousand. It became a perfect stampede. Away they rushed, carrying but few provisions, and but little money or dust with which to buy. Some organized into small parties, but as a general thing they went along in twos and threes, each striving to be the first to reach the shore of the mysterious tarn. Hundreds had but an indistinct idea of what they were in search of; all they knew was

that somewhere in the mountains was a place where gold could be picked up in chunks, and they proposed to get there in time to pick up a few for themselves. The infection extended to the American River, and even to the southern mines, and many started from there to follow in the wake of others. A party of these went as far as Donner Lake, and into the country immediately north of it; and some member, imagining that his little expedition was all there was of the Gold Lake excitement, wrote a full account of it for the press a few years ago. It is by investing such side shows as that with the dignity of the main circus, that so much confusion about the story of Gold Lake has been created.

Since Peter the Hermit led his army of fanatics towards Palestine, no such incoherent crowd has been seen as that which rushed through the forest and trailless mountains in quest of this golden delusion. The prices of horses, mules, and oxen went up at a rapid rate. Some started with wagons; but owing to the character of the country and the absence of even a trail, this method of conveyance was soon abandoned; and the pilgrims hurried on, packing their effects upon the backs of animals, or, abandoning everything, pushed along on foot, unincumbered. Many of the animals, as well as some of their owners, slipped on the precipitous sides of deep cañons, and were plunged headlong to their death, hundreds of feet below. Yet in all this there were those who were cool enough to profit by the excitement of the others. Perceiving an opportunity for traffic, a number of merchants accompanied the eager throng with loads of provisions, which they sold at exorbitant prices, even killing the cattle which drew the loads, and cutting them up, sold the meat at a dollar a pound.

The files of the Marysville "Herald," Sacramento "Placer Times," and the San Francisco "Alta California," for the month of June, speak of Stoddard's party having just started, and contain long accounts of the exodus. A correspondent of the "Placer Times" was enterprising enough to follow the throng in

the interest of journalism—or shrewd enough to represent that as having been his object when he learned of the utter disappearance of the lake. He reached the vicinity of the present town of La Porte, when from returning pilgrims he learned that Stoddard's party had abandoned the search. The excitement lasted for about a month, and then resolved itself into the ordinary movement from old to new mines.

When Stoddard's party awoke that June morning in Last Chance Valley, and realized that their erratic guide and condemned prisoner had fled in the darkness of the night, many of them were glad they had been spared the execution of their sentence. They started back, prospecting as they went, and the crowd at their heels followed their example. News spread along the line that Stoddard was a fraud and Gold Lake a myth, carried by the disgusted ones who were hurrying back to the good claims they had abandoned, which they invariably found some other fellow was working with the greatest of satisfaction. News of the utter failure of the expedition reached Deer Creek within a month after the time it had started from that place. Even before the search had been abandoned by the original party, and the large crowd immediately in their rear, considerable prospecting was indulged in by those who had started a few days later; so that when the disgusted men turned back, they found that their followers had already struck good diggings on Nelson, Poorman, and Hopkins Creeks, and on Rich Bar. Into these mines the disappointed pilgrims poured in a perfect flood, and seized upon every inch of ground. In many cases where the first workers had staked off generous claims, the newcomers, being in a majority, called a meeting, made laws reducing the size of claims, and staked off locations for themselves. Even this failed to give claims to all, and the hundreds of unsuccessful ones sought elsewhere, discovering rich diggings on every fork of Feather River.

There is another point of view from which to contemplate this whole affair. Before the excitement broke out, there was a secret ex-

pedition to this same locality. This was related to the writer by that well-known pioneer of 1841, John Rose, after whom Rose's Bar, on the Yuba, was named. He was living near that place a few years ago, and probably is at the present time. Early in the spring of 1850, two men, one of them named Marks, were living with the Indians in a rancharia north of Yuba River, when one day an Indian came into camp with some splendid specimens, which he asserted had been found lying loose in the gravel in the bed of a river further north. Marks understood the language but imperfectly, and asked his companion, who was lying ill at the time, to tell him what the Indian said. The sick man would not do so, intending, when he recovered, to go in search of the stream alone. But Marks had understood enough to know the general direction of the river, and about the distance to be traveled to reach it; and he hastened to Marysville—then just springing up at Nye's Ranch, near the forks of Yuba and Feather Rivers—to organize a prospecting party. Having but little confidence in his ability to induce rational beings to invade an unknown mountain wilderness at that season of the year, with only the imperfectly understood tale of an Indian as an incentive, he improved upon the narrative to meet the exigencies of the case. He told an exciting tale of adventure, the gist of which was, that having gone far into the mountains, he had discovered a place where lay heaps of gold, but had been attacked by Indians, and was fortunate to escape with his life. A select company of thirty men was secretly organized, Mr. Rose being one of them; and under the leadership of the romancing Marks, set out in quest of the bonanza. They followed the divide between the Yuba and Feather, the same route pursued by Stoddard's dupes a few weeks later, until they reached the mouth of Nelson Creek, when Marks informed them that he was completely bewildered; and they returned home in disgust.

Mr. Rose still believes the Indian told a true story, and that Rich Bar on the Middle Feather was the place where he obtained his

specimens; also, that Marks, who had led them very near to that place, was unable to find it, simply because he had never been there and did not know its exact location. Mr. Rose further believes that this was the foundation of Stoddard's Gold Lake; that, having heard of the Indian's tale and Marks's improvements upon it, he had been inspired to adopt the same tactics as the voracious Marks, and had invented Gold Lake and the Indians for the purpose of securing followers, trusting to luck to strike something rich when he reached that region.

In 1858 the Marysville "News" printed what purported to be the bottom facts about Stoddard and his Gold Lake adventure, the information being supplied by William C. Stokes, then one of the proprietors of the United States Hotel in that city. It was to the effect that early in the spring of 1850 Mr. Stokes was employed at the cabin of a man named Ferrel, on Deer Creek, when one day a stranger appeared with a large sack of gold dust and had a long consultation with Ferrel, which Stokes, who was lying in his bunk, overheard. The stranger said that he had gathered the dust on the banks of a lake somewhere northeast of the Forks of Yuba River, since known as Downieville, where it existed in great quantities; that he had been taken to it by Indians, who had helped gather the dust; that he came away to procure provisions, and having broken faith with his Indian partners by not returning at the time promised, he was now afraid to go back without a strong party to protect him from their wrath. He wanted Ferrel to form a party to go with him, but for some reason unknown by Mr. Stokes his employer would have nothing to do with it. Only a few weeks later, in April, Mr. Stokes was mining at French Corral, when a man came along who said his name was Stoddard, and that he was a miner from Frenchman's Bar, on the Yuba. He took dinner with Stokes, and afterwards they engaged in an extended conversation, during which Stoddard said that he had once belonged to the English navy, and had been wounded in the bombardment of Acre, to prove which he ex-

hibited a scar on one of his legs—the same scar, Mr. Stokes thought, which he a few weeks later displayed to the doubting Thomases who refused to credit his Gold Lake adventure. It was then Mr. Stokes's turn to relate an exploit, so he rehearsed the tale he had overheard the stranger unfold to Ferrel, amplifying it sufficiently to make it spicy and interesting. This, he thought, was Stoddard's inspiration; for about the 1st of June, at which time he was keeping a public house at Deerville, twelve miles from Middle Yuba, Stoddard and his 'original party of Gold Hill adventurers passed by. The leader of them refused to recognize Mr. Stokes when he entered the cabin. He tried in vain to persuade some of Stoddard's dupes to abandon the enterprise, but it was like talking against the north wind. The article concluded by saying that Stoddard was then living in Sierra County, "well to do in the world."

It is needless to recount the speculations and opinions of the surviving members of that first crusade; they are as various as the

crusaders. Upon his return to the lower mines, Stoddard endeavored to form another company to search for the elusive lake, but he was considered crazy, laughed at by some, and listened to patronizingly by others, as one humors the vagaries of a lunatic. For several years he hung about the mines on North Yuba, boring everybody with incessant repetitions of his story, and spending his summers in zealous search for the lake, in the existence of which his confidence remained unshaken. What finally became of him I have never learned. There are still to be found men who believe implicitly in the truthfulness and sincerity of the man who led them on that wild invasion of the mountains, and who account for his inability to find the lake by the theory that one of the landslides, so frequent in the Spring in that region, had buried it, or at least that part of it in which the gold had been found. Verily, not until the generation of '49 shall have passed away and joined "that innumerable throng," will belief entirely disappear in the golden pebbles of that mysterious lake.

Harry L. Wells.

A DAY OUT DOORS.

I HAD said: "Tomorrow will be my day. It shall be consecrated from the rising of the sun to the coming of the night to myself alone. It must not be a day of speculation, of toil and anxiety, nor of dissipation that wearies. But the day will be my soul's own—a trysting day, a rest day, a love day. I will keep my tryst with the rising sun, clasp hands with the sweet morning, the pure air will kiss my lips, and the kind day will be my lover."

These November mornings in the interior seem to rise up out of the ground, for the first light shines from a silvery mist that is spread lightly over the landscape. It is not a damp, wet mist, but a white, soft vapor, that only delicately surrounds the objects that slowly stand forth in the approaching dawn. It is not cold enough to be chilling,

simply cool enough to indicate that a change in the seasons has taken place. It is not summer—neither winter—but a vantage-ground whereon either one may haply triumph.

Just now Nature chooses to be tender, and alluring, and velvety, as a sweet girl must be to count her conquests of the sterner hearts. There is neither rustle of wind, nor floods of brilliant light. The morning comes softly, shyly, through the mist, which lifts slowly in white, soft waves, and, like a curtain drawn aside, reveals the landscape, awakening to its morning charms.

I look to the east through a little square window fringed with plant leaves, to watch the coming of the clear day over this neutral dawn. There is a wide, low horizon over stretches of brown and yellow fields. The

retiring mist borders the horizon in a broad band of deep blue. It is a strong dark blue, cut evenly against the sky. Suddenly through a horizontal rift in the band appears a bright bar of gold, shining and glimmering like a solid bar of stars. There is no other sign of day; the dawn is shadowed, and the East still gray. Then in a moment the sky above the mist lights up with a golden band mounted above the blue, the burnished crescent of the sun peers above the wall of fog, there is a sudden lifting of the night shadows, and the day has come. All at once, vividly and brightly: it was dark—it is light. The wide plain unrolls to view, the shadows fling themselves westward, and the sky shines out cloudless and serene. A placid November day reaches its prime at once. It is just as white and clear and glorious an hour after sunrise, as when high noon marks the turning of the shadows.

The November fires left charred, black spaces in the stubble fields, and now in this alluring Indian summer, even before winter has sent a chill over the land, these open, burnt spaces grow one by one into emerald green. And peeping up all over the ground between every stone, and clod, and pebble, comes the triumphant grass.

The day in this out-of-the-world spot is as retired and secluded as my lady's boudoir. It is draped around with soft, hazy air, and hung above with folds of thin white cloud. It is not gaudy nor glaring, neither does it lack for coloring. There is the "exultant" blue relieved by lines of white, the high blue mountain with its invisible veil, the brown and green foothills, the yellow fields, and the green foreground.

There is something so very beautiful in these quiet days that one is forced out unconsciously. The house is dull, damp, shadowed; the out-door parlor is pure, peaceful, inspiring. The key of health you take in your hand as you walk down the narrow pebbly paths of the fields. You will not need a companion. Nature will speak and you will answer.

A fallow field has just covered up its treasure of seed with its golden promise. A

flock of little gray chippies start up at my feet and whirl through the air. An inquisitive squirrel stands erect above his mound, and watches, and watches, with his bright eyes till he disappears. There are flocks of wild geese, white as so many masses of snow, feeding in the farther field. Guards circle about over each flock, and as these alight others take their places, while sentinels walk about on the exposed edges with their long necks stretched upwards. At the approach of danger, the alarm signal is given, repeated by hundreds, and the flocks sweep up in detachments and battalions, and with cries that fill the air with clamor, form into lines and fly away.

A mysterious insect, of whose identity and habits I am yet uninformed, has spun silken threads till the landscape is dressed with them. From clod to clod, from straw to straw, from branch to branch, from everything, is suspended this shining thread work. The wind moves gently from the east, and the air is laden also with masses of these soft, white cobwebs. Floating from some unknown source, and gliding on steadily, move these meshes of silken lines. Have the fairies flung them as cables, and charged them with wonderful messages? At all events, they are hanging from my hair and shoulders, and flecking my garments like snow. I can not make myself free from the clinging lines. Looking sunward across a plowed field, one sees a long, illuminated track, for every foot is crossed and recrossed with webs. Literally, the earth is clothed not with verdure, but silk.

Silken wires a-glistening
As I wait a-listening,
At these lines spread shining o'er the plain,
I will make a guessing,
That this cobweb meshing
Means the coming of a winter rain.

And so it will be. There will be rain. Faith attaches a golden cord to every silken thread, and we know that soon or late the gray showers will come from the east, following the weaving and drifting of the cobwebs northward over the wide plain. Although the Californian is really happiest when it

rains, yet he does not demand rain in November. He is content that the short, bright days, just sufficiently touched with frost to be fresh and inspiring and sweet with new grass should dream themselves away, while the storm waits for a colder and more vigorous December.

The black birds came long ago. They are the first harbingers of winter here. First, a few sable advance guards were seen hopping about with inquisitive looks, as if taking a thorough preliminary survey of the grounds. Then a large flock appeared from the east, and, with a review on every fence and a roll-call on every tree, they were at once settled for the winter, sharing with the geese the waste grain in the unplowed stubble fields. Now a flock of them, like a dark cloud not larger than my hand, appear on the pale sky, and sweep around over my head with many evolutions and controlled by one thought, like a company on drill. It darts sidewise, spreads and contracts, without a flaw or break. With a signal every wing closes and every head turns down, and again, with wonderful unison, every wing outspreads and the flock soars upwards as one bird. They are back in a moment, and with a swish of polished wings drop to the ground and light one at a time. They have harsh, sharp cries, and walk about with an impudent assumption worthy of many a gayer bird. I throw a stone—they are gone. I look around, and they are back with more flipping of polished wings and more impertinent interjections.

Hark! What is that I hear? It is a piping little song, surely, not the clear, rich melody of the full-grown lark singing from a tree-top in the spring; but it thrills me just the same—this feeble song of the slim little fellow who has not seen his first winter. I turn to catch every faint note hesitatingly given to the still air. The brave little pioneer, he merits only love and gratitude. Only a few weeks now, and his breast will be yellow as gold leaf, and his voice will be in perfect tune to brighten the low, dull days of the winter months. The clouds will close down over the hills, the rain will beat

at the window, but out there from the dripping stubble will swell up the sweetest song you ever heard. He is a wonderful poet—my lark.

The mountain is unresponsive. He is dim and distant, wrapped still in the smoke that rose from the stubble fires. His slopes are flowerless, his streams are dry, and reflection only hovers in the mist over his rugged form cleft in two high summits against the west. He can look south-eastward over the great plain, and number the forces moving among the glistening peaks and trackless basins of the high Sierras. He can look to the west over the ocean world, where the powers of Nature assemble, and watch the rain king lead his rolling legions from the valleys of the deep. And when Nature has made ready, the low plain will look up and see the tumid clouds gathering together around the summit. It is *then* he will be companionable, answering to every mood of the weather, just as now he looms mild and dim behind the pulseless air.

As I turn eastward through the crackling stubble, a little gray rabbit out for an evening run bounds across my path. He stops, and sitting erect on his haunches looks back at me. There was once a pet rabbit that escaped one dewy morning, and this one is so like him! His erect ears do not indicate fear, and the large, beautiful eyes watch me intently. Ah! Bunny, Bunny, if I could only get my hand over your soft back. Hist! There is the dog. Towser, here, you rascal! But Bunny is gone. How can the dog hear now? His long, red ears are flapping over his eyes, and he is mastering the ground with long, quick jumps. Away, away they fly through the intricate mazes of the stubble paths. There are no fences for miles away, but Bunny is gaining a trifle as they pass over an elevation and disappear.

The day is lowering fast. The ground-owl bobs up from the squirrel hole to keep his night watch on the mound, while his bright-eyed friend sleeps below. He gives me the countersign in a solemn bow as I pass. He is so demure and grave, and

blinks me such a wise look from his wide eyes, that I at once accord to him the wisdom he is supposed to have, and regard him deferentially, with a little touch of a longing to sit down on that little mound in the gloaming, and feel for a brief moment the pleasing sensations of these animals that inhabit the brown earth. They see all those fair sights, they hear every sound; but do they interpret?—Do I?—does any one?

I have drank the crystal beauties of the day; I have warmed my soul by its bright light; and now, up the quiet field, I turn to

the low, brown farm house, spread with many an architectural grievance over so much ground. But not longingly—there is no loneliness out here. There are messages and messages coming invisibly all down the grassy way. To be alone is to have companionship. There is no one, and lo, many come to whisper away the silent hours. Thought walks with me through the failing light; long shadows stretch away eastward, the sun hangs in a pale cloud over the western hills, till the shadows merge into one, and the shining day is over.

Lillian H. Shuey.

THE BUILDING OF A STATE. I.

THE most picturesque elements of any historical period are those by which it is apt to live in people's minds. They become known promptly and widely, go into school-children's text-books and newspaper allusions and general-information literature. Students of sociological cause and effect work painstakingly for a generation or two before they succeed in replacing (and that in the minds of reading people only, not of the great majority) the picturesque, superficial, and often misleading conception of a time, a people, a transaction, by a true one. Poetry and fiction seize on the striking, the curious, the out-of-the-way elements, and give them to the world; and when quiet scholarship follows on after poetry and fiction, protesting that these things were chance freaks, temporary conditions, accidents of the environment, while the real potent and shaping qualities of the State, the people, the epoch, were quite another thing, the hearers are few. At last, however, a better-informed poetry or fiction steps to the aid of quiet scholarship—then Greek meets Greek, and the old and partially true picturesque yields ground slowly to the new and more completely true picturesque.

The America of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens held its own in the European mind, in spite of all protest and observation, until Mr.

Howells and Mr. James began to write their stories. The Indian of the stock Indian story—a very picturesquely complete fiend—is slowly giving place to the true historic Indian—a still more picturesque figure, certainly; and fiction has been deliberately and of set purpose invoked to aid the process. Long sermons, and conscientious scruples about wigs, and witchcraft and Quaker troubles, still constitute to the world's mind the essence of colonial New England; and yet some of these things were merely surface indications, and others eddies in a direction actually contrary to the main tendency of the current; for the real essence of colonial New England was the assertion of the individual as against the mass: individual right no less and no more than individual duty, the relation of the individual directly to God, instead of through the church; directly to the State, instead of through masters. But, fascinating as the exploration of such underlying forces in the evolution of society is to the scholar, the long sermons and quaint bigotries and striking counter-tendencies are to be expected to catch the general imagination more.

Pioneer California means to the world the red-shirted miner and the price of onions in '49. And since the red-shirted miner has been so strikingly immortalized in

literature, and the price of onions in newspaper letters and magazine sketches innumerable, they may be expected to hold their own for a long time yet. Moreover, these vivid pictures of pioneer life are in the main true: and between the lines they contain many a hint of more than surface truth. Yet they do not contain all the truth, nor more than hint at the most important part of it. To the careful reader of Bret Harte, a pervading sense of the public good is evident among his miners, a preference for law and order, a capacity for coöperation, a cheerful good sense in yielding. But this is not what the general reader finds there. He finds a society of unparalleled daring and dash; he feels the rush, the glow, the craze for getting wealth, the breaking of restraints; he notices the gambling, the drinking, the swearing, the lynching; and it does not occur to him to look deeper.

Yet gold-rushes have occurred at intervals in all history; and what other has resulted as this rush did? Neither the diamond fields of South Africa nor the mines of Peru shaped their mass of adventurers at the first opportunity into a constitutional state. Frontier crowds of reckless, daring men there have been since the westward movement of mankind began: in which of them did a literature, an art, a sound ideal of education, proclaim itself before the timber of the first houses was fairly seasoned? The sober and reputable immigration to the Central West has not yet produced such results as the first period of California did. "Hoodlum" legislation, socialist constitution, hardness and Philistine obtuseness in the materialism, seem to have come in with a later epoch. What seed lay hidden among the wild oats of our early sowing, to spring up among them and bear such a crop? Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. Something there was working, and working strongly, for righteousness, for intelligence, for beauty, amid all the mad rush and riot and license of those days. Some element in that first immigration there must have been different from those of any other of its nature in history. Something there was trans-

ferred to our shore of the ripe and full-flavored product of a high civilization—something different from the comparatively crude goodness and intelligence that have gone into the making of other western communities.

Perhaps few of the readers of *THE OVERLAND* are aware of this curious difference between the early history of this State and that of others; still fewer have any knowledge of the quiet forces to which it was due. The first series of *THE OVERLAND* made well known to the world the picturesque, rough side of our pioneer life; the time is now come that this other side should be told, and to this the present *OVERLAND* has paid much attention.

There are two chief causes to which the powerful bent toward a high civilization that struggled so effectually in early California with lawless tendencies may be traced. One is the existence here from the first of a group of men of peculiarly high quality, who came on purpose to look after the interests of goodness and of truth. The missionary of religion generally makes his way early to the frontier, but he is very apt to be—by no means always, but still often—a man whose head is by no means equal to his heart, a man of inferior judgment, or inferior power, or knowledge, or training. The tremendous *drawing* quality of early California seems to have brought here a higher average selection of Pauls to plant and Apolloses to water than infant plantations are apt to have. The missionary of education, by no means so frequent a pioneer in new communities, was still more comparatively conspicuous here. Again, among the gold-seeking immigration, there seems to have been a very unusual proportion, not merely of "educated" men, but of men with fine and ripe education. The reason of this is, no doubt, to be found in the large opportunities and unique fascination of California, which were sufficient to draw hither men to whom success and honor would have been sure anywhere; while other immigrations tempt chiefly those for whom the struggle is a little too hard at home.

A third reason might, perhaps, be found in

certain high qualities of the rank and file Argonauts—a disposition toward self-government, a basis of orderliness and intelligent respect for the first-rate, underneath all recklessnesses. This is a more obscure point, not so easily reached through personal reminiscence as is the history of the educated element in early Californian life, and of the direct efforts toward establishing the institutions of the best communities in religion, education, literature, art; it is one, however, toward which some research has been directed.

There are still a good many men scattered throughout the State whose remi-

niscences embrace these things, some of whom were "*quorum magna pars.*" It has been an intention of THE OVERLAND, long announced, to review somewhat thoroughly this element in pioneer life, in a series of articles which should be, as far as possible, the work of those who had at first hand special knowledge of the subject, and which should embrace both personal reminiscence and investigation of the facts. This series is begun here, by this introductory outline of its intention, and by—as a sort of prelude—the following reminiscences of a pioneer with regard to two of the most notable of early educational attempts.

THE BLUE TENT AT SAN JOSÉ.

THE editor of the OVERLAND having asked me to gather up my reminiscences of the early educational movements in this State, I am willing to do it in a gossipy way, not because I am an educator myself, but because my lot happened to be cast alongside of them, and I have outlived some of them. At most, I can only jot down a few isolated incidents, which came under my personal observation, and which may, if deemed suitable, be woven into a more complete school history by others.

Among other incidents, not remarkable by itself standing alone, but important as the beginning of things of its kind, was the establishment of a school at San José by the Rev. Samuel Vinton Blakeslee, a graduate of Western Reserve College, in Ohio. A few doors south of San Antonio Street, on the east side of Second Street, there stands a pleasant two-story house, with its gable end to the street. A one-story wing, with its side to the street, joins the north side of the house, and from the middle of this wing projects a brick chimney, short, but substantial. At the foot of that chimney are two fire-places, around one of which—the southern one—there hover many memories, pleasant and otherwise, of the first year of my Californian life. The other fire-place enlivened the study of the Rev. John W. Doug-

las, then pastor of the Presbyterian church of San José and Chaplain of the State Senate. He had erected that part of the house mainly out of panels framed in China, and he rented me a room at a monthly rent customary at that early day, but which I now shudder to think of. Six or eight feet north of the house, some time in January, 1850, Rev. Mr. Blakeslee erected a large tent of the dark blue drilling then in common use among the miners. Within that tent he established a school for boys and girls, with a goodly number of scholars. This, I believe, was the first Protestant school established in San José; possibly the first in Santa Clara county.

The existence of this school is impressed sharply upon my memory, for the reason that I had left half a dozen young children at my home in Brooklyn, N. Y., and when the scholars of the Blue Tent were turned out to play, I could recognize the voices of each of my children, and when they sang their morning hymn, it seemed like the choir of my own family. It so happened that in later years, and in another part of the State, two of my children were pupils in a High School taught by Mr. Blakeslee. He was a skillful and conscientious teacher, showing his training in good schools at the East; and into whatever task he undertook,

he enlisted an ardent enthusiasm, and all the talent and energy he possessed. He once remarked to me that the Blue Tent was only a temporary expedient, and that, as soon as a more ample endowment could be procured, he expected to erect his *permanent* school house. I suggested to him that the word "permanent" was not in the California dictionary; and the subsequent changes in his busy but useful life served to prove the truth of my remark. Many Californians think so still.

An odor of sanctity was imparted to the Blue Tent by the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper therein to the members of the Presbyterian church, thirteen in number, by the Rev. Mr. Douglas. On this occasion, which occurred on the afternoon of the 10th of February, 1850, Mr. R. Hodges was admitted on the profession of his faith. While coming "across the plains" he had been converted, and was baptized in the wilderness by Rev. Mr. Blakeslee, and taken into the Church Universal. The Presbyterian church had previously been organized on the 7th October, 1849, under the pastorate of Mr. Douglas, at the old Juzgado, the Alcalde's Hall of Justice. After the legislative hall was completed, they worshiped there. But ecclesiastical history is not the purpose of this article. The names of the early founders of the Presbyterian church, with other interesting details, will be found recorded in the minutes of the church session. But I will here mention an interesting fact concerning the first building erected by that church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Isaac H. Brayton, and dedicated 9th February, 1851. I select this particular fact for mention, because I was the only one personally conversant with both ends of the story. Of this building the doors, windows, blinds, and *pews* had already performed many years of sacred service in the old Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, N. Y., under the charge of Rev. Dr. Cox; and afterwards, for a short time were used by the Plymouth church, under Reverend Henry Ward Beecher. When that church was demolished to make room for the building now occupied by Mr.

Beecher's church, the wooden materials were shipped to California—where lumber then was very scarce and dear—and sold. The pulpit from which the sacred truths had been preached so pungently by the Reverends Cox and Beecher, was assigned to duty as an auctioneer's stand in San Francisco. Mr. Brayton bought the other materials heretofore enumerated, and built them into his new church. The writer of this article, who had sat in these pews many and many a time in Brooklyn, had now the pleasure of worshipping in them again at San José. But though the pews had changed their localities and their pastors several times, and had even traveled around Cape Horn, their occupants listened to the same orthodox doctrines, and worshiped the same Savior, as in Brooklyn. Again a new brick church crowded out the old pews, but I am told they are still doing duty in a small Quaker meeting-house in San José.

But to return to our pedagogue of the Blue Tent. Sometime in the spring of 1850 Mr. Blakeslee struck his tent, transferred his school to another teacher, to whom I do not know, and left San José. He was not disgusted with his work, for he had an abiding faith that his mission was to establish a first-class seminary of learning in California. But to do this he needed help, both personal and pecuniary. He departed for his eastern home, and took to himself a wife—a noble, intelligent, affectionate, and self-denying lady, who returned with him to California, and upheld his hands and cheered his home during thirty years of his arduous toils.

Mr. Blakeslee returned as a home missionary, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, to labor among the Chinese immigrants, for whose benefit he sustained a school many months in San Francisco. This was somewhere about the years 1852-'53, when the Chinese immigrants were few. In this school he tried the experiment of using phonography as an aid in teaching the pronunciation of the English language. Having taught to his pupils the power of each phonographic symbol, he wrote English sentences phonographically on the

blackboard, and it was amusing to see a Chinaman stand up and read these sentences fluently and with correct pronunciation, but without understanding the meaning of the words; that was to be learned afterward. It is worth noting here that some twenty-eight years after keeping this school, Mr. Blakeslee, who had as thorough a knowledge of the Chinese character, their good traits and their bad ones, as any man in California, wrote one of the ablest arguments I have ever seen for the "Congregationalist" of Boston, *in favor of the restriction of Chinese immigration*. The "Congregationalist" published the letter, but sneered at the opinions. Mr. Blakeslee arrived at the same conclusion as other Californian advocates of exclusion, but many of his points were original and peculiar. He had lost none of his Puritan sympathy and earnestness for missionary work among the Chinese, either here, or in China; but he did not on that account see the propriety of overwhelming the Pacific Coast with the immense hordes of pauper Chinese, bringing with them their peculiar vices and superstitions, to become a breeding stock for our future population.

In 1855, Mr. Blakeslee was engaged as assistant and traveling editor for "The Pacific," a weekly paper. After three years' service in that capacity he turned again, with all his characteristic enthusiasm, to his favorite idea of establishing a large seminary for young ladies at Folsom. With the aid of a company of local stock-holders, he secured the erection of a spacious and commodious brick building on an eminence commanding a view of the town and the Sacramento River. The institution was eminently successful for a few years, supplying a want long felt by the people of Folsom, and the neighboring towns of the mining region. But changes in railroad locations affected the prosperity of the town, as well as of the seminary; and Mr. Blakeslee, in response to an earnest invitation from the owners of "The Pacific," resumed his connection with that paper.

He devoted his entire energies to this work, and to such preaching and missionary

work as his traveling duties suggested, for fifteen of the best years of his life. During this period he established a comfortable home in Oakland. After leaving "The Pacific" in 1878, he continued his home missionary work, and aided in building a new church at Selma, Fresno County. This was his last work. He was worn out: his nervous system was shattered; he was stricken with a slow palsy, and returned to his home in Oakland to linger for some months, and then to die, worn out in the service of his Lord and Master. His noble wife had gone about three years before him. One of his brother editors said that he "had done a work in behalf of 'The Pacific' which no other living man at the time could have done."

There was another schoolmaster resident at San José, both before and after the days of the Blue Tent; but he did not teach at San José. This was Mr. Thomas Douglass, a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1831. He had been a teacher at the Sandwich Islands, and had come to San Francisco in 1847. He came soon afterward to San José, to assist Rev. Mr. Lyman in the re-survey of the Pueblo. The following statement about the early schools at San Francisco is extracted from a recent letter to me.

"In regard to the first public school in San Francisco: I arrived there from the Hawaiian Islands June 10th, 1847. I soon learned there were in the town about sixty children of suitable age to attend school. There was, however, no school-house. A small private school was taught by a young man named M—. He was said to be betrothed to a young lady of the Mormon persuasion, which body, at that time, was numerous and influential in San Francisco, S. Brannan having been their great high priest. I became acquainted with M—, visited his school, held in a shanty not far, I think, from the junction of Dupont and Jackson Streets. He had between twenty and thirty scholars.

"In the latter part of 1847 and the first part of 1848, the people of San Francisco

built a school-house on the Plaza, in front of Kearney Street. When it was completed—some time, I think, in February or March, 1848—five trustees were elected at a public meeting held by appointment of the Alcalde for that purpose. Mr. M—applied for the position of teacher. The trustees answered that they would consider his case if he would come before them and be examined in respect to his qualifications for the office. He was greatly offended at this, and wrote them a very strong remonstrance. He referred to his services as a pioneer in the cause of education in the town, and expressed deep indignation at the insult of even supposing there might be any deficiency in his qualifications. The document, however, settled the question for the time being very effectually. All through it, wherever occurred the nominative of the first person singular of the personal pronoun, it was written small with a dot over it. The manner in which he used capital letters was truly wonderful, and his mode of spelling still more so.

“From September, 1847, I had been engaged assisting Mr. Lyman in surveying at San José. The trustees in San Francisco had learned of my teaching in the young chief’s school at Honolulu from merchants and others who had visited that school. Accordingly, they wrote to me at San José, inviting me to take charge of the school. I accepted. I was to have in the way of salary one thousand dollars a year. I was to charge tuition according to a grade fixed by themselves, and if any were unable to pay they were to come free, and any deficiency resulting was to be made up to me by the town. Upon these terms, advertised in the papers, I commenced teaching about April 1st, 1848.

“I soon had thirty-seven pupils, mostly in the elementary English branches, though some few, who had attended good schools at the East, were considerably advanced in arithmetic, English grammar, and geography.

“Several in a short time had left Mr. M—’s school and joined mine. This, with perhaps other causes not so obvious, stimulated him and his friends to make a desperate effort to

secure for him my position. They drew up a petition to the Alcalde, accompanied with a statement that the previous election, at which the trustees were chosen, was held on a rainy day, few attending; and, in consequence, the officers then chosen did not fairly represent the choice of a majority of the citizens; and asked that said election be declared void, and a new day appointed on which a Board of Trustees could be chosen that would fairly represent the majority in the matter of conducting the school. The town was thoroughly canvassed by M— and his friends. The Alcalde granted a new election; full notice was given of time and place of election. On my side were the formerly elected trustees as candidates for re-election. Fortunately for me, one of them was a liberal Mormon, who was aware of the defects of Mr. M—’s attainments. The other side had five new names as candidates.

“I am very confident that San Francisco has never passed through a more exciting contest than that. My friends worked zealously; one of them, on his fleet little mustang, galloped through the streets of the little town, and brought out every voter he could find on our side. M—and myself were both present. There were no nice discriminations about the right of voting; sailors and soldiers all voted. During the voting I showed Mr. M—some flower beds in the back yard which I had made for the girls, in which they had begun to train a few plants. I also showed some gymnastic contrivances to promote their physical exercises, and besought Mr. M—to continue these improvements in case he should be elected. He approved the plan, and promised to complete it if he should be elected. Both sides exhausted their printed ballots, and we teachers both sat at the same table, writing manuscript ballots to defeat each other.

“The result, if I remember rightly, was, that my side beat by only ten votes. I therefore continued teaching the school until the excitement through the town, caused by the marvelous accounts of the gold mines, reached such a pitch of intensity that in a very short time nearly all the inhabitants left the place.

My school diminished from thirty-seven to nine. Four of the five trustees had gone. The parents took their children with them. The only remaining trustee advised me to close the school and go to the mines myself. I followed his advice that very day, near the close of the month of May, 1848.

"I returned from the mines to San Francisco early in January, 1849, but did not resume teaching. The school-house was used on the Sabbath as a chapel and Sabbath-school room, for the services of Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, who had been appointed chaplain for the town. I think, also, some one was teaching there a small school during week days. I do not remember his name. I think the school continued but a short time, and sub-

sequently, during the week, the building was used as a court-room by the Alcade. I know the trial of the "*Hounds*," under the first Vigilance Committee, was held there, Alcalde Leavenworth presiding, assisted by two associates, placed there by request of said Vigilance Committee. Some of the earlier churches were organized at the same school-house."

Thus far Mr. Douglass, relating to San Francisco schools. He continued to reside for a year or two in San Francisco, and then returned to San José, where he has spent many years in cultivating an orchard. He is still one of the substantial pioneer citizens of San José, though temporarily residing, on special business, in New Jersey.

Sherman Day.

THE LATE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.—IV.¹

REVOLUTIONARY CHANGES IN PERÚ AND BOLIVIA AFTER THE FIRST CAMPAIGN.

THE year 1879 drew near its close. The curtain had dropped on the last scene of the first act of the bloody drama, which ever since February had been unfolded on the stage of the theater of the late war in South America. In other words, the first campaign had ended. It had been wound up in the gorge of Tarapacá, and had resulted in the complete defeat of the allied Perú-Bolivian army division under General Don Juan Buendia, and in the loss to Perú of her nitre-abounding territory in the South.

The behavior, moreover, during the campaign, of Prado and Daza, the presidents of Perú and Bolivia, shook the governments of these generals to their very foundations. The loss of the province of Tarapacá caused much bitterness in Lima against Prado and his generals, who were accused of being the cause of all the misfortunes which had come upon the country. They were even attacked as traitors, and, more unfortunate still, the old political intrigues began to stir again.

These were headed by men who grasped with impunity the occasion which the unfortunate circumstances afforded them.

To avert disturbances in Lima, strengthen his government, and by an energetic effort create new elements of defense, Prado, after handing the command of the Perúvian troops in Arica and Tacna to Rear-Admiral Don Lizardo Montero, embarked on the 26th of November in an English packet, and proceeded by way of Callao to the capital of Perú. Two days after his departure, on the 28th of November, three Chilean men-of-war arrived off Arica and commenced blockading the harbor, while other ships of the fleet cruised off the height of Mollendo, to cut off the communication between the north and south at that point. General Prado was received coolly by the populace of Lima, and thus, with the evidence of his lost popularity staring him in the face, he resumed the office of President, which he, six months earlier, had left in charge of the first Vice-President, General Don Luis La Puerta. Three days later, on the 2d of December,

¹ Articles I., II., and III. appeared in the January, February, and March numbers of the *OVERLAND*.

he published a letter in which, after announcing his return and resumption of the supreme office of State, he declared his intention to strive to repair the calamity which the arms of Perú had suffered in the province of Tarapacá, by utilizing the ample resources of the country for his purpose, until the proper hour arrived for him to fulfil his duties as the first soldier of the republic. He appealed to the patriotism of the nation for help in the hour of trial; urged all Peruvians, no matter to which political party they belonged, to unite against the common enemy, and he himself set the example by offering his most active political opponent, Don Nicolás de Piérola (LL. D.), whose agitating and conspiring spirit already had caused Perú much trouble, the portfolio of a minister.

But Piérola declined to accept the offer, on the ground that the evil could only be repaired by a more radical change in the form of government. This refusal and declaration was, under the circumstances, an open affront to the President. Prado felt it keenly. Though personally brave, he lacked the moral courage to face the exigency of the moment. Feeling his utter impotence to avert the approaching tempest against his administration, and not over-anxious to run the risk of finding himself some day at the mercy of a brutal revolutionary leader at the head of corrupted troops and an infuriated mob, he decided to intrust the helm of the government once more to the Vice-President, and leave the country secretly on an errand which a letter addressed after his departure to the nation should proclaim to be both legal and in the interest of the country.

On the 18th of December, after having dispatched his duties in the Government House as customary, and received several officials, military and civil, in audience, he departed in the train for Callao at 3 o'clock. Those who noticed him in the port thought that he had come to inspect the port. He, however, in conformity with his plan, embarked in the English mail steamer "Paita," bound for Panamá.

In the evening the following proclamation was issued :

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC

"To the People and the Army :

"FELLOW CITIZENS—The interests of the country demand that I depart for abroad to-day.

"I leave you for a while, and in a moment when I would prefer to dwell with you. It is a matter of the greatest importance which has decided me to leave the country. Respect my decision. I claim this much of you, for I act in the interest of the country.

"SOLDIERS : Though our armies suffered reverses in the beginning of November last, still at the end of that month they reaped glory. I feel confident that you, come what may, will imitate the example of your companions in the South.

"Your fellow citizen and friend,

"MARIANO IGNACIO PRADO.

"Given in the Government House, etc.,

"On the 18th day of December, 1879."

In the morning the following decree was published.

"MARIANO IGNACIO PRADO,

CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

"Since I am authorized to leave the country by a legislative resolution of May 2nd, 1879, and most urgent and important matters demand my presence abroad, and considering that it is my duty and desire to do my utmost in the interest of the country, I decree, solely, that the first Vice-President take charge of the presidency of the Republic, in conformity with Articles 90 and 93 of the Constitution.

"Given in the Government House,

"On the 18th day of December, 1879."

Thus General Prado, to evade his enemies at home, made use of a legislative resolution, which was promulgated as a mere matter of form for the occasion when he, as predicted by the Peruvians themselves to the world in proclamations of haughty language, should march into the land of the enemy "at the head of his victorious army." As the permission given by the resolution was not in so many words limited to this, however, Prado could leave Perú on any errand proclaimed by him to be in the interest of the country, without violating the constitution, and thus forfeiting his office.

A few miles below Callao the "Paita" was detained and searched by two Chilean cruisers. General Prado escaped detection. On the 22d of December he landed in Guayaquil, on the coast of Ecuador. From here he dispatched to Lima a long letter, in which

he attempted to justify his journey by explaining its object, and the reason why he departed secretly. The object, he said, was to procure for Perú ironclads in Europe, and to make the difficulties less, and the time spent in negotiations as short as possible, by his personal application for them. "I will soon return," he ended, "be it to perish in the ocean, or to secure Perú a glorious victory!" All the Peruvian newspapers published this letter, which only gave rise either to expressions of disgust or insulting jokes.

When, on the very evening of the departure of the President of the Republic for abroad, the news of this act reached Lima, the public became wild with indignation and rage, and the alarm-bells in the towers of the cathedrals were immediately sounded. The streets filled with persons whose appearance boded no good, and every now and then could be heard utterances of anger: "Death to Prado!" shouted some; "Death to the traitor!" echoed others. General La Puerta, who had again resumed the office of President as the substitute of Prado, dispatched two Ministers of State, with an escort, out into the streets to prevent disturbances. The night passed without anything extraordinary taking place.

But on the day following, the 20th of December, the excitement revived, and the press now openly condemned the step taken by Prado, denouncing it as a desertion of the post entrusted to him by the people. "The first Vice-President of the Republic," added the press, "is not able, being old and infirm, to take the helm of the State into his own hands, under the present circumstances, and still less to lead the troops in the field. Will it then be General Daza, the President of Bolivia, who shall lead the allied armies? No; Perú cannot submit to having her battalions commanded by General Daza!" The agitators preached the necessity of confiding the supreme power to a man of extraordinary energy, and pointed out Don Nicolás de Piérola as such a man—as the only one, indeed, who was capable of facing the emergency and saving the republic from utter ruin.

In the evening it became necessary for the government to disperse the bands of malcontents on the streets. In the course of the following day, December 21st, their number increased considerably, and the soldiers became infected by the general ill feeling against the government of Prado. In the afternoon, Colonel Arguedas, commander of the battalion stationed in the barracks facing the square of the Inquisition, refused to obey the order to dispatch a detachment to the Government House, and subsequently his troops broke out into open mutiny. General Don Manuel Gonzalez de La Coterá, the minister of war, now placed himself at the head of some troops in the Government House, and with four pieces of artillery marched against the barracks occupied by the insurgent battalion. A lively exchange of shots followed between the government troops in the square and the insurgents in the barracks, who took aim at their assailants from the flat roofs. After a skirmish which had lasted about two hours, La Coterá found himself compelled to abandon the field, and retreat to the Government House, or palace, which was reported as threatened by an advancing insurgent battalion. Soon this appeared on the grand square, headed by Nicolás de Piérola. A hot skirmish now began between the men of La Coterá and the men of Piérola. Gradually, troops that had deserted their commands joined the rebels. The loyal troops, however, defended themselves energetically, and at 10 o'clock in the evening victory had not declared for either of the contending parties. Sixty killed and about two hundred wounded covered the square before the palace and the adjoining streets, while some had been carried into the neighboring houses and apothecary shops. The families of the city were seized with consternation at the sight of this fratricidal combat, the result of which was difficult to foresee.

The populace had meanwhile risen in arms, openly declared against the government, and sided with the insurgents, now four battalions strong, under Piérola, who now, thus enforced, suddenly altered tactics. Assembling the united forces that adhered

to him, he withdrew from the grand square, and marched against Callao, where the garrison, already won over for him, stood ready to support him. General La Coteria dared not, under the circumstances, sally out and attack him in the rear. At dawn, December 22d, the revolutionary leader entered the port, and took possession of the barracks and forts without burning a single cartridge. Thus the revolution triumphed in this strategic point, while the government in Lima, where the majority of the people were hostile to it, had difficulty in maintaining its authority over an army that it did not inspire with much confidence.

The capital of Perú looked anything but serene and businesslike on the morning of the 22d of December. Its dwelling houses, warehouses, and stores remained closed, and in the streets assembled groups of armed men ready for a fight at the first signal; and a detachment of soldiers was shot at while marching through the streets.

The archbishops of Lima and two bishops who at the time were on a visit in the city, sympathizing with Piérola, who had ever adhered to the clerical party, now called upon the Vice-President, La Puerta, entreating him in the name of humanity and in the interest of the country to surrender his charge in favor of Piérola, in order to avoid further bloodshed, stay the revolution, and get a man at the helm of the State who, under the circumstances, surely was the most competent to meet the need of the country in her critical situation. Several respectable persons, less audacious than the high prelates, proposed to the government to open negotiations with the revolutionary leader. But the vice-president of the republic would listen to no such propositions, and after a conference with his ministers, he ordered General La Coteria to place himself at the head of the troops, march against Callao, and attack the insurgents. In conformity with this order, the minister of war led a force of cavalry out of Lima.

But the troops showed but little inclination to follow him on this errand. The situation was indeed most discouraging. The officers

distrusted their own men; and as they did not themselves feel much sympathy with the cause of the government, and were but little disposed to fight against the odds, they presently announced to the minister of war their decision not to proceed any further. Meanwhile, one of the bishops went to General La Puerta, to persuade him to desist from his resolution to brave the situation; and the vice-president, with the evidence of his utter inability to carry his point staring him in the face everywhere, finally gave in and resigned his charge. Before evening of that same day, December 22d, Piérola held his triumphal entry into the capital of Perú, where he was proclaimed "Supreme Chief of the Republic."

Don Nicolás de Piérola, LL. D., Colonel in the National Guard, was born on the 5th of January, 1839, in Camaná, on the coast of Perú, upwards of fifty miles north of Molendo, the port of Arequipa. He is the son of an eminent naturalist and honorable statesman, and partly of Spanish origin, the home of his paternal ancestors being in the little village of Piérola, situated in the mountains twenty miles from Barcelona, in the province of Cataluña. In 1857, his father, then director of the museum in Lima, died, leaving several children, among whom Nicolás, then a lad of eighteen, was the oldest. At the time he was a student in the seminary of Santo Toribio at Lima. The rector of this religious institution, Dr. Huerta (now bishop of Arequipa), became his protector. Piérola threw himself with energy into the study of jurisprudence, and in 1860, at the age of twenty-one, he graduated as a lawyer. He then founded a periodical called *El Progreso Católico*. Later, in 1864, he became the editor of the organ of President Pezet, *El Tiempo*, in which he strongly defended the policy of the government against the attacks of the strong opposition headed by Colonel Prado. After the fall of Pezet, in the latter part of 1865, and the succession to power of Prado, Piérola went to Europe traveling, and stayed some time in Paris. On January 5th, 1869, Colonel Balta, the successor of Prado, appointed Piérola, who was then exactly

thirty years of age, Minister of Finance. Piérola it was who arranged the business of the enormous loans of Perú in Europe, on railroad and guano securities, upon terms that were simply ruinous to the country. When Don Manuel Pardo became president in 1872, he was arraigned for trial with other ex-officials of government accused of having enriched themselves at the expense of the country. He escaped prosecution, however, as the charges were dropped when their examination proved that almost every government official of note was implicated in the frauds charged by the president. But Piérola was banished from Perú, and subsequently went to Chile, where he entered upon his notorious career of a conspirator, planning with some others who were discontented with the new order of things in Perú (whom he either assembled around him in his retreat in Valparaiso or corresponded with in Perú), a scheme to force his way to the presidential chair of his country. Piérola hated the outspoken Pardo, and cleverly framed his programme to suit the large number of Peruvians, and even foreigners, who were suffering from the effects of his enemy's policy in regard to the nitre industry. The chief features of his programme were, indeed, the abolition of the injurious decree of Jan. 18th, 1873, by which the sale of the nitre was monopolized by the government, and of a system which plainly showed its intention to appropriate the entire nitre business.¹

Thus the cause of Piérola became to a certain extent the cause of a great part of the people, and that even of an industrious class of people, and as a good deal of foreign capital was sunk in the nitre industry, he naturally gained many sympathizers abroad, some of whom were willing to hazard capital to assist him to power to secure their own interests. An armed movement against the government of Pardo was intended to come off in the middle of 1873, by starting a revolution in the south; but it appeared that the authorities got wind of it, and the execution of the plan was then postponed. Piérola now altered tactics. He was watched by the

agents of Pardo, and it became necessary to elude their vigilance. Consequently he left his customary haunts in a manner that left no clue as to his whereabouts. This seriously puzzled his enemies, who, knowing his daring spirit, feared that he might be scheming right amongst them in disguise, ready to strike the blow at any time. But nothing was heard of Piérola, and gradually the sensation which his name had inspired died away. Suddenly, in the latter part of 1874, the news fell upon Lima like a thunderbolt: "Piérola is in arms, and attempting a landing on the southern coast!" And so it was. Piérola had been in England, where he had purchased a small steamer—the "*Talisman*"—arms, ammunition, and military equipment; and, in the little craft with some chosen friends he had rounded South America, and after taking in some coal in some remote cove on the north coast of Chile, and embarking a number of adherents to his cause, he set out for the coast of Perú. Some members of the expedition, however, by bravado, foolishly betrayed the plot before leaving the coast of Chile, and the news thus reached Lima. Immediately men-of-war were sent out to capture the "*Talisman*," and after some cruising, the monitor "*Huascar*" finally succeeded in coming across her just as she, at an early hour of the day, was being unloaded of her war implements at Ilo. The conspirators were obliged to abandon a great part of these and then make for the railroad station, which they took possession of with all the rolling stock. Then, after having swelled their ranks, got a train ready, disabled the rest of the locomotives, cut the wires, and turned up the track behind them, they fled on their revolutionary errand to Maguegua, the capital of the province.

The Piérola faction here was very great, and the government troops being few, the town was easily captured. When the news of what had taken place reached Lima, Pardo dispatched a force of troops under General Buendia against the revolutionists, whose ranks meanwhile were swelling. It finally came to an encounter, in which Piérola was defeated. He then retreated to the moun-

¹ See Overland for January, 1884, page 80.

tains, and took up a strong position at the Pass of Anjeles, on the road to Torate, where he assembled some staunch followers, and held the government troops at bay, until he, at last, was compelled to decamp and seek temporary refuge in Bolivia. Nothing was heard of Piérola during the following year. But in the beginning of 1876 he caused another great surprise. The startling news spread along the coast that the "Huascar" had been captured by the Piérola faction and had gone to sea with the revolutionary leader on board. This was serious, for the monitor was the swiftest vessel in the Peruvian fleet, and in certain respects the most powerful. To obtain fuel for the engine of his prize, Piérola forced an English merchant vessel to surrender her cargo of coal, in spite of the captain's resistance. This proceeding of the revolutionists caused the commander of H. B. M. naval force on the coast, then consisting of the corvettes "Amethyst" and "Shah," to pursue the "Huascar" as an ordinary pirate-boat; but having a superior speed to the English ships, the monitor evaded an encounter, until she, at last, was caught in the Bay of Pisco, and her retreat cut off. It now came to a desperate fight, in which Piérola showed much pluck. Owing to the position of the "Huascar," the English ships could not get a fair chance at her, for fear of damaging the town and endangering life there. An attempt to blow the monitor up by a torpedo failed. But the revolving gear of the "Huascar" had become deranged, and she could not with precision use her powerful guns. At dusk, when the combat ceased, victory had not declared for either contending party; but the "Huascar" was locked in by her foes, who only waited for daylight to open on her anew. During the night, however, the monitor was able to elude the vigilance of the English ships, and put to sea. With her turret gear in disorder, she had but a feeble chance of defending herself effectually the following day. Pursued by the corvettes, she headed right for the "Independencia" and some other war vessels of the Peruvian fleet, which likewise were out on a pursuit after her; and now, finding himself between

two enemies, Piérola surrendered to the commander of his country's fleet. In doing so he gave as reason that because the "Huascar" was disabled, he could not possibly prevent her from being captured by either of the naval forces out against her, and, being a patriot, he preferred to surrender to the Peruvian colors. This declaration, which was considered as empty talk in government circles, created for Piérola, however, together with his dashing courage in sustaining a naval combat with foreign men-of-war, much sympathy, and actually made him more popular than ever. After a short confinement he was set free, and banished for the second time by the government of Pardo.

A dark suspicion hangs over the name of Piérola in connection with the assassination of Don Manuel Pardo, who was shot in 1878 by Corporal Montoya of the Pichincha battalion while entering the senate, of which he had become a member after the expiration of his term as President. Piérola was at the time in Europe, but his wife, Doña Teresa Iturbide de Piérola, was in Lima, where her house was the rendezvous for conspirators; and on suspicion that the attempt had been planned here she was arrested, but later released, as nothing certain could be ascertained. Señora de Piérola is a granddaughter of General Don Agostin Iturbide, who, in 1824, usurped the dignity of emperor of Mejico, with title of Agosto I. Piérola is said to be very proud of the descent of his wife from an emperor—though one of but few days' duration—and to profit by any occasion that gives him a chance to mention this fact. It is also claimed that this intelligent lady has been a very active helpmeet to Piérola in his ambitious path.

On his return from Europe, Piérola took up his abode in Chile, and when the late war broke out he severely condemned the conduct of the Peruvian government. However, when he saw his country involved in war, Piérola returned home to place his services at her disposal, and he became Colonel of a battalion of the national guard. His notoriety as an audacious conspirator placed his person in a certain magical light before

the ignorant populace, who believed that he alone was able to save Perú.

Such was the previous history of the man who now assumed the reins of the Peruvian government.

It is a custom in Perú to give the revolutionary leader, who, after having forced his way to the presidential chair, usurps the authority of a dictator, the title of *Jefe Supremo*, or supreme chief. Piérola proclaimed his authority under this title, and then began with energy to regulate the affairs of his government.

On the 27th of December he promulgated a constitution under the heading "Provisional Law," containing twelve articles which might all be condensed into this one: "The entire public opinion rests in the hands of the Supreme Chief."

Piérola made use of his absolute authority with great caution at the beginning of his rule, in order not to irritate his political enemies until he had secured a firm hold of the government helm. To obtain the support of the poor but most numerous class of people, Piérola added to his title of *Jefe Supremo* that of *Protector de la Raza Indígena*, or protector of the native race.

The moderation of the dictator in the beginning was only policy. The army in the south was commanded by Rear-Admiral Montero, who was a man of nervous and unruly temper and a sworn enemy of Piérola. In 1873 he was the most vehement of the ex-Finance Minister's accusers before Congress. Piérola feared that Montero would not acknowledge his authority, that he would trouble him and possibly cross his plans. However, the commander of the southern army submitted to the new government in the face of the critical situation of the country, and from this time on Piérola considered himself secure from the danger which threatened him in that direction. Soon his political enemies were made to feel his power. Prado was struck off from the list of generals, and deprived of his rights as a citizen of the republic.

Efforts were, meanwhile, made by Montero to reorganize the army operating in the

south, and to finish the fortifications at Arica. But if he had submitted to the rule of his old enemy because the interest of his country demanded it, he would not submit to being second in command of the army to the Bolivian president, General Daza, who, according to previous arrangement, was entitled to the command in chief of the entire army of operation, as the Supreme Chief of Perú did not appear on the field.

Daza was at the time encamped with his Bolivians at Tacna. He had become an object of hatred both to his own men and the Peruvians. These latter accused him of cowardice, and even treason, and blamed him for the reverses of their arms in Tarapacá, because he had not hurried to the rescue with his troops. The Bolivians, on the other hand, indignant at being styled cowards by their allies because of the conduct of their chief, turned their hatred on the originator of the annoyance. The officers, ashamed of being subject to so much vulgar despotism, and commanded by an ignorant soldier, who saw in the war only an instrument to sustain himself in power, decided at last upon the displacement of their chief, whom public opinion in Bolivia already openly declared to have forfeited his post by his shameful conduct at the headquarters as a debauchee, and in the field as a coward.

The deposition of Daza was, however, attended by some serious difficulties. He had, while assuming a haughty and arrogant air with the officers, been familiar with the soldiers, in whom he thus had secured himself a mighty support. Of course, his popularity had greatly diminished since his countermarch while on his way to re-enforce Buendia in Tarapacá. Yet, in spite of the general displeasure with this act of his, the fact that he had been almost idolized by some of the battalions, especially by his body-guard, *Los Colorados*, or The Reds, made it quite certain that the deposition of Daza would meet with a great opposition as long he was in the camp. It became necessary to prevent this opposition. Montero, who was personally interested in the fall of Daza, opened the road which should lead to

the desired object. He invited Daza to come to Arica to discuss the plan of campaign with him; and the Bolivian general went to the port on the 27th of December, and called upon the Peruvian admiral. After a conference of some hours, the two chiefs parted at four p. m. as the best of friends. Daza went to the railroad station, and entered the train ready to start off for Tacna. No sooner was he fairly seated than a Peruvian officer handed him a telegram. A glance at it made him jump up and rush out as if stung to the quick. The dispatch announced to the general that, during his absence, the Bolivian army had risen at the call of the superior officers, that he, without any trouble, had been deposed, and that Colonel Don Eleodoro Camacho had been elected commander in his place. The rising had indeed been accomplished without the least difficulty. The indignation of some of the officers against the general was so great, that they, without consideration, would even have executed him the very same day; and a detachment was actually marched out of Tacna for this purpose, and filed up at the first station from the town. The train was here searched, but he who was wanted could not be found. Daza had remained in Arica. The communication which was brought him before the departure of the train saved his life.

The deposed chief, without suspecting that the commander of the Peruvian troops was at the bottom of the calamity which had befallen him, went to Montero and implored him, by the alliance which united Perú to Bolivia, without a moment's loss to march against the insurgents, punish them, and restore him, Daza, to the power. The affair was quite a tragi-comedy. The admiral preserved a calm demeanor, undisturbed by the vehement protestations of Daza; and, though he assured him of his sympathy, he courteously begged the general to excuse his not interfering in a matter of so serious a character before receiving instructions from his government.

Daza could surely expect nothing from the Peruvians. In the heat of the moment he applied for a refuge on board one of the neu-

tral men-of-war anchored in the bay, but it was denied him. He then left the port, on the 4th of January, 1880, on horseback, and skirting the coast went to Mollendo, where he took the train for Arequipa. Here another disappointment awaited him. The inhabitants of the city received him with a frigidity which bordered upon contempt. In his self-conceit he had imagined that his former greatness would assure him consideration, while he only met with scorn from the inhabitants, who accused him of cowardice and treason. Nor did the intelligence which he here received from La Paz answer to his expectations. A popular rising had taken place on the 28th of December in the capital of Bolivia. Daza had been deposed both as president and commander-in-chief of the army of the republic, and a supreme council of three members had been installed, which should head the temporary government.

The proclamation of the rising was published in the newspapers, which he picked up. It had been signed by more than a thousand persons, and ran thus:

"The cowardice and treason of the Bolivian commander-in-chief, Don Hilarion Daza, and the deplorable system which was introduced and practiced in his equally insane and criminal administration, has brought ruin on the country, bankruptcy on the state, and dishonor on the nation on the fields of battle. This is the natural consequence of base ambition in a regent, and of tyranny, by which all society-protecting laws have been trampled under foot."

If Daza until then had nourished the vain hope that his faction still remained in power and would counteract the rising of the army, he certainly was shaken out of his illusion in a most practical, though rather abrupt, way by reading this document, and he now fully comprehended that his rôle was played out in Bolivia. He therefore prudently took the road back to Mollendo, where he embarked for Panamá and went to Paris to enjoy the spoils of his administration.

General Don Hilarion Daza is of humble birth. His grandfather was an Irishman, as

far as we can learn, who immigrated into Bolivia and settled at Sucre or Chuquisaca, where Hilarion was born. His name is an adopted one. As to the name of his father, there are many versions—some say it was Dacca, of Celtic origin; others, Grossoli. Daza grew up an idler, and in early youth, by some means or other, chanced to go to Europe, and among the many ups and downs of fortune which he underwent, he is said to have been marker in a billiard saloon in Paris. Returned to Bolivia, he entered the military service, in which, at the time—during the continued disturbances caused by the factions of Córdova, Linares, and Acha, who one after another usurped the supreme power in the country—was ample chance for promotion. Daza became sub-lieutenant in 1862. The disturbances that General Belzú ever caused President Acha, kept the troops of the government in activity. The officers who, at the revolutions, remained loyal to the government, were promoted at the expense of those who became traitors, and these latter were many. This is one of the reasons why Bolivia has a far larger list of officers, proportionally, than any other country. Daza, for whom it was only a matter of convenience to support the party which he believed the strongest, was ever lucky in his choice in this direction, and consequently rose rapidly. The year after he had obtained his sub-lieutenancy, he was already promoted to the rank of a captain. It now occurred to Daza that he might better his prospects by conspiring with the enemies of the government, and to carry out his designs, he returned in 1864 to his birthplace, Sucre. General Belzú—the rebellious leader in the field—defeated in 1865 the government troops, or those of Acha, but the President's general, Melgarejo, now led his troops forward against Belzú, and routed him in his turn. Melgarejo, instead of letting his principal, President Acha, reap the benefit of the victory, now marched his victorious troops to the capital, and proclaimed himself Supreme Chief of the Republic. Daza had joined him, and for the services which he had rendered during this campaign, he was, upon Melga-

rejo's succession to the presidency, promoted to the rank of Major.

Shortly after the installment of Melgarejo as Supreme Chief of the Republic, General Flores and the patriotic young poet, Don Nestor Galindo, rose in arms against the usurper, but were defeated. Incidents connected with the death of Galindo threw on Daza dark suspicion of being at the bottom of a base crime. However it might be, Daza undoubtedly held a claim upon the consideration of the cruel and unprincipled usurper, and thereby the key to his own future promotion. Soon he was made a lieutenant-colonel, and by promptly bringing the news to La Paz of an insurrection which had broken out in Sucre against Melgarejo, by speeding on horseback over 500 miles in three days and a half, he gained the rank of colonel. Thus far he had deemed it to his advantage to be loyal to the man for whom he had disloyally taken arms against Acha. But when Morales, in 1870, rose against Melgarejo, Daza betrayed the cause of his chief and sided with the rebels, who overthrew and banished Melgarejo in 1871. Subsequently he became a brigadier-general. Morales was assassinated in 1872, and succeeded by Ballivian, who again, on his sudden death in February, 1874, was succeeded by Frias. Under the rule of this, the best President Bolivia has ever had, Daza revolted with her troops, and usurped the dignity of Supreme Chief of his country in May, 1876.

While the administrative changes were taking place in Perú and Bolivia, Chile was seriously engaged in the task of regulating the affairs of the conquered province of Tarapacá. Before the rupture of friendly relations between Perú and Chile, the industry here suffered greatly from the effects of the financial policy adopted by President Pardo¹ and continued by his successor, President Prado, and when at the same time the Chilean laborers—the only working element in the province—were banished from Peruvian soil, industry and trade almost received their death-blow. The subsequent blockade of the ports laid them prostrate, and in this

¹ See OVERLAND, Jan. 1884, page 80.

condition the province was forced to endure for more than six months the garrison of the army of her oppressor, come to dispute her possession with an army of a nation which had given the impulse to the development of her resources, ever encouraged her industry, and furnished her with working power. To put the crown upon all these calamities followed the campaign. The state of affairs after its ravaging tempests had passed over her can better be imagined than described. Suffice it to say that only the bright prospects of the advent of a new era, full of encouragement under the administration of her new possessor, though old friend, Chile, prevented the extinction of the last spark of life in the deserts.

The first step taken by the Chilean government was to furnish the province with competent civil and military officials. New tribunals were installed, a much-needed corps of police was formed, hospitals for the sick were founded, and schools based on the advanced system adopted in Chile were opened to the public; while the duties, with the object of encouraging trade, were lowered considerably.

The beneficial effects of these radical changes in the administrative system soon became evident. Commerce in Iquiqui awoke to new life, and the press, hitherto subject to censure, was relieved of this restriction as the organ of the public, and allowed to utter its opinion as unchecked as in Chile.

Before Chile came into possession of Tarapacá its government had received an address from holders of Peruvian bonds, in which permission was solicited to load vessels with guano on the coast of Tarapacá and the Lobos Islands. The bondholders claimed that this fertilizer, chiefly according to contract with the Peruvian Republic, should serve as security for loans which they had yielded to it. And, inasmuch as that government, without considering sacred promises made already several years ago, had ceased the payment of the bonds, causing a discount upon them of ninety per cent., the bondholders were now anxious to obtain

admission to their just claim. The Chilean government had favorably considered the address, but declined to take any steps in the matter before Chile had come into possession of Tarapacá, upon the coast of which the present most important guano-beds exist. It stated, moreover, its opinion that it would be advisable to call a meeting of all holders of Peruvian bonds, because greater adhesion to the address would give the act more effect.

In conformity with this advice, the creditors of Perú held a meeting in London in December, 1879, and in January, 1880. After the fact had been recalled that the Peruvian government had violated its promises, the resolution was passed, that the claims which the bondholders had upon Perú should be enforced through the agency of Chile. Later, Mr. Proctor and John Caves, Esq., M. P., arrived in Santiago from England to represent the bondholders of the British Empire before the government of Chile. Then by decree of 23d of February, 1880, Chile granted the holders of Peruvian bonds permission to ship guano at the guano beds of Tarapacá, on the condition of paying £1. 10s., per tonnage. Ships began immediately to load.

By decree of March 13th, 1880, the Supreme Chief of Perú, Piérola, annulled the permission granted the holders of Peruvian bonds by Chile to load guano, and declared the act of Chile an outrage against the rights of Perú. He announced that the creditors of his country who made use of the grant would forfeit their claims on Perú—claims which Perú now never would acknowledge, no matter in what shape or form they would be presented; that the Peruvian government would pursue the vessels which shipped and exported guano, and that it would confiscate the stolen commodity, no matter what flag such vessels sailed under. Of course, nobody heeded this decree issued by a government which could not enforce it.

But it was especially the nitre business that attracted the attention of the Chilean government. At the time the war broke out, the Peruvian government had for several years been the sole nitre merchant in

the country, and paid 5 shillings 2 pence per quintal for the product delivered at the wharf. The Chilean government abolished the monopoly, and encouraged private industry by fixing an export duty of but 1 *peso*, 50 *centavos* per ton, or about one dollar and fifty cents. To cover expenses incurred by the war, Chile then confiscated the nitre of the Peruvian government, and shipped it to Europe for sale.

Perú protested against this proceeding, and threatened to have the ships that exported saltpetre taken as pirates, like those which were freighted with guano by her creditors. Her government seemed to completely overlook that it had, in the first place, lost these articles of commerce in a fair struggle, and in the second, had no means whatever by which to back its threats. After a time spent in vain efforts to arrange with the creditors, and to raise new bonds, Piérola turned his attention to the defense. He issued proclamations calling all Peruvians to arms; formed new battalions in the capital and in the provinces, and pushed their training with much energy. Meanwhile, arms arrived, ammunition, and all sorts of war materials by way of Panamá from Europe, or the United States of North America. In the course of a few months a well organized northern army stood ready to march to the field to reinforce the army in the south. But how transport troops from the north to the south? By sea the approach was made impossible by the blockade of Arica, and the cruise on the coast to the heights of Mollendo by Chilean men-of-war; while the distance and the dismal condition of the Peruvian seaboard—save where it was traversed, often at long intervals, by cultivated strips of land along water courses,¹ made it simply impracticable to send them overland.

The landing in Ilo, north of Tacna, on the 31st of December, of five hundred and fifty Chilean soldiers, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Don Aristides Martinez of the engineers; their easy seizure of the place and of the railroad depot in Pacocha, near by; their unmolested ride on the train on the

road leading inland to the capital of the province, Moquequa, proved how easily any attempt in Lima to reinforce the army of the south under Montero could be frustrated by the Chileans, owing to their complete mastery on the ocean.

THE SECOND CAMPAIGN.

The sun rose behind the rugged profile of the lofty Andes on New Year's day, 1880, when a column of five hundred and fifty Chilean soldiers marched into Moquequa, the capital of the Peruvian wine-producing province of that name, situated at the foot of the Cordillera, about seventy miles north of Tacna, and sixty-three miles by rail from Ilo at the coast. Arrived at the grand square, or plaza, the detachment drew up in files, and its commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Aristides Martinez, took unmolested possession of the place, deserted by its authorities and garrison of four hundred and fifty men of the militia, upon the intelligence of the landing of the foe at Ilo on the day previous, and his approach on the train of the railroad. After the national hymn of Chile had been played by his music band, the invader exacted a contribution of provisions, reconnoitered the suburbs of the town, embarked at 4 P. M. on the train by which he had come, and returned to the coast, where he, the next day, January 2d, embarked in the squadron from which he had landed.

The Chilean government was preparing for a second campaign, with a base of operations in a line north of Tacna, thus cutting off all connection between the armies of the allied powers in the south and Lima. The Chilean army in the field counted now a force numbering more than 20,000 men, divided into four divisions, and in a reserve which should occupy the newly conquered territories, in order to prevent invasions by way of the Cordillera. The general staff was supplied with a greater number of engineers. The artillery and the cavalry, in which departments Chile undoubtedly much exceeded her enemy, were likewise strengthened. New train-wagons for the transporta-

¹ See OVERLAND for July, page —

tion of the stores of provisions, forage, and supplies of water in casks, ammunition, etc., were manufactured, and the number of animals of burden and barges were augmented.

On the 24th of February, 10,000 men of the Chilean army embarked in Pisagua¹ in a fleet of sixteen ships, men-of-war and transports, and were two days later landed at Ilo and Pacacha, ninety-two miles north of Arica.

This latter port was at the time blockaded by the monitor "Huascar," and the gun-boat "Magallanes." The Peruvian coast defence here consisted of a fort on a lofty headland immediately south of Arica, called the "Morro," defended by nine rifled guns, of a caliber ranging from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds (Vavasseur and Blakeley), and of three batteries on the low beach north of the town, called Santa Rosa, Dos de Mayo and San José. Captain Moore, of the Peruvian navy, who had lost the iron-clad frigate "Independencia," was commandant on the "Morro," while Captain Don Camilio Carillo, likewise of the navy, commanded the batteries on the beach. The floating battery and ram, "Manco Capac," moored between the battery and the fort, carried two guns of five hundred pounds, and was commanded by Captain Don José Sanchez Lagomarsino. On the island of Alacran, off the headland to the south, was a small torpedo-corps at the command of Lieutenant Colonel Don Leoncio Prado, a son of the deposed president.

On the 27th of February the "Huascar" steamed towards shore, to reconnoiter the coast defenses above mentioned. As she came within range of shot she was fired at, and a skirmish ensued, which lasted for about an hour. The monitor then retired. Soon, however, she returned to open fire upon a train which she saw was about to leave the station and start for Tacna with troops. On this occasion she was struck by a shell, which killed seven and wounded nine on board of her, among them two lieu-

tenants. Her commander, Captain Thompson,² now directed the stem of the monitor against the floating battery, with the intention of ramming her. In the meantime the "Manco Capac" had got under way. On nearing his antagonist, Thompson noticed a torpedo-boat alongside of her. He therefore abandoned his design of ramming, and ordered the helm to be put hard over. Just then the mizzen-mast of the "Huascar" was struck by a shell from the "Manco Capac." It burst, and the unlucky commander, who stood near by, was literally torn to pieces. His fate was almost similar to that of the monitor's former commander, Admiral Grau, who fell in the battle in which the monitor was captured by the Chileans. His daring spirit and impatient temper hurried him to an early grave. The intrepid Captain, Don Carlos Condell, who formerly, when commander of the little gun-boat "Covadonga," had so gallantly defended himself against the iron-clad frigate "Independencia" and caused her wreck, now, as commander of the "Magallanes," took the lead in the engagement, which was brought to a close about an hour later. The Chilean monitor had in the successive engagements fired one hundred and sixteen shots, thirty-five from the three hundred-pounders in her turret and eighty-one from her forty-pounders, while her mitrailleuses of the Gatling and Hotchkiss systems fired six hundred rounds. A shot which she received in her hull caused her to leak. The gun-boat received three shots, one of which likewise took effect in her hull.

Two days after this engagement, on the 29th of February, the gun-boat "Angamos" opened fire on Arica from the eight-inch bore six hundred-pounder Armstrong (breach-loader) gun, with which alone she was armed. Later in the day the "Huascar" also opened fire on the town, and the bombardment was kept up for not less than five days. During this time the "Angamos," at the great distance of eight thousand yards, threw into the town one hundred projectiles, where they occasioned much terror to the inhabitants,

¹ See Map in the March number of the *OVERLAND*, 1884.

² Grandson of a Swede who had settled in Chile.

and great destruction, especially in the northern part.

Meanwhile the Chilean troops, which had been landed in Ilo and Pacocha, had, on the 28th of February, received an additional force of three thousand to four thousand men, and the invader proceeded now to take possession of the valley of Moquequa. On the 8th of March two thousand Chileans, under Colonel Don Orozimbo Barbosa, were put on shore at Islay, eighty miles north of Ilo. From Islay they marched to Mollendo, twenty miles to the southward on the coast, cut the wires of the telegraph, and demolished the landing facilities, and those of communication by rail with the capital of the province, Arequipa. On the 14th of March the expedition returned to Ilo.

On the 15th of March, in the night, the Peruvian corvet "*Union*," now commanded by an enterprising naval officer, Captain Don Antonio Villavicencio, eluded the blockade squadron at Arica, anchored in the roads, and landed communications from Lima, stores of provisions, ammunition, and clothing for the troops, six gatling guns, several thousand rifles, and a torpedo boat called the "*Alianza*." The "*Huascar*," when she the following day perceived the "*Union*" under cover of the fort, opened fire upon her. Soon the monitor was joined, in her attempt to destroy the "*Union*," by the iron-clad frigate "*Cochrane*" and the gunboat "*Angamos*." When within range of 3500 yards, a shell fired from the "*Cochrane*" exploded over the "*Union*," killing two and wounding ten men of her crew. Captain Villavicencio now adopted a stratagem calculated to lead his assailant into the belief that the machinery of his ship had been seriously damaged: he ordered the steam valves opened, whereby an extraordinary mass of steam escaped and involved his ship. The Chilean commanders, believing the "*Union*" in distress, retired at 3 P. M. to a position further north, to consult with each other on their further tactics.

When the enemy had withdrawn from within range of shot, the "*Union*" sped southward, under cover of the fort on the

Morro; and before the Chileans had perceived their error and started in pursuit, the corvette had obtained a lead of some four miles; and having a superior speed to her enemies, she left them soon out of sight, and arrived safe in Callao.

Moquequa was at the time defended by a force much stronger than the one that had fled at the approach of the expedition of Martinez, two months before. This force was commanded by Colonel Don Andrés Gamarra. He evacuated the city, and took his stand upon the crest of a mountain-spur of the Andes, called Cuesta de los Angeles, midway on the road between Moquequa and Torata—the latter a small mountain town thirteen miles distant from the former, in a north-easterly direction. The road, which leads in zig-zag along the crest of this spur, is both narrow and dangerous, and no army can advance upon it when the heights are occupied by a hostile force. Both defiles of the spur being so steep that it hitherto had been decreed impossible to reach Torata by any other route, the troops, which had taken a position on the crest, had no fears of being attacked on the flanks; and a mere handful of determined men sufficed to repel any attempt to force a passage along the main approach to Torata. The pass of Los Angeles has such a fame in the history of Perú, that it has with good cause obtained the name "*the Peruvian Thermopylæ*."

To dislodge Gamarra, the Chilean general, —who, on the 20th of March, had occupied Moquequa and struck his tents at Alto de la Villa, situated three miles north of the city, and at the foot of the spur just mentioned—after a careful examination of the ground, decided upon a plan to carry his point. According to his plan, he dispatched at evening on the 21st, a body of troops consisting of a thousand men of the three departments of arms, under the command of Colonel Muñoz, on a route leading through the gulch on the south of the spur, to attack the enemy on the rear left, while the volunteer battalion of Copiapó, which was dispatched at midnight through the gulch on the north of the spur, scaled the heights, when abreast of the

hostile entrenchment, and attacked it on the right. The general then planted his artillery in a position where it could sweep the road leading up in zig-zag to the hostile position, and attacked this in front. The night was dark; Gamarra ordered a reconnoitering party down the road. At 2 A. M. this party came into collision with the Chilean advanced posts, and there ensued more firing. None in the Peruvian stronghold suspected, however, the combined movements which the Chileans were at the same time bent upon.

The men of Copiapó had meanwhile pushed their way through the rugged surface of the gulch to the north of the spur. Before dawn they began in silence to scale the precipitous ascent, and when the first light of day spread over the gray masses of the Anjeles hill, the sturdy Copiapinos fiercely attacked the Peruvians in their left flank. Their attack was not, as it was calculated that it would be, seconded by the men of Muñoz, as these on their way had encountered a detachment of Peruvian troops, with whom they were at the time engaged. But the Chilean artillery opened fire on the entrenchment from the foot of the hill, and the defenders, who stood firm for a little more than an hour, then fled, leaving twenty-eight dead and many wounded on the field. The routed troops were pursued, and sixty-four of them, among these eight officers, taken prisoners. Torata and the neighboring villages were then temporarily occupied.

The troops sent out to dislodge Gamarra then returned to the camp at Hospicio, situated midway on the railroad between Pacocha and Moquequa. The Chilean army could now undertake the march southward without risk of being subjected to attacks in the rear.

On the 6th of April a Chilean squadron, consisting of the iron-clad frigate "Blanco Encalada," bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Don Galvarino Riveros, the monitor "Huascar," the corvette "O'Higgins," the cruisers "Angamos" and "Pilcomayo," the torpedo-boats "Gualcolde" and "Janequev," and some transports, left Ilo and proceeded

northward to Callao, to blockade this, the principal port of the Peruvian capital and the neighboring coast. On the 9th, the squadron arrived off Callao. In the night following, the torpedo-boat, "Gualcolde," commanded by the young lieutenant Don Louis S. Goñi, was dispatched on the errand of finding the "Union" and attempting her destruction. Under cover of the darkness, he succeeded, about four o'clock in the morning, in slipping into the basin of the dock, and cruising around among the neutral men-of-war and merchant-vessels, in order to discover the mooring-place of the hostile ships; and after a long search he finally found the "Union." The Chilean sailors now launched a torpedo against her: a fearful explosion followed, but the Peruvian corvette was defended by a surrounding net of timber, and the attempt failed. The Peruvian vessels now opened fire against the "Gualcolde," but, favored again by the darkness, she retired unhurt.

The blockade of Callao was announced in due form to the Peruvian authorities and foreign representatives in the forenoon of the 10th of April, and a term of eight days was allowed the neutral vessels in which to retire—a term which was granted an extension on the solicitation of the consuls. The families of Callao who feared that the town might be bombarded left their houses and went to Lima. The instructions of the Chilean admiral were, however, not to hazard his vessels in a combat with the powerful batteries and forts on shore; for it was evident that such a combat was liable to result in the loss to the fleet of at least two ships, without the possibility of damaging the enemy in proportion. The object of the Chilean squadron was to cut the enemy off from all connection by sea, and only to keep him in awe by now and then firing from the huge, long-ranged guns of the "Huascar" and the "Angamos."

In accordance with these instructions the Chilean admiral placed his ships outside range of shot from the hostile batteries, and under cover of the island San Lorenzo. On the 22d of April the extended term given the neutral vessels to leave the roads had

expired, and Admiral Riveros, who wished to reconnoiter the hostile batteries, ran therefore three of his ships toward shore, and opened fire upon the Peruvian ships moored in the basin of the dock. The cannonade, which was answered from the batteries, lasted three hours. The result of this engagement proved that none of the guns of the enemy possessed as long range as had the guns of the "Huascar" and the "Angamos." All shots fired against them, at ranges varying from five thousand to seven thousand yards, fell too short, while the Chilean projectiles caused much havoc in the Peruvian ships, and the loss of fourteen men. The bombardment was renewed on the following day. In the two engagements the Chileans had fired one hundred and twenty-seven rounds of shot and shell, and the Peruvians one hundred and seventy.

General Don Manuel Baquedano had, shortly after the event just described, succeeded General Don Erasmo Escala as commander-in-chief of the Chilean army of operation. When the stores of provisions, forage, and water supply in casks had been despatched ahead, under the protection of a vanguard, the Chilean general, accompanied by the minister of war "in campaign," Don Rafael Sotomayor, broke camp at Hospicio on the 27th of April, and advanced against Tacna. The distance in direct line to that city from Hospicio is about eighty miles, and the route lay through a desert intersected only by two narrow though fertile valleys, the Locumba and the Sama. Lieutenant-Colonel Vergara led the mounted vanguard in reconnoitering. This active officer had the good luck to find the whereabouts of the notorious *montonero*, or guerrilla chief, Colonel Albarazin. He attacked him, and routed him completely. The road ahead was thus cleared. On the 20th of May the army arrived in the valley of Sama and encamped at a place called Jarao, near the village of Buena Vista, twenty-one miles distant from Tacna. The troops had surmounted immense difficulties caused by the transportation over a desert, now rugged and now sandy, of the heavy batteries of Krupp field-

guns and the train, while the ague was ravaging among them. On the 22d of May, 1880, General Baquedano ordered his staff of engineers with the cavalry to make a reconnaissance of the positions of the enemy. When he had become convinced that the foe intended to remain on the defensive, he advanced again, on the 25th of May, and encamped within six miles of him.

Upon the deposition of Daza, both as president of Bolivia and general of its army, the command-in-chief of the towns of the republic on the coast had been temporarily confided to Colonel Camacho, until the arrival of the president elect, General Don Narciso Campero, a man of integrity and energy, as well as a brave soldier and scientific officer. This general had selected a very strategical position a little north of Tacna, on a sort of table-land, defended in the front by an elevated rim with a steep glacis toward the plain below, and another like rim in the rear. The summit commanded the lowlands around. The flanks of the army were secured by deep ravines, making impossible almost any cavalry charge. The position had another advantage: the rim of the table-land facing the enemy formed a convex arc, whereby the assailant was forced to spread his troops over a very great space if he would embrace the whole arc. General Campero had entrusted the center of the allied army to Colonel Castro Pinto, the left wing to Colonel Camacho, while the right wing, composed of Peruvians, was led by Admiral Montero.

At dawn on the 27th of May General Baquedano advanced his army in direction of the enemy, with a vanguard in front and rifle skirmishers on each flank. He ordered a halt before coming within range of the hostile artillery. During the night the allies had attempted to surprise the Chileans; but owing to a dense fog they had been obliged to return. Their last columns were seen by the Chileans just disappearing behind the redoubts when the halt was ordered. Leaving a reserve of three thousand men, chosen troops under Colonel Muñoz, the Chilean general advanced the bulk of his army.

At 10 P. M. he opened a terrible fire upon the position of the enemy from his twelve-pounder four-thousand-yards-range Krupp guns. However, owing to the manner in which the allies were entrenched, the shots caused but little material damage, though the cannonade in itself acted demoralizingly on the troops. After the lapse of an hour General Baquedano ordered the fire to cease, and the infantry to advance to the assault in three divisions, each composed of about twenty-three hundred men, while another division of sixteen hundred men remained as a first reserve.

The left flank of the position of the allied army was the most accessible; but here stood the gallant Colonel Camacho, with his strong force of Bolivians. Against this, the enemy's left wing, the Chilean general directed the first division under Colonel Amengual. Colonel Amunategui led the next division to the assault on the hostile center—under Pinto—while Colonel Barbosa, at the head of the third division, charged the right wing—the Peruvians under Montero. The division under Amenqual was the first to engage with the enemy. At noon the battle had become general along the entire line. The Chilean artillery, which in five separate double-batteries was planted in the rear of the assaulting troops, in a line parallel to the chord of the arc of the line of defense, seconded the action of the infantry by firing high. The left wing of the allies, which had been most exposed to the fire of the artillery, heavily pressed by the charging first division, though bravely disputing the ground, now fell back. At this juncture Campero ordered the reserve to the front; and the first division, with its ranks terribly cut up, in its turn was forced back by the overwhelming foe. At this critical moment, that division of the Chilean cavalry which was stationed on the extreme right of the assailing army dashed over the ground, and charged the Bolivians forcibly on their left flank, while the battery on the extreme right of the artillery line immediately advanced its position and poured shots into the ranks of the enemy. Thus the Bolivians were kept at bay until

Reserve No. 1 arrived on the ground. Then, with the shout of "*Viva Chile!*" the disunited division, having reformed, with the reserve, rushed up the hill again and charged the Bolivians with the bayonet.

The Chilean commander-in-chief, General Baquedano, had stationed himself, with his general staff and corps of engineers midway between the line of his artillery and the central point of the line of defense, behind which again the commander-in-chief of the allied army, General Campero, with his general staff had stationed himself, with the ambulance in the rear. The "Red Cross" of the Chileans was stationed behind the extreme right of the Chilean line of artillery. Conceive the situation at the instant when Reserve No. 1 advanced to the rescue! Over the entire line of battle the engagement was in full blaze: the Chileans, firing as they advanced, one corps cheering the other by shouts of "*Viva Chile!*" and the allies from their commanding positions undaunted, sending out a deadly fire of rifle, mitrailleuse, and gun against the assailants.

Where the Chilean general had stationed himself with his staff, a line of fire was seen both in the front and in the rear. Through the smoke that wrapped the battle-field were perceived, amid the continuous roar of thunder which resounded from the surrounding mountains, flashes like those of lightning, which indicated the position of both artillery forces. The hostile shells fell also here, while the projectiles hurled high from the Chilean position in the rear were heard to whistle through the air, describing an arc on their way against the line of defense.

The battle had reached its point of culmination when the Chilean attacking columns had arrived near under the hostile position. There was a suspense in the firing all along the line of attack. The bright, ill-boding saber-bayonet was fixed for the charge. "To the charge! Right hand—arms!" now ordered the Chilean commander of battalions; and soon was heard the familiar bugle-call—"Charge!—Arms!"—in short, staccato sound all along the battle-field's line of attack.

This signal had a peculiarly encouraging

effect on the Chilean soldiers, and warned the enemy that the curtain was about to rise upon a dreadful drama, like those of Pisagua, Dolores, and Tarapacá, enacted at their expense. The Chileans were seized with an extraordinary desire of fight when this signal called upon them to make their last exertion. "*Cala arma! a la carga!*" passed in undertones through their ranks, predicting a terrible outburst of temper; and with a roaring "*Viva Chile!*" the columns broke forth like a storm to the charge.

The right wing of the allies now began to waver before the impetuous attack. Colonel Caceres,¹ who led one of the Peruvian divisions, had two horses shot beneath him. The commander of the wing, Montero, became confused in the affray, and, considering the battle lost, hurriedly made his exit from the field with the first troops, mostly Peruvians, which gave way, in spite of the insults which he had to bear for this. Soon the entire right wing took to flight, whereupon that division of the Chilean cavalry which was stationed on the extreme left of the attacking army now dashed forward in pursuit with infantry to cut off the retreat to Tacna.

The center and left wing of the line of defense (the Bolivians) meanwhile made great resistance under their able and brave commanders, General Campero and Colonels Castro Pinto and Camacho. Two of the battalions, especially, had disputed the ground most heroically with the enemy. But like a tempest the Chileans advanced, and the bloodshed was so extensive, that the Bolivian battalion, "*Libres del Sur*," from Cochabamba, was almost completely annihilated before they, too, smitten with panic created by the Peruvian troops, took to flight in wild confusion. About this time the chief of the staff of the allied army, the Bolivian General Perez, fell, fatally wounded. Soon after the entire line of defense was in dissolution. It was then 2 P. M. The rout of the allied army had been complete. The fugitives were pursued on the road to Tacna, a mile and a

half to the southward of where the *Batalla del Campo de la Alianza*, as this encounter was named, had been fought.

The Chilean force that took active part in the battle—8,500 men—lost not less than the fourth part of its number, or 2,128 men, in wounded and dead. This can best be explained by the circumstance that it was obliged to fight bare-breasted against an enemy, who, at the beginning of the battle, were sheltered behind sacks filled with sand, forming redoubts. But if the loss of the Chileans was great, greater still was the loss of the allies, who, of 3,900 men, lost more than 2,800. The Bolivians had fought bravely, and among them the loss had been greatest. The Chileans took not less than 2,500 prisoners, among whom was Colonel Camacho (wounded). Ten guns in serviceable condition, and two dismounted ones, five new mitrailleuses, nearly 5,000 rifles, and a large store of provisions and ammunition were taken.

General Campero and Admiral Montero escaped unhurt from the battle-field, and fled with the rest of the routed army to the interior, leaving the garrison in Arica, the port of Tacna, to defend itself as best it might.

The first rumors of the rout of the allied armies at Tacna reached Lima on the first of June. First the intelligence was not believed; and the dictatorial government attempted, as it had customarily done through its press, to keep courage up by false statements. Through the English mail steamer, however, the rumor was verified; and now the dictatorial press pretended to prove that, as a certain Colonel Leiva was on his way to Arica to reinforce the garrison there, the Chilean army would, before long, find itself between two fires, and would surely be annihilated. While people in Lima and all through Perú thus lived in the illusions created by a cheating press, the editor of which was the Dictator himself, the Chilean army was preparing for the assault and capture of the last point which Peru still held in the south, Arica.

Arica is situated on a point well adapted to repel an attack, whether from sea or land.

¹The same who, leading an insurrection against the government of General Iglesias, was defeated before Lima, lately.

South of the town rises a ridge of arid heights, its extension in each direction being about two miles, its height about 500 feet above sea level. Immediately under the abrupt western extremity, toward the north and partly on the slope, lies the town. It is especially this western extremity of the ridge, forming the cape called the "Morro," which calls attention from a strategic point of view. It stands out like a block of granite not unlike that of Gibraltar, with precipitous, almost overhanging, walls against the town and the sea; and on its almost flat summit the Peruvians had placed nine rifled guns of 150 to 300 pounds caliber, which completely commanded the inlet to the harbor. On the culminating point of the high ridge had been constructed another fort, defended by three guns; and on the eastern extremity a third, called the *ciudadela*, defended by two guns of like caliber to those on the Morro. Toward the north the high ridge slopes down to a wide, sandy valley, through which the river Azapa flows with scanty water.

North of the town, on and along the low sandy beach, were constructed three batteries of one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and three hundred pounds caliber. A floating battery—the "Manco Capac,"—was moored midways between the batteries and the town. Between the northernmost of these batteries and the *ciudadela* ran a ditch in zigzag. In the *lazaretto*, situated midway on the ditch, were placed electric batteries, from which wires departed to the different forts and batteries, so that they could be blown up by dynamite, if they fell into the hands of the enemy.

The garrison of Arica consisted of two thousand men, choice Peruvian troops, under Colonel Bolognesi. A railroad thirty-nine miles long, running almost north and south, connects the port with Tacna. This road had been damaged by the fugitive troops in several places. Immediately after the occupation of Tacna, General Baquedano took measures to advance southward as soon as possible to the assault of Arica. After the lapse of five days his corps of engineers had repaired the damaged road. On the 2d of

June, a vanguard consisting of the division of three thousand men under Colonel Muñoz—the same that had formed the second reserve during the battle of Tacna, in which it had not taken part—preceded by four squadrons of cavalry arrived by train at the hamlet of Chucalata on a small stream of that name. The next day the general-in-chief himself arrived with more troops, thus augmenting the force then encamped at Chucalata, to five thousand men. Two days later he advanced his artillery to some heights situated opposite the *ciudadela*. Before he directed the assault upon Arica, however, he dispatched a messenger with a flag of truce to the commander of the garrison of the place, Bolognesi, to demand unconditional surrender.

When Bolognesi in his own and his officers' names had refused the proposition, Baquedano then opened fire, seconded by the Chilean squadron in the roadstead. As his artillery was not able to do good work at the distance, and against the powerful artillery of the forts, he decided upon the assault, the direction of which was confided to Colonel Lagos. After a close examination of the ground, this officer advanced during the night at the head of nineteen hundred men to a place near the *ciudadela* to attack the forts at dawn, while another column of nine hundred men attacked the batteries on the beach. The remaining twelve hundred men were to serve as a reserve.

On the 7th of June at dawn, the garrisons on the *ciudadela* were taken by surprise by seeing the Chilean columns advance under the very muzzles of their guns, which they immediately made to play upon the assailants. But without heeding the shells which exploded among them, the Chileans advanced half of the force against the *ciudadela*, the other half against the fort on the highest point, and before the Peruvians had time to recover from their surprise, the bayonets of the Chileans were already at close quarters under the breastworks.

Meanwhile the force of nine hundred men, which was given the task of attacking the batteries on the beach had advanced to the attack, also.

Having captured the *ciudadela* and the fort on the highest point of the ridge, the Chileans rushed onward to the Morro fort, whither the routed Peruvians had fled precipitately to make a final stand. The resistance of desperation now followed at the Morro. The commander-in-chief of the garrison, Colonel Don Francisco Bolognesi, Naval Captain Moore, and other Peruvian officers, who had rallied around them, behaved bravely. The engagement had developed into a desperate hand-to-hand fight, which was so much the more terrible for the Peruvians, because they gradually, as they were pressed, came nearer the edge of the cliff, along which were planted the powerful guns, now unable to render the defenders any assistance. The engagement thus took place on the summit of a promontory, with precipices all round, except on the side cut off by the enemy, who continued to press on.

Bolognesi and Moore, who saw the fort lost, retired to the line of guns with other officers, and waved a white flag on the point of a sword in token of surrender. But it was too late; for at this moment, so distressing to the Peruvians, the fatal intelligence reached the Morro that the force of nine hundred Chileans had carried the batteries on the beach; but that the defenders, before they fled to the fort on the cliff, where they now were, had blown up part of the victorious force with the batteries, and that it was even from the *lazaretto*—which was under the protection of the “Red Cross”—that the electric spark issued which fired the treacherous mines.

“No prisoners! No pardon! Strike all down!”—now shouted the enraged Chilean soldiers, while they, blinded by fury, threw themselves upon the desperate garrison at the Morro fort. In the confusion that ensued after this shout of vengeance, it was not possible for the officers to restrain the soldiers. The slaughter became ghastly. The scene of Tarapacá was reproduced, if possible, in a more dreadful manner. Bolognesi was shot, Moore pierced by a bayonet. Scores of Peruvians were pressed so hard toward the overhanging edge of the

cliff, that they were precipitated into the abyss. Bereft of his senses by the dreadful sight, an otherwise brave volunteer officer of superior rank, Don Alfonso Ugarte, a native of Tarapacá, sprang over the brink with his horse, and perished on the rugged wall of the cliff before his body reached the sea, where it was washed away.

Through open spaces in the smoke and dust clouds, which now lay heavily over the pinnacles of the Morro, now were sent by a breeze over the ocean and the town below, and amid the roar and tumult of the battle, the Peruvian flag was suddenly seen to come down and the Chilean to go up on the tall flag-pole, which rose on the northern edge of the cliff. The Chilean officers had meanwhile succeeded in their endeavor to check the soldiers in their excesses, and to save the lives of more than three hundred and sixty Peruvians.

The Morro, the strongest and last fort, had succumbed, but still the combat continued in the town below, whither fugitives had fled and fortified themselves, when cut off from retreat by the Chilean reserve. The cavalry entered the town, and was received with a withering fire from the houses. The continuous resistance from covered positions so infuriated the soldiers that they set fire to the houses, and sabered the defenders as they came out from their retreat; and thus the Chileans became masters of the town in a very short time.

When the commander of the floating battery “Manco Capac,” Captain Lagomarsino, perceived the fall of the forts, he put off a little to sea, opened the valves to let the water into the hold, and embarked with his crew in the boats. Soon the monitor foundered, while Lagomarsino with his men, being, on application, denied refuge on board the neutral men-of-war, were taken prisoners by the Chileans.

The encounter had been dreadful, and the report of the Chilean commander-in-chief to his government ran with reason: “All are prisoners, or dead!”

With the capture of Arica ends the second campaign of the late war in South America.

The Chileans were now masters in southern Perú, as far north as to Ilo and Moquegua. The Chilean fleet blockaded Callao and the neighboring ports, and cruised on the coast without meeting the least resistance. About

four thousand men of the hostile army were prisoners, while forty guns and mitrailleuses, and more than six thousand rifles and carbines were captured. The mastery of Chile, both on sea and land, was thus secured.

Holger Birkedal.

ETC.

THE platforms of both political parties this year contain a distinct approval of the policy of restricting immigration, and that not merely Chinese. This is, of course, no indication that the leaders of either party believe in the policy; but it is a very significant indication that they are convinced that a voting majority does, or else that a considerable minority of voters believe in it so strongly that they would not support the platform without it, while the majority who object to it care so little about it, as compared to other things involved in their vote, that they will be sure not to resist it. In other words, the great body of friends of the policy would bolt both parties and vote in the air if neither party showed them complaisance—the great body of its enemies will not. This is because the majority of those who, all over the country, desire to see immigration restricted, are laborers, directly affected by increase of competition in the labor-market; while those who desire the unrestricted immigration of the past to continue, desire it, for the most part, simply because they think it is right and sensible, and good for themselves only because it is good for the whole country. All employers, to be sure, have a personal interest in having wages lowered, but an employer can hardly be found who desires to have them lowered with anything like the fervor and bitterness with which the laborer desires to have them kept up. We have, therefore, the phenomenon of a section of the community resolved upon a policy which no other section is especially resolved to prevent. Can there be any doubt which will get its way in such a case?

So far, all actual and proposed restrictive legislation has been frankly in the interest of a class; justly or unjustly, it has been simply directed to keeping wages high. It is true that race-aversion entered into the question as to the exclusion of the Chinese; but that alone could not have effected the object. Nor can the extraordinary position that the United States has rights as against a Chinaman, that it has not as against any one else, be long maintained. The anti-Hungarian feeling in the East, if it extends over a sufficient area, will soon cause an extension of this doctrine, and the United States will be found gravely asserting that the oppressed of all nations have a natural right to our soil, except Chinese and Hun-

garians. This will naturally raise the point that "Mongol," "Turanian," "Tartar," or whatever may be the common blood owned by Chinese and Hungarian, is, by nature, a disqualification for American residence. A heavy invasion of offensive Polish or Russian Jews would be very likely to raise the point whether Semitic blood was not incapable of partaking in free institutions. In short, this kind of thing must eventually end in establishing it as American policy to exclude any one whatever, if only a sufficient number of people demand his exclusion persistently enough. The demand for exclusion of "contract labor" shows that race-feeling has less to do with the matter than is usually supposed, and that the whole movement is merely the blind (and often unwise and unjust) clutch of the laborer for protection against that danger of over-population that creeps steadily down upon him. This is no mere bug-a-boo of his; no reading man needs to be told the reality of the danger. And it is one that every year is bound to make clearer to the eyes of laboring men, and their efforts to avert it will grow more determined.

Now these men—the laborers, whose sole object is to keep wages up, and who will consider little, in shaping their demands, the remote social effects of the measures they force through—are by no means the only people who fear overpopulation, and desire restriction. In California, it was found that a majority of the best people in the State—not absolutely all, as the effort is constantly made to convince people; but still an appreciable majority—depreciated the presence here of a large number of Chinese. Their reasons are not all the same, nor all entirely reducible to sound argument; but in the main they all are referable to a fear and distrust of the possible social results of a large Mongolian element in our population. It is among the cautious people, the reading people, that this distrust has its chief hold. It is largely based on the experience of the South in the matter of its African population. It seems to us, after much observation, to be more a sense of caution toward a Mongolian population as an incalculable element in the future, so strong as to have taken the shape of conviction, rather than thoroughly reasoned conviction. Not but that men calculate much

as to this or that evil that a large and permanent Mongolian element would cause, and each man has a somewhat different one to threaten; but there is a marked vagueness and a very *a priori* quality in the calculations, quite in contrast with the very sharp and distinct main thesis of the working man, viz., that Chinamen lower wages. It is by this same strong instinct of caution that important social interests have been saved many times in the history of the world. There is evidently no great harm to come of restricting; while—with the question of the crossing of races still purely in the region of scientific speculation; with no permanent result reached as to the practicability of universal suffrage, or even of the final result of the republican experiment—we might certainly be “letting ourselves in for” a good deal that cannot be foreseen, by letting things take their course. The instinct of the human race in military ages has always been to drive out with clubs and spears, or powder and ball, tribes who came to settle on territory already claimed; and it seems to have turned out oftener a sound instinct than an unsound. It had, at least, the advantage of aiding the survival of the fittest, instead of keeping in existence spindling and diseased stocks, too feeble to stand the competition of their own country, and too feeble to conquer for themselves a foothold in another.

BUT this instinctive timidity toward the Mongolian experiment is by no means the only instance in which the temperate and thoughtful—even the wise—of various communities have much sympathy with the popular outcry for restriction of immigration. Indeed, those who believe in a general and impartial restriction have much more clearly reasoned and more consistent grounds for their doctrine—if less ardently held—than the anti-Mongolians. These grounds are, in brief, simply that the safety of a popular government must depend on the character of its people; that no courtesy toward our foreign fellow-citizens must make us shut our eyes to the lesson of statistics of illiteracy, of jails, of poor-houses; viz., that the tendency of an immigration from over-populated countries to ours must be to bring a heavy proportion of people whose existence is a threat even to oligarchic governments—much more to a popular government; that the natural increase of our population is as much as our territory can to advantage bear, and is of a higher quality than the alien increase; and that any function we now have as an asylum for the unfortunate would certainly be lost by allowing our institutions to be endangered, or our social condition greatly lowered. They believe, in short, that most glaringly obvious truth which it is, nevertheless (as we believe Mr. Spencer notes), almost impossible to get people to take cognizance of; viz., that the vital concern of a community is to *keep the quality of its individuals as high as possible*; and that no policy which in a wise and far-sighted way tends to this, can

be wrong. Much folly is committed through too narrow a construction of what constitutes a high quality of individuals; and many of the most sincere of our people are apt to forget that brains as well as virtue are elements thereof, a fine discrimination of what is really right quite as necessary to the general good as an honest effort to do what is considered right; and still more folly is committed through blunders as to what makes in the long run for a high quality of individuals. But, after making all allowance for blunders, this object should be the guiding one of all our social policies. Now no one doubts, say the friends of limited immigration, that unrestricted immigration from any country whatever contains a serious threat to the quality of our population; studies in heredity, instead of holding out encouragement to hope for the diminution of evil effects with younger generations, give grave warning of its increase; therefore, a restriction according to lines of quality is the imminent need of our civilization.

THE practical difficulties of defining such lines; the exceedingly doubtful question whether it is possible for a lightly populated country to maintain dams against the surplus of overpopulated countries; the tendency to paternal government, and defiance of the Spencerian theory of government in any such policy: these points are obvious, and we will not dwell upon them. The fact remains that the laborer will not wait for any such considerations as these in demanding protection against competition; and he will get what he demands, for he will be pertinacious about it, and will vote resolutely about it. If he is let alone—except by the demagogues, whom he hath always with him—he will shape for the country a restriction policy that may answer in very few respects the purpose of improving the quality of the individual. It may not even help his own class interests; demagogues are not in the habit of shaping the policy of the *demos* according to its interests. Is it not, then, simple wisdom for the thoughtful, the patriotic—even for those who do not believe in the abstract right of a country to pick and choose its immigrants—to be on the alert to guide this tendency in right directions? to see that, if pick and choose we must and will, we shall choose the best? Is it not already time that the wise, the cautious, the disinterested, were casting ahead, devising lines of policy in this respect, watching to forestall foolish action?

IN William A. Beatty's article in the September OVERLAND upon education as a solution of the Mormon problem, occur the following sentences:

“The Christian Church has, as yet, made no move in this direction, but has contented itself with uttering philippics against the Mormon Church and people.”—“Let some of the millions that are annually sent abroad to convert the heathen be kept at home and used to elevate the ignorant of our own land.”—“Send a Christian board of missions to Utah.”

The Boston "Congregationalist" comments upon this as "singular misinformation," and goes on to say:

"For years five Christian denominations have been hard at work in the Mormon country, with such results that there are to-day among them forty-three Christian churches (with many more than that number of preaching stations), aggregating 1,378 members—eight of these churches being Congregational, fifteen Presbyterian, ten Methodist, seven Episcopalian and two Baptist.

"The New West Educational Commission, which is the Congregational arm alone of the educational work in Utah and vicinity, had last year sixty-two teachers and 2,700 pupils, mostly in Mormon districts; in Salt Lake City they have 500 pupils, and are anchored in nearly every large town and many important rural settlements. These schools are, as a rule, free; they reach the Mormon people with ease, have the best teachers the East affords, and have already accomplished intellectual, moral and Christian results of high order. Several new schools have been added this year, and the old schools have all just opened with large additions and increased cordiality on the part of the people.

"The Presbyterians have a work of nearly the same extent, having in Salt Lake City ten teachers. The Methodists have eight teachers in the city, with ten other schools in the territory. The Episcopalians have twenty-six teachers, the Baptists three. Here are the facts. There are eighty Christian Protestant schools in Utah alone, with 150 Christian teachers and 5,158 pupils, beside those in other Mormon settlements."

"The Occident," the Presbyterian newspaper of this city, also reprints the same comment in the main.

The work is abundantly worth calling all attention to. It would be significant, if it were possible, to find how many persons have ceased to live in polygamy, or refrained from living in polygamy, or given up their belief in the Mormon church, on account of the anti-Mormon laws; and then to find how many have done the same on account of these schools and mission stations, and to compare results. A later item in "The Congregationalist" adds:

"The schools in Utah under the New West Education Commission are opening with greater numbers and more public sympathy than ever. The fear that the two months' vacation would be used by the Mormon authorities to antagonize the N. W. E. Commission, has proved groundless. One hitherto comparatively small school opens with eighty-two, another with seventy-two, while at Ogden three rooms are overflowing."

And a still later one notes the starting of a new school in Huntsville, a Scandinavian town of some 1,000 inhabitants, twelve miles from Ogden, up the cañon, and of schools ready in several other places, waiting only for a school-house.

Love's Immortality.

(*Rondel.*)

"I WILL thy lot and portion share;
Will love and honor thee, and fill
The measure of thy need, whate'er,
I will."

This tender blossom cherish, till
In Heaven it blooms more bright and fair;
For love in Heaven will blossom still.

And perfect love hath made thee heir
To a blest life beyond death's chill;
Eternity hath heard this dear
"I will."

Early Local Government in Rhode Island and Oregon.

THE beginnings of organization in society are always interesting. There is no more attractive period in Rhode Island history than when, in 1678-'79, the principle of individual sovereignty in town-meetings began to be carried out, and by pioneer methods startlingly similar to those used almost exactly two centuries later in the heart of Oregon. From Portsmouth and Newport to the valley of the Willamette is a long journey; and yet, it is not without reason that the comparison has been made, for in the life of the early Rhode Island settlements we can clearly discern tendencies equally manifest in the early life of the Pacific Coast. When the Portsmouth settlers, in 1640, adopted the principle of compulsory arbitration, they resorted to a plan familiar two hundred and ten years later to the miners of the free mining camps of central California and southern Oregon. The town of Providence, Rhode Island, when first settled had no nucleus of government. Equality and individuality prevailed; men lived together without law, as they did in the mining camps of 1848. Control of affairs by the voice of freemen in town-meetings (whose type is the ancient Folk-moot), then local officers elected, and representative government were the natural steps of progress in Oregon of the nineteenth century as in Rhode Island of the seventeenth.

One can hardly speak of Oregon without some allusion to the history of Mr. Barrows (second volume of Commonwealth Series), which, although a remarkable generalization of the great national issues involved in the struggle for the northwest, is in some respects disappointing. It lacks just the one chapter upon the earliest attempts at political organization that every student of American institutions must desire. The following notes are not so much an attempt to supply that lack as to call attention to the fact that local government in Oregon antedated the famous "Wolf Meeting," of which Mr. Barrows makes brief mention.

In 1838, eleven years before Oregon was created a territory, and twenty-one years before she was admitted into the Union, the few American settlers in the beautiful Willamette Valley began to organize. They numbered less than fifty men, but they elected

a Justice of the Peace, and agreed to support his decisions. In 1840 they petitioned Congress for a territorial government. They then numbered about one hundred persons. The next year the settlers again met to draft a code of laws. They elected Dr. Babcock, the missionary, as Supreme Judge. Several Justices were elected, half American, half Canadian. Some of the English settlers helped. The Hudson Bay Fur Company was bitterly hostile. The settlers' movement did not dare to attempt to elect any legislative assembly, nor governor or executive officer. They called their organization a "temporary civil compact." All this took place before 1843, in which year Mr. Barrows says that civil government began.

In 1843, the settlers, still numbering about one hundred, formed a debating club, and discussed this question: "Shall Oregon become a free and independent State, neither British nor American?" The same year they started a circulating library, and sent to Boston for three hundred volumes of history and literature—no novels.

But the political feature of this year was the settlers' "Wolf Organization." They sent around notices and assembled to pass local laws to raise taxes, so that bounties might be paid for destroying wolves, bears, and catamounts, then killing their cattle and sheep. Americans called the meeting, but many Canadians attended. The only object of the meeting was as stated. Suddenly an American spoke up: "If we can protect our herds by common action, why can't we protect ourselves?" and he offered a resolution which was immediately carried—that a committee of twelve be appointed to take into consideration the civil and military condition of the colony. The Canadians retired; the Americans went ahead. The "Wolf Committee" met in March and again May 2d, at Willamette Falls, and their plan of government, when offered to the people, was adopted by a vote of fifty-two to fifty. The Americans had but two majority over the Canadians, all of whom voted. They then withdrew again, and the Americans chose a supreme judge, giving him probate powers, a sheriff, and minor officers. Most important, they elected a legislative committee of nine men, three of them missionaries, and all Americans; and the

executive power was vested in a superior committee of three persons equal in power. The justices of peace, constables, etc., were partly Canadians; the military officers, three captains and a major, were Americans. By this time the number of settlers had greatly increased; late in 1843 the rush began, and by the close of 1844 there were 3,000 Americans in Oregon.

Immediately after the election of chief council and legislature, these bodies met to provide a code. It had been ordained by the people, acting in their original capacity, that the session should not exceed six days. In point of fact only four days were taken; they fixed their own salaries at \$1.25 per day, an interesting contrast to the first constitutional convention of California, which, in 1849, fixed the salaries of its members at \$23 per day.

The Oregon settlers' code of laws was adopted by the people in legislative committee of a whole, in grand "Folk-moot," on the 4th of July, 1843, after loud and long verbal discussions. There were ten districts made. The various articles related to liberty of conscience, civil rights, establishment of schools, protection of Indians, land laws, weights and measures, no slavery, etc. The sovereign people then appointed a committee to draw up a full report and send it to Congress, urging a territorial grant. But it was five long years before the settlement of the Oregon question enabled Congress to come to the settlers' aid. Not till August, 1848, did the bill pass, and not till March, 1849, were the pioneers of Oregon relieved from the burden of maintaining, single-handed and alone, their own civil and judicial government.

In 1844 an Indian war broke out and troops were raised. That year, too, the people at an election called by the legislature abolished the council of three, chose a single executive, and made some changes in the code and in the minor offices of the quasi-territory. The treasurer's report for 1844 shows that the receipts of government were \$358.31, while the expenditures were \$242.93—an example of pioneer economy of which the old Web-foot State may well be proud. They spend a little more than that on a western government in these days.

C. H. Shinn.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education.¹

We receive from the Bureau of Education Circulars 1, 2, 3, and 5, of 1884. No. 1 is *Meeting of the Inter-*

national Prison Congress at Rome, in October, 1884. Besides the announcement of the appointed meeting, etc., it contains a brief *resumé* of the history and or-

¹ Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education. No. 1.—1884. *Meeting of the International Prison Congress at Rome, in October, 1884.* No. 2.—1884. *The Teaching, Practice, and Literature of Shorthand, by Julius Ensign Rockwell, stenographer.* No. 3.—1884. *Illiteracy in the United States in 1870 and*

1880, with Diagrams and Observations, by Charles Warren, M. D., with an Appendix on National Aid to Education, by J. L. M. Curry, LL.D., General Agent of the Peabody Education Fund, Washington: Government Printing Office, 1884. No. 5.—1884. *Suggestions Respecting the Educational Exhibit at the World's Industrial and Cotton Exhibition.*

ganization of the Prison Congress, and a programme of the questions to be discussed. There were unofficial meetings of this sort, in Germany and Belgium, in 1845, 1846, and 1857. In 1868 the plan was revived by a suggestion of Count Sollohub of Russia, which was taken up by Dr. E. C. Wines, of the New York Prison Association. Through Dr. Wines's exertions, a National Prison Congress was held, a National Association formed, and an International Congress held at London, in 1872. The delegates at this congress had honorary appointments from their governments; but since then the congresses have been taken up by the governments and made official by most of them; and after the second one (at Stockholm in 1878), the whole movement was placed under the patronage of the Swedish government. Up to this time Dr. Wines had been president of the International Commission, but at this date it was decided to require the governments to pay the slight expenses (about \$500 for the United States); this our government has not yet agreed to do, and in consequence there is now no American member in the Commission. It is expected, however, that the appropriation will be made and the delegates and commissioner appointed in time for the coming conference at Rome. The programme is to take up three branches of the subject. The first is Penal Legislation, under which head six questions are to be considered. The following are examples:

First question.—Is the temporary deprivation of civil or political rights compatible with a reformatory prison system?

Second question.—Might it not be well to dispense with imprisonment for misdemeanor . . . ?

Fifth question.—How far should parents and guardians be held legally responsible for offenses committed by their children or wards?

Under the second head, Prison Discipline, ten questions are considered, among which are:

Fourth question.—What is the practical value of prison boards or commissions? How should they be constituted, and what authority should be vested in them by law?

Fifth question.—On what principles of hygiene and of discipline should prison dietaries be based?

Seventh question.—To what extent is convict labor injurious to free labor? and how should labor in prisons be organized so as to reduce to a minimum the bad effects of competition between the two?

Ninth question.—To what extent should education be carried in prisons . . . ?

Under the head of Preventive Measures are to be considered five questions, such as:

First question.—Ought not refugees for discharged convicts to be established? How is this need to be supplied?

Second question.—What steps can be taken to bring about a general exchange of criminal registers between governments of different nations?

Fourth question.—What are the most effective agencies for the prevention and repression of vagrancy?

Fifth question.—Ought visits to prisoners on the

part of members of prisoners' aid societies or other benevolent organizations, having no official connection with the administration, to be allowed and encouraged?

Circular No. 2 is a very full report upon *The Teaching, Practice, and Literature of Shorthand*, by Mr. Rockwell, the stenographer of the Bureau of Education. It is the first report on this specialty, and the facilities of the Bureau have been used "in gathering from a vast and surprising variety of sources the data now available, showing the history and condition of education in this specialty." It contains a chronological list of English-writing authors on the subject, directories of schools in the United States, etc., etc.; and especially a surprisingly long bibliography, comprising (inclusive of journals) 100 pages out of the 160 of the report. A chart of the various alphabets is appended.

Circular No. 3 contains *Illiteracy in the United States in 1870 and 1880*, with an appendix on *National Aid to Education*. The paper on Illiteracy is by Dr. Charles Warren, statistician of the Bureau of Education, and that on National Aid by J. L. M. Curry, General Agent of the Peabody fund. Dr. Warren's paper is enforced by a great number of statistical tables and map diagrams—34 tables and 18 diagrams. It is founded on the census returns, but revised and completed by means of the special statistics of the Education Bureau. Comparative tables of area and population in 1870 and 1880 are given, foreign and native, adult and minor, with the relation of all these facts to the state of illiteracy.

The most important points brought out by these statistics are as follows: The first is with regard to the distribution of the foreign population, the preponderance of German falling in Minnesota and the neighboring group of States; of Irish, on the Atlantic and Pacific sea-board, etc. In general, the great preponderance of Irish immigration has been checked in the decade, and the German has come to the front. There has even been a slight real as well as proportional falling off in the Irish influx. An important point is the proportion of children to adults. In New England the children are in a minority, and increasingly so. In the West, especially the far West, the children are in a minority, but increasing more rapidly than the adult population; while in the South the conditions of New England are almost reversed. The bearing of this on education is important: where the adult population outnumbers the young, the burden of the expense of schools is vastly less—even supposing the wealth of each adult the same—than where the conditions are reversed. But the South, with this far heavier proportionate burden of children, has vastly less wealth to the individual. Two very dangerous results are foreshadowed: first, the decrease and extinction of the intelligent and patriotic native stock of New England (for the statistics allow for the emigration of native stock, and still show the decrease); and, second, "helpless overproduc-

tion" in the native stock of the South, "an increase untutored, uneducated, and unable to bear its proportion of the burdens of society." The number of "illiterates" (unable to write) in the country in 1870 was 5,658,144; in 1880, 6,239,958, an actual increase of 581,814. It is a proportional decrease, however, for though in 1880 seventeen people in every hundred were illiterate, twenty in every hundred were so in 1870. The States of the "northern division"—New England, the Middle States, and the "old West"—have even decreased the actual illiteracy, still more the percentage, although a heavy illiterate immigration has been pouring in. The South, in spite of the enormous obstacles, has lessened the proportional illiteracy more than five per cent; the Pacific division (including all the "new West"), only five per cent., in spite of its small population and general wealth; California and Montana have even increased their per cents. of illiteracy, California's being now 7.8, against 7.5 in 1870. Wyoming, Idaho, and Nebraska make the best showing of any States in the Union, and New Mexico the worst, the native Mexican population being more profoundly ignorant than the worst negro community—sixty-five per cent. of the whole population being unable to write, while fifty-five per cent. is the worst point reached by any of the Southern States. Of the 6,239,958 illiterates in the country in 1880, 2,255,460 were native whites, 8.7 per cent. of the total native white population, 736,620 foreign whites, 11.8 of the foreign white population, and 3,220,878 colored, 70 per cent. of the colored population. The tremendous native white ignorance in New Mexico raises appreciably the total of native white illiteracy, which would otherwise be about 8.3 per cent. Massachusetts and Connecticut have the lowest ratio of native white ignorance—seven in a thousand, and ten in a thousand; the best foreign showing is in North Carolina—only thirty-three in a thousand being illiterate. The foreigners in this State are chiefly English, Welsh, and Scotch. New Mexico, whose foreigners also are chiefly Mexican, has 433 in a thousand ignorant, and Rhode Island, in which they are Irish, stands next, 273 to a thousand; New Hampshire and Vermont, with Canadian French, and Arizona, with Mexicans, close after. The ignorance of the different stocks that make up the population seems to range: Mexican worst; next, colored (which in these statistics includes Chinese and certain classes of Indian), Canadian French; Irish; German and Scandinavian; British; native American. But the native white in the South falls lower than the German, averaging much the same as the Irish. The colored illiteracy is by no means confined to the South, averaging 292 to a thousand in the northern division, and 334 to a thousand in the Pacific; 750 out of a thousand southern negroes are unable to write. On the whole, the negro illiteracy in the North and West is worse in proportion to the average of the commun-

ity than in the South, indicating that the neglect of their education compared to that of the whites has been greater in these sections (though the figures for the West are disturbed by the inclusion of Chinese and some Indians under the head "colored"). The official report, with regard to this point, says: "The figures of the Southern group would seem to show that many of those States made desperate efforts in the earlier part of the decade to include the colored children in their schemes of public instruction, and that the effort was relaxed or abandoned later, as being too great for their resources. . . . There is ample evidence, indeed, that the educators of the South have struggled with every sort of difficulty, and that they are not blamable for the increase of illiteracy, white or colored, in their States." "The nation that gave the negro his freedom loads the Southern white with nearly the entire expense and responsibility of his training in civic life and duty." Mr. Curry, agent of the Peabody fund, adds a strong appeal to the government to accept the education of the negro as a necessary result of emancipating and enfranchising him, calls attention to the monstrous hardship of throwing the burden of this on the South, already impoverished to exhaustion, and yet compelled to be governed by an unspeakably ignorant race, unless they can accomplish the impossible task.

"Every Southern State has now a system of public schools. The same educational rights and privileges are granted to both races. School money is distributed without discrimination betwixt African and Caucasian. Right manfully, heroically, did the South undertake the work of rehabilitation and adjustment to new environments. The history of our country, fertile in great deeds, presents few spectacles of civic virtue, of self-sacrificing and patient courage, grander and sublimer. A thoughtful and observing New Englander, (Mr. Mayo, editor of the New England Journal of Education, who has traveled much in the South) says: 'No similar class of people, in the Old or New World has accomplished so much in a time so short, against obstacles so formidable.' Upon 'the slough of financial wreck and absolute poverty,' amid the untold harassments and horrors of reconstruction, with irritations that no stranger can conceive of, the school systems were erected. The resources of the South are wholly inadequate to meet the heavy burden which is upon her. . . . The State of New York is said to be worth in taxable property as much as all the Southern States. . . . With her sparse population, with means not half what they were in *ante bellum* days, with double the number of children to be educated, it is impossible for the South, by any tax short of confiscation, to provide education for the children within her borders. . . . The negroes . . . are poor, and pay a very small part of the taxes. . . . Of about every \$12 of the school fund, the whites pay \$11 and the negroes \$1; and yet, of these \$12 the negroes get \$8.50 and the whites \$3.50. . . . Suffrage, in their hands, is exceptionally dangerous, because, elated by the suddenness and manner of their liberation, unacquainted with the responsibilities of freedom, crazed by vague and false notions of liberty, they may be easily deluded by bad men. . . . Cunningly and systematically misled and inflamed, they have be-

come the tools of demagogues and the prey of the wicked. Manumission and enfranchisement create an obligation on the part of the Federal Government to fit them for . . . citizenship, and save them and our institutions from the perils of . . . ignorant and reckless use of the franchise.

"In the United States we are liable to underrate perils. . . . Bad legislation, inefficient civil service, corrupt administration, departure from sound economics, and a partisan judiciary are somewhat controlled, and their evil consequences somewhat nullified, by the extent of our territory, the fertility of soil, the boundlessness of resources. . . . Some of these counteracting . . . causes are temporary. . . . The illiteracy of six million citizens is more perilous than a Confederate army thundering at the gates of the capital. That army was conquered and dissipated in four years. Illiteracy unchecked covers generations. It is a festering cancer, a clinging curse.

"Certainly the negroes, *per se*, are not a desirable population. Their original introduction was not of the South's choosing. If any desire to punish the South for clinging with too much tenacity to a system of labor forced upon her, surely the most revengeful may now well cry: 'Hold, enough!' The negro problem is not yet solved; he is a simpleton who thinks it is. . . . The ignorance, idleness, immorality, superstition, and semi-barbarism which obtain in some localities are appalling."

Mr. Curry proposes an arrangement by which national aid should be strictly conditioned on the amount the States are doing for themselves, and should be gradually withdrawn as their ability increases. With such restrictions, to guard against loss of the habit of self-help, the appeal, so far as the negroes are concerned, seems entirely just.

Circular of Information No. 5 gives details with regard to the Educational Exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition. This exhibit is Group 8, and contains Classes 801-811. The three classes, 801-803, however, are all that relate to schools and teaching strictly; the rest cover such matters as Printing and Books, Photographic Proofs and Apparatus, Musical Instruments, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments, etc. The strictly educational exhibit will include models and plans of school-rooms, furniture, apparatus, ventilating, heating and lighting arrangements; text-books, pupils' work—written examinations, maps and other drawings, industrial work, &c.; histories of colleges and academies, and outlines of their work, &c. A good deal will be made of kindergartens—or Kindergärten, as the circular punctiliously calls them; also of industrial education; and special stress is to be very wisely laid on bringing out the relation of the educational system of each locality to its reduction of vice, its progress, material, moral, and intellectual. All such special lines of instruction as the teaching of the blind, the deaf, or the imbecile, music-teaching, professional and commercial instruction, gymnastics, phonography and stenography, are provided for; also laboratories, apparatus and collections connected with higher research, scientific and other learned societies, reports of scientific expeditions, &c. The value of such an exhibition in stir-

ring ambition, especially to the South, by showing the achievements of the wealthier and more progressive North, is inestimable. The weakest point is, that the most valuable results of school work are exactly those that cannot be carried off to an exposition and shown; and the school superintendent or teacher or legislator from backward and ill-schooled districts will have his eye caught by some imposing apparatus of instruction or showy display of pupils' work, and attempt to imitate them with little gain to real education. That, however, is a thing that no one can help. Perhaps the accounts of colleges will be of more unmixed value than anything else, for there is no department of education in which the South and the West have such misconceptions as with regard to the function of a college. If the exhibit shall help to break up the highly objectionable southern and western practice of calling every high school, or academy, or the most elementary boarding school, a "College," it will be a great gain.

In addition to these three circulars, we receive from the Bureau of Education the *Report of the American Classical School at Athens*,¹ made by the director, Dr. Goodwin, to the supporters of the school, and some time ago reprinted by this Bureau. It is for the year 1882-'83. The school began with seven students, six of them graduates of American colleges, and five of them holding degrees, scholarships, and so forth, in addition. Dr. Goodwin narrates with enthusiasm the process of "getting settled"—the hiring of a house and the furnishing, the line of work and investigation pursued, the accumulation of a library, etc. "A most gratifying circumstance," he says, "has been the great interest which all classes of intelligent people of Athens, and even of the rest of Greece, have taken in the establishment of the school. Our relations to the French and German schools in Athens have been, in every respect, pleasant." Dr. Goodwin's appeal for a permanent endowment of the school, and a permanent director instead of annual ones, has been widely read in various journals. He speaks also of the value of modern Greek as a study.

"Our school at Athens represents the last and the boldest step that has been taken in improving our methods of classical education. It is often amusing to hear some well-meaning people, who undertake to enlighten the public about classical education, talk about this as a department in which methods of teaching never change, and everything is essentially musty and antiquated, while in all other departments the spirit of modern improvement reigns supreme. In point of fact, there is no study in which greater and more radical corrections have been made in this country within the last generation than in this. And these changes are all in the direction of making the classic tongues more real and vivid as languages, more *alive*."

¹ Report of the Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens for the year 1882-'83, by Dr. William W. Goodwin. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1884.

Briefer Notice.

The Democratic Party: its Political History and Influence,¹ is the title of a little volume by J. Harris Patton, M. A., for the external appearance of which the publishers are to be commended. It professes to be history—in fact, the author says it “is not written in the interest or spirit of partisanship,” but nevertheless it turns out to be little more than an indictment of the Democratic party. Much that it contains is true, but there is much about the Democratic party that is true which it does not contain. Like an indictment it takes account merely of faults, and by its special pleading conveys an impression quite wide of the truth. Its claims to be history are not worth considering.—No. 10 of the *Théâtre Contemporain* is *Le Maître de Forges*,² which has been acted in the United States under the title of “The Forge Master,” and also “Lady Claire.” It has been during the past season the favorite of the Paris stage.—*Ogilvie's Handy Book of Useful Information*³ is a convenient little affair, and quite neat, looking like a business man's pocket memorandum book. Its singular medley of subjects can be seen from the following selections out of seventy-five subjects in the index: Chronological Table of American History; Deaf and Dumb Alphabet; Powers of Locomotion of Animals; Business Vocabulary; Weight of Brass; Use of Capitals; Interest Tables; Sizes and Weights of Lead Pipe; Mythological Dictionary; Roman Money; Rules of Proof Correcting; Tables for Engineers and Machinists; Wages Tables; Useful Items for Daily Remembrance; Various Tables of Weights and Measures. Under the head of Useful Items for Daily Remembrance occur the following: Legal Brevities: A Table of Daily Savings at Compound Interest; On Profane Swearing (“Business men who make a practice of it will find themselves avoided by the best class of customers,” etc.); Act Well Your Part, Don't be Selfish; Married Life, Its Joys and Sorrows; Children and Home Conversation; etc.—Harper and Brothers are publishing *Stormouth's English Dictionary*⁴ in weekly installments in the Franklin Square Library. It has already reached the sixth number, which concludes with the word “Exchange.” This has been done without suspending the regular publication of novels, or other popular literature in this series, so that two numbers weekly

are now appearing. The six installments of the dictionary are numbers 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403. At the same time with these have been issued numbers 392, *Curiosities of the Search-Room*,⁵ 394, *Women are Strange, and Other Stories*,⁶ 396, *The Court of the Tuilleries*,⁷ 398, *Frank Fairleigh*,⁸ 400, *Haco, the Dreamer*,⁹ 402, *Between the Heather and the Northern Sea*.¹⁰—A couple of pamphlets¹¹ from London give some advance notice of the American Exhibition to take place there in 1886. It is to include every variety of industry, product, and manufacture of the United States—artisans at work, restaurants in American style, the processes of manufacture, collections of American birds, beasts, flowers, etc. C. B. Norton, of Boston, is to get up the exhibition. Its purpose is to encourage immigration, and the great railroads are therefore expected to interest themselves especially in making it a success, and to lay a special stress upon the products of the new West. As many travelers and sojourners from all countries will be in London, the products of America will be brought before the eyes, not only of England, but of the world; especially as a Colonial Exhibition is also to be held in London in 1886, which will draw many thither, and create a good deal of emulation on the part of the American Exhibition.—In our notice, in last September's *OVERLAND*, of *The Happy Isles and Other Poems*,¹² by U. S. Consul Byers, omission was accidentally made of the foot-note with publisher's name, which is hereto appended.—*Ten Days in the Jungle*¹³ is an eminently feminine, and still more, an eminently lady-like, narrative of a jaunt in the wilds of the Malay peninsula, written with a fine sense of the picturesque, and in a pleasing epistolary style.

⁵ *Curiosities of the Search-Room*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

⁶ *Women are Strange, and other Stories*. By Frederick W. Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

⁷ *The Court of the Tuilleries*. By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

⁸ *Frank Fairleigh*. By Frank E. Smedley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

⁹ *Haco, the Dreamer*. By William Sime. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

¹⁰ *Between the Heather and the Northern Sea*. By M. Linskill. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

¹¹ *The American Exhibition*, London, 1886; and *The American Exhibition*, London, 1886. Public Opinion, London: Waterlow & Sons, Printers. 1884.

¹² *The Happy Isles and Other Poems*. By S. H. M. Byers. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1884.

¹³ *Ten Days in the Jungle*. By E. J. L. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1884.

¹ *The Democratic Party: its Political History and Influence*. By J. Harris Patton.

² *Le Maître de Forges*. Par Georges Obnet, Pièce en Quatre Actes. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1884.

³ *Ogilvie's Handy Book of Useful Information*. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

⁴ *Stormouth's English Dictionary*, I.—IV. By Rev. James Stormouth. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.



